Official Report

George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information says: "The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, has the largest circulation accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896. ——PART FIRST—— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SOMETHING GREAT FOR THE LADIES

Thursday Evening, Oct. 1.

Wait and Watch.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THIS STORE CONTAINS AN IDEAL.

It is our constant effort to attain it, always seeking to better our best.

Want to be helpful to you in your merchandising; want you to feel that your best buying interests centre here; that for every dollar you spend over our counters you will receive a just equivalent.

The new Fall stock invites you. We are proud of our purchases, and feel confident that they will meet with your approval.

Haven't been studying your wants all these years for nothing.

We want you to see our new Winter Cloaks.

We want you to get our prices on Domestic Goods.

We want to show you our new Dress Goods.

All through the house you can find only the best goods at the lowest prices.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

LOANS. LOANS.

Ten Thousand Dollars

To Loan in Sums of

$10, $15, $20, $30, $50, $100, $200,

Or any amount you may wish, on furniture, pianos, organs, cows, horses and wagons, bicycles, store fixtures, machinery, storeage receipts, or any other available security.

Everything left in your possession, undisturbed, and you still have the use of the money. You can pay it back in weekly or monthly installments as you may find it most convenient. All business strictly private and confidential.

Loans made the same day you apply for it. Real Estate Loans made also.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 5 Foellinger Block.
36 Calhoun Street.

THE PHYSICIAN HELPS

The druggist to sell Sterilizers, because he believes in sterilization, and knows that success in treating many cases depends upon it. The physician is most likely to know of the only reliable kind, the ARNOLD STEAM STERILIZER.

In addition we also carry nursing bottles and fittings, teething rings, infant foods of all kinds, infant powders, puffs, brushes, etc., at

Freese & Ranke,
DRUGGISTS.
88 Calhoun St. Opp. 5 and 10c store.

LADIES' ENAMEL SHOES

For Winter in new Coin or Needle Toes lasts. All sizes and widths. New styles and tips.

Invisible Cork Sole Calf Skin

The kind that will keep your feet dry. $3.00 Per Pair. Three styles of lasts.

M. APP,
106 Calhoun Street.

ROBISON - PARK.

Last Week of the Regular Season.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, SEPT. 27th,
Every Afternoon and Evening.

ARION

The King of the High Wire Walkers and Aerial Bicyclist of the World.

Grand Electrical Display at Night

Arion rides a bicycle on a live wire 90 feet above the ground. The most sensational act in the world.

Tuesday, Sept. 29th

Annual Excursion of the

HIBERNIAN RIFLES.

Military Drill at Night.
Dancing in the Big Pavilion.

$50 to $50,000 to loan on farm and city property or personal security.

The J. F. SCHELL Loan and Investment Co.,
24-25-26-27 Pixley Block.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Telephone 485.

THE FORT WAYNE MERCANTILE ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

GEO. A. DUFREE, Pres. GEO. W. PIXLEY, V. Pres. W. S. BUCK, Sec'y and Treas.

$25.00 Weekly Indemnity.
Cost for the Year, $7.00.

Office No. 3 ARCADE. CALL.

A PARTY DIFFERENCE.

Massachusetts Gold and Silver Democrats Cannot Agree.

They Split and Each Will Put Up a State Ticket of Its Own to be Voted For.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Not for eighteen years at least, if ever in the history of the democratic party in Massachusetts, has the day of a state convention dawned with so many sensational preliminaries to the formal organization of the assembly of delegates and so much uncertainty as to the developments of the convention. As a result of the decision of the executive committee, which is controlled by the gold standard men, to admit delegates to the convention hall by credentials alone, and not by ticket, and the sensational speech of Fred Williams, the silver leader and candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, daylight found over five hundred silver delegates in the Music hall, where the convention was to meet at 11 o'clock, determined to remain until the meeting adjourned, in spite of all opposition, while the state committee and the gold men were in conference at the Quincy house, trying to formulate a plan to get the belligerents out of the hall and meet the emergency.

In 1878, when Gen. B. F. Butler was the greenback candidate for governor, his supporters captured the convention hall and adopted similar plans for holding it until the convention organized, but even that contest was not so repiete in sensational features as the fight inaugurated last night by Mr. Williams and his followers. When the silver men announced last night that they intended to remain in the hall until the convention was over, a large force of police began to form on one side of the hall and in the streets near by and it was rumored that the delegates would be ejected by the officers. But representatives of the silver men conferred with Gen. Martin, of the police board, and in spite of the attempts of the gold men to secure an order for the ejection of the opposition delegates, the blue coats were instructed to withdraw, and the waiting silver men proceeded to kill time by speech making, card playing and singing. Then the manager of the building requested them to disperse and when they refused policemen were stationed at the doors under orders to allow anyone who wished to go out to pass, but not to permit them to return. Caterers bearing lunch ordered by the silver coherts were refused admission, and then the tired and hungry politicians began to exercise their ingenuity in an effort to smuggle refreshments into the building.

The most tragic and serious incident of the night resulted after persistent attempts to secure supplies, James Hughes, a delegate from Somerville, losing his life in a effort to get out of the hall by a fire escape in the rear. Hughes, was preparing to jump to the ground, fifteen feet below, when his foot slipped and in trying to save himself, he seized a wire dangling near. The wire was a live one and with an agonizing cry, Hughes fell senseless on the fire escape and then tumbled to the ground, where he died before any one could reach him. The news of the accident reached the delegates within the hall, and they were aroused to the highest pitch of excitement when Hon. A. J. Mellon announced from the platform that it was murder for which the gold members of the state committee were responsible. There were several speeches in criticism of the committee, and resolutions on the death of Mr. Hughes were finally agreed upon to be presented to the convention today.

The gathering soon quieted down again, and while card playing was resumed by many, the majority went to sleep. Soon after a break was made in the lines of the enemy at some point and large baskets of sandwiches and cans of coffee were carried into the hall. Evidently there was a secret entrance by which delegates could turn to the hall also, for the number slowly increased toward 6 o'clock, and an hour later Hon. T. W. Coakley reported that a roll call showed that 550 delegates with credentials were present. At 6:30 a. m. there were apparently not more than 300 in the building.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Secretary Nathaniel Robinson, of the state committee, a gold man, appeared at the hall and asked the managers if they would be ready to deliver the hall, cleared of silver men, to the committee at 11 o'clock, the hour at which the convention was scheduled to open.

Manager Mudgett stated that there were over 500 men in the hall who had credentials to the convention as delegates, and he did not see how he could legally remove them. Secretary Robinson then retired and proceeded to the Quincy house, where the distribution of tickets of admission to the convention hall to delegates holding credentials was begun. Hundreds of delegates were gathered in front of Music hall clamoring for admission when 10 o'clock, the hour announced for the opening of the doors, arrived. They clamored in vain, however. T. W. Coakley, of Boston, one of the silver leaders, appeared at a window of the hall and advised the Williams delegates on the outside to organize and send a committee to meet Mr. Williams and co operate with him in bringing about the opening of the convention. In the hall, Mr. Coakley said, were about 700 duly accredited delegates holding the fort on the inside, and he advised his friends to hold the fort on the outside.

The outsiders adopted Mr. Coakley's suggestions, and the time before Mr. Williams could be brought to the hall was spent in speech making. At about 11:20 o'clock Mr. Williams reached the scene and said:

'The state committee refuses to open these doors. We have a regular convention organized and in operation on the inside of this hall. We are able to get another hall, where the other delegates can gather, and will have a full report of the convention on the inside. The second convention will endorse the action of that now in session within. We feel confident that we have five-sixths of the delegates from the state on our side. Stand right where you are until you hear from me."

Shortly afterwards a messenger from the gold standard democrats announced from a carriage that the state convention was about to assemble in Faneuil hall. A few hundred left the vicinity of Music hall and followed the messenger to Faneuil.

The trap appeared in which was a man who said he was a committee representing the delegates in Music hall, appointed to call upon the fire commissioners to enforce the ordinance against the closing of doors of any public hall while there was a meeting or performance in progress there. The outsiders adopted a resolution in conformity with this representation and dispatched a committee to the city hall to ask that the doors of Music hall be broken open.

BULLETINS.

2:30 p. m.—Music hall convention has nominated George Fred Williams for governor.

3 p. m.—The democrats in convention at Faneuil hall indorsed Bryan and Sewall and the Chicago platform by a large majority. Seventeen gold standard members of the state committee, together with the gold standard delegates, withdrew in a body.

BURNED TO A CRISP.

Horrible Fatal Accident Happens to Mrs. Whitacre's Son.

While Playing With Fire the Boy's Clothing Catch the Flames—Other Accidents.

A terrible accident occurred at Markle, a village near the southwestern boundary line of this county, Monday. Two little boys, children of Mrs. Frank Whitacre, a widow, were left alone at home while their mother went to the residence of a neighbor on an errand. On her return she was surprised to find the youngest child, a boy aged about four years, lying in bed, and, removing the cover, found his breast and limbs burned to a crisp. During her absence the children had played with fire, and the clothes of the little fellow had caught. The older brother, a mere baby of five years, had removed the burned clothing, hid it under the porch and had put the other in bed. After lingering for twenty-four hours in terrible agony the little fellow died.

OTHER ACCIDENTS.

Frank Bender, of 172 East Washington street, fell and dislocated his wrist yesterday.

A little child of Professor C. T. Lane was jumping over a post yesterday afternoon when he lost his hold and fell, breaking his right arm below the elbow. Dr. M. F. Porter reduced the fracture.

The eighteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Ad Rheinhart, of 150 East Jefferson street, fell from the door step last evening. Its collar bone was broken and its elbow joint dislocated.

WAS WILLIAMS' GUEST.

Mr. Bryan Visits the Massachusetts Statesman.

Leaves Boston This Morning for Manchester, Where He Will Address Thousands Tonight.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Mr. Bryan was up bright and early at Dedham, the home of Hon. George Fred Williams, this morning and was in the city before 8 o'clock. Accompanied by Mr. Williams, he went at once to the train which was scheduled to leave for Manchester, at 8:30 o'clock. At the train the reception committee from Manchester was in waiting, and Mr. Bryan was immediately ushered into a parlor car especially reserved for himself and party. A few moments after this Mr. Sewall, with the Maine contingent arrived. Several hundred people gathered about Mr. Bryan's car, and there were several calls for a speech, but the candidate was saving his voice for the more important work of the day and did not respond. Just before the trains started, he went out on the platform, however, and smilingly acknowledged the cheers of the crowd, which continued until the train disappeared.

TWO YEARS EACH

Against Harry Ward and Walter Kelsey.

The circuit court jury, which was engaged in hearing the case against Harry Ward and Walter Kelsey, charged with burglarizing the store of the Pantitorium, returned a verdict of two years against each of the defendants.

Peter Young, on trial for assault and battery, was fined $25 and costs.

James Read is on trial before Justice France for assault and battery.

COMMERCIAL MEN

Make a Pilgrimage to Canton to See the Major.

Several Hundred Men, Dressed in Dusters and Silk Hats, From Peoria, Ill.

CANTON, O., Sept. 26.—Leaving Peoria, Ill., at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a special train bearing several hundred commercial travelers from that section reached Canton at 9 o'clock this morning. The men were unformed in light linen dusters and black silk hats, and each carried a large bunch of red, white and blue plumes. They went direct to the McKinley residence, where they were presented by Hon. J. V. Graff, congressman of the Fourteenth Illinois district, and were addressed by the republican nominee as follows:

Congressman Graff and My Fellow Citizens:—I am glad to greet at my home the Traveling Men's Republican club of the city of Peoria. I cannot refrain from congratulating you at this time upon the splendid victory which you achieved two years ago in electing your present congressman and turning a strong democratic majority into an overwhelming republican majority. And I am glad to hear from so many voices about me that it is your purpose to do it again. I congratulate you upon the thriving city and glorious state in which you live. Illinois is now, by the census, the third state in population in the American union. It has taken the place of Ohio, but I have always believed that you took your census while Ohio was visiting your great metropolis, getting ready for the World's fair. I congratulate you most heartily upon the rank Illinois has taken in population and also the rank she has taken in statesmanship. It becomes your state to have furnished to this union the grand men you have furnished—Yates and Oglesby, and that splendid soldier, patriot and statesman, John A. Logan, and that noblest of democrats, Stephen A. Douglass, who loved his country far more than he loved his party, and gave the whole weight of his mighty influence to Mr. Lincoln in the crucial period in the history of the republic. And no man can think of your great state without recalling that you furnished to mankind and the ages Abraham Lincoln, the greatest statesman of this country, or any other in the world's history, and also General Ulysses S. Grant, the first captain of the republic. When Abraham Lincoln issued his immortal proclamation of liberty the whole world knew that what Lincoln had decreed, Grant would execute with the thunder of his artillery. I am glad to know that your prospects are so good for a splendid victory in Illinois this year. What a spectacle, my fellow citizens, to the world is this government of seventy millions of free people, governed by themselves and governing themselves, changing their chief executive every four years and their law making power every two years, if it be their will so to do, and the government going on without halt or interruption, working out what seventy millions of people from time to time believe will subserve their highest destiny. More than 120 years have passed since the government was founded, and in every trial of our history we have demonstrated our capacity for self government, and show to all mankind the use and advantages of the great republic. Now and then in our popular elections we may have been swayed by passion or moved by the demagogue from our moorings, but the American people are not fooled but once on a subject, for when once deceived they never follow the deceiver the second time. I have known of, and so have you, times in our history when the majority of the people were made to believe that certain policies would serve their best interests, and when it transpired that they did not, they swiftly turned upon the party which deceived them and turned it out of power, and they will do it again. The judgment of the people is swift and terrible against those who mislead and delude them. The people are never led astray by deceit or misrepresentation when they investigate for themselves. This they are doing this year in a marked degree. It is of no avail that party leaders appeal to passion when the people are alive to their own and the public interests. It will not do to say to the men who are poor in this world's goods, you must get off by yourselves, form a class of your own, your interests are opposed to those who employ you. That is not enough this year. The poor man inquires: "What good will that do me? How will that better my condition? How will that bring bread to my family and cheer to my children? Will I be benefitted by despoiling my employer? Will it give me more employment and better wages to strike down those whose money is invested in productive enterprises, which gives me work and wages? Four years ago it was said that the manufacturer was making too much money. You remember it, but that cannot be said now, and that the robber tariff, which was enriching him, must be turned up, root and branch, to the end that he should be deprived of what some people were pleased to call 'ill gotten profits.' The country seemed to share in the suggestion and the trial was entered upon, with what result every manufacturer, commercial man, travelling man, or workingman best knows. It has been discovered to our hurt and sorrow that you cannot injure the manufacturer without injuring the laborer. It has been found, too, that you cannot injure the manufacturer without injuring the whole business of the country. You may close the shops by adverse tariffs, because you imagine the manufacture is making too much, but with that done you close the door of employment in the face of the laborer whose only capital is his labor. You cannot punish the one without punishing the other, and our policy would not inflict the slightest injury upon either. In such a case 'getting off together' does not do either any good. Arraying labor against capital is a public calamity and an irreparable injury to both. Class appeals are dishonest and dishonorable. They calculate to separate those who should be united, for our economic interests are common and undivisable. Rather, my fellow citizens, teach the doctrine that it is the duty and privilege of every man to rise. That with honest industry he can advance himself to the best place in the shop, the store, the counting house or in the learned professions. This is the doctrine of equality and opportunity that is woven in every fibre of our natural being, a doctrine which has enabled the poorest boy with the humblest surroundings to reach the best place in our great industries and on the highest trusts which can be bestowed by a generous people. Gentlemen, and I speak to my countrymen everywhere, if you have not yourselves been among the most fortunate, I pray you think of your boys and girls and place no obstacles in their pathway to the realization of every lofty and honorable ambition which they may have. I pray God that the burdens of class may never be imposed upon American manhood and American womanhood. Now, my fellow citizens, thanking you most heartily for this call and for the gracious message delivered to me, in your behalf, by your spokesman, it will give me pleasure to meet and greet each one of you personally.

BETRAYED THE WIDOW.

Mrs. Sarah Williams Places Her Affections Unwisely.

Falls in Love With a Man Much Younger Than Herself and He Robs Her.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—Robert Snowden, who claims to be a journalist, was arrested last night on a warrant charging him with felonious embezzlement. The complaining witness is Mrs. Sarah B. Williams, a middle-aged widow, of Denver. She claims that Snowden, who is twenty-eight years of age, induced her to come to San Francisco on a promise to marry and then cajoled out of her money and jewelry and disappeared. According to the woman's story, she met Snowden in Denver some months ago and, after a brief acquaintance, consented to marry him. He was in a hurry to get back to the coast at the time and she promised to join him at any time he sent for her. In pursuance of this agreement, Mrs. Williams started for San Francisco, arriving her in company with Snowden, who had gone to Sacramento to meet her, on August 10. The man took the widow to the Palace hotel, where she registered and secured a room. For some reason or other her intended husband postponed the marriage from time to time until he had succeeded in borrowing all her money and jewelry on one pretext or another. Then he disappeared. Mrs. Williams waited patiently for him to turn up, but after several days began to realize that she had been defrauded and that she was running into debt at a fashionable hotel with nothing in her purse to warrant her stay. Mrs. Williams waited until her bill had reached ninety dollars, when the hotel management insisted on payment. The woman explained her position and was sent away from the hotel, her baggage being held for her board. The woman was utterly penniless and was compelled to take shelter in a charitable institution. Snowden says he met the woman in Denver through a newspaper personal.

RED ELGIN 2:15 1-2.

F. J. Gruber's Horse Wins the First Heat in the 2:19 Pace at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 26.—The fall meeting of the Columbus Driving association closed yesterday. Weather clear, track fast. Rosa L. won the postponed 2:35 trot, taking the fourth heat in 2:17¼. Summaries:

2:28 Trot, Purse $500—Mackey won first, fourth and fifth heats in 2:20, 2:20, 2:21¼; Autoan won second and third heats in 2:20¼, 2:21½. Kitty Wilkes, Marie, Robert B. and Nellie H. also started.

2:19 Pace, Purse $500—Stella A. won second, third and fourth heats in 2:11¾, 2:13, 2:14½; Red Elgin won first heat in 2:15½. Silver Chimes, Willie R., Cerlie, Namo, Imperial Hal, Belle Bruce, Edgar H., Replica, Panford, Ora and Prince also started.

2:35 Pace, Purse $500—Nut Hal won second, third and fourth heats in 2:18½, 2:21¼, 2:21½; Red won first heat in 2:17½. Hal Rowe, Printwood, Bud White and Burr Patch also started.

Insurgents Repulsed.

MADRID, Sept. 26.—An official dispatch from Manilla, capital of the Philipine islands, says that after three days of fighting at Rechazada, the insurgents were repulsed with the loss of fifty killed, including their leader, Cabecceilifen. A dispatch to the Imparcial from Manilla says that the insurgents have occupied eight villages near Cavite and that they have considerable supplies of arms and food.

THACHER DECLINES.

Notifies the Committee of His Decision Today.

Assigned Reason: "Cannot Run Upon a Platform Which Favors Unlimited Coinage."

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 26.—John Boyd Thacher has declined the democratic nomination for governor of New York. This was the day set for the visit to Mr. Thacher by the committee of five appointed at the meeting of the state democratic committee on Tuesday to officially notify him of his nomination; but in advance of their coming he gave out a letter announcing his declination. In the beginning of his statement Mr. Thacher made acknowledgement of the honor which the nomination implied, and in the next sentence said that he was constrained to decline it. He said: "I was away from Albany and at my country home during the convention and I did not learn of my nomination until after 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, September 17. It was not until 9 o'clock that night that I had an opportunity to learn the character of the platform adopted by the convention. There had never been submitted to me a press copy, a manuscript copy or any other copy of the proposed platform. If anyone had been entrusted with the duty of presenting such a copy, the trust had not been fulfilled. I had no reason to expect, after the convention at Saratoga and after the attitude of the delegates' work in the national convention that the next state convention would commit the democratic party unreservedly to all parts of the Chicago platform.".

Mr. Thacher then recounted the facts of his now famous letter to the state committee, and summarized the contents of that communication. "While," Mr. Thacher continued, "I had not sought the nomination or requested a single delegate to give me his support, I was willing and eager to contend against that system of 'bossism' which is today in control of the public affairs of the state of New York. I was prepared to organize the democratic party from one end of the state to the other on a line of battle against that system and to wage an unremitting and vigorous warefare. I believed that municipal and other reforms in which the people are interested could not be obtained until the administration had been wrenched from the hands of the political boss. I believed that the people would be with us on that issue. It has developed, in the consideration of the resolution by which the state committee appointed your committee, as well as in the public press and other public and private communications, that there is a very decided desire on the part of the democratic party to contest the election on the abstract question of unlimited coinage of silver at the unalterable ratio of 16 to 1 as compared with gold, and to ignore or to subordinate every other state issue. It is apparently the purpose of the party at this time to make the acceptance of an extremely political sentiment the sole test of a candidate of democracy. It does not seem to be enough that men are willing to support the regular candidate of the regular democratic party, but they are required to subscribe to every letter and phrase of the platform. It is impossible for me, with the views I hold, to make a contest on the coinage issue. I believe in the good old democratic doctrine of the free and equal use of gold and silver. This doctrine is as far removed from the single use of gold, which enables speculators to juggle with its value, as it is from that other principle which seeks to establish an impossible ratio for a sister metal. Therefore, entertaining the views I do, and now thoroughly impressed with the belief that the party will consent to make the contest only or primarily upon the silver issue, I feel that, as an honorable man, I should make way for some one who can carry the banner with that device. There seems no place in the democratic party today for conservatism. Men are divided into two classes, each entertaining views exceedingly intolerable of other. The history of legislation is that conservatism in the end prevails. I believe that the democratic party, when it approaches the responsibility of legislation, will be true to itself and to the people. The strength of the democratic party is its weakness when it is the party of the people. It stands with sympathetic arms welcoming the oppressed, the weak, the distressed, and promising them comfort and relief. It is natural that a mischevious and destroying element should clothe themselves in the garments of honest distress and seek to shelter themselves within those arms and to direct from the refuge their predatory raids. What the democratic party needs is a wise, fearless and powerful organization, which will respond to every beat of the popular heart, but which will regulate the entrance of the wicked and perverse. This organization will not come from outside, but from inside the party. I have no sympathy with those who desert the party now in its hour of need. Every democrat who believes that the party can be made an instrument of good should stay within the ranks and by counsel and example endeavor to build it up and make it strong. My party can demand of me no honorable sacrifice I will not make. It can ask of me no duty I will not perform. My best usefulness is to humbly remain within the ranks and give such powers as I possess to strengthening its pillars and establishing its bulwarks."

The probable outcome of Mr. Thacher's declination will be the endorsement by a branch of the regular democrats of Daniel G. Griffin on state issues, and the endorsement of a populistic candidate by the silver men in the state.

It is believed that this is satisfactory to Mr. Hill. Tammany hall, however, may insist upon its own candidate and at the state committee meeting on Monday night they may fight for the promotion of Judge Horton to first place and Elliott Danforth to second. It is absolutely denied that Mr. Bryan wrote any letter to Mr. Thacher asking his withdrawal, nor has he intimated to anybody such a desire. The story was made out of whole cloth.

BEYOND THIS LIFE.

Eternal Rest Comes to Mrs. Margaret Lipes.

Death of Nicholas Hubertus—The Funerals—Mortuary List for the Week.

Last night at 8:30 o'clock, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur T. Sturgeon, 110 West Jefferson street, in this city, occurred the death of Mrs. Margaret N. Lipes, aged eighty five years, of paralysis. The funeral will take place tomorrow at 1 o'clock from the home of Mrs. Sturgeon and the burial will be at the Eel River cemetery, Rev. L. L. Henson, of this city, officiating at both places. The deceased was born in Bottort county, Virginia, where she was married to David H. Lipes, whose death occurred seven years ago. With her husband, she came to Williamsport, in this county, in 1850, where Mr. Lipes engaged in farming, and thirty years ago they moved to Heller's Corners. After his death, Mrs. Lipes came to this city and has since resided with her son and daughter here. The children are: J. W. Lipes, of Williamsport; Henry H. Lipes, of Dresden, N. Y.; Charles T. Lipes, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Mary Sturgeon and Dr. R. F. Lipes, of this city. The deceased was a lady who had a large circle of friends and she was loved by all. She was a member of the Baptist denomination and possessed of many Christian virtues.

The funeral of Nicholas Hubertus will take place Monday, at 9 o'clock, from St. Mary's Catholic church. He died early yesterday morning at the residence of his son-in-law, Henry DeWald, 141 Barr street. The deceased was born in Germany, but has been a resident of this city for a long time. Mrs. Joseph Fricke is also a daughter.

The funeral of Charles, the infant son of John Rohrbach, took place from the residence, 400 East Washington street, this afternoon.

The funeral of Herbert Steele, of 44 West Third street, who died Thursday afternoon, was held from the residence at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers for the week ending September 26:

Lavina Benten, 51 years old, typhoid fever.

Myrtle Nickerson, 10 months old, bronchial pneumonia.

Goldie Keller, 4 months old, diphtheria.

Hiram Steele, 21 years old, consumption.

Charles Rohrbach, 2 months old, brain fever.

Edwin Evans, 71 years old, kidney disease.

Frank Nath, 35 years old, dropsy.

Dorinda Vaughn, 68 years old, cancer.

Margaret N. Lipes, 85 years old, old age.

Mrs. C. C. Johnson, 57 years old, consumption.

Child of Joseph Jedded, stillborn.

Olive Tickering, 7 weeks old, convulsions.

John Stier, 84 years old, old age.

Nickolas Hubertus, 82 years old, dropsy.

WHEAT FLUCTUATING.

Starts at Sixty-Seven, Then Recedes to Sixty-Six.

Heavy Receipts and a Disposition to Sell Causes the Reaction and Downward Course.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Wheat opened irregular, but higher this morning. December was 67@67⅜c, against yesterday's closing price of 67⅛c. Cables were considerably higher, showing a response to the advance here yesterday. Northwestern receipts were liberal, nearly as large as last year's. As was case yesterday, a disposition to realize and work for a reaction was manifested and December gradually sold down to 66⅜c, reacting later to 66¾c.

Corn opened firm, helped by wheat and lower eastbound freight rates. May opened ⅛c higher at 25⅜@25½c, sold to 25⅜c, and reacted to 25½c.

Oats, quiet and easy. May opened unchanged at 19½@19⅜c, and held steady at 19½c.

Provisions opened unchanged, but soon declined on selling by packers. Local traders were bearish on prospects of large hogs receipts. Outside trading was light. January pork opened at $7.12½, and declined to $7.07½. January lard opened at $4.10 and declined to $4.05½. January ribs opened at $3.57½ and declined to $3.52½.

Anna A. Brahm sues Charles Brahm, in the superior court, for divorce. J. H. Aiken is attorney for the plaintiff.

ZELLA NICOLAUS.

Her Days of Sunshine Give Place to Dark Clouds.

Beautiful, and Once With a Purse Full of Money, Her Husband is a Vagrant and She is Penniless.

Zella Nicolaus, she who once possessed a wealth of beauty, whose person was clad in raiment of almost priceless value and indescribable splendor, whose purse was plethoric with bank bills of large denomination, and who was so well known in this city on account of her escapades and her frequent visits here, is now a penniless, friendless outcast in Chicago. Her alleged husband, Al. Ruhmann, is wearing the garb of a workhouse prisoner, with an unpaid fine of $100, imposed upon him for vagrancy, standing opposite his name on the records of the Chicago bridewell. It is the saddest and darkest chapter in the once beautiful Zella's life, and a terrible confirmation of the divine assertion, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Yesterday's Chicago Record gives the following account of Zella's latest trouble:

'Zella Nicolaus, the petite woman with blone hair and dreamy blue eyes who caused George Gould so much trouble, is in Chicago, and claims to be the victim of police persecution. Her husband has been torn from her side by the minions of the law, according to her story, and she has been dogged and troubled until she is weary of life and suspicious of all mankind.

'Zella, with her husband, Albert Ruhmann, has been at the Hotel Granada, Rush and Ohio streets, during the last three weeks. She says that she was trying to arrange a contract for her appearance on the variety stage at a salary of $200 a week, while her husband says that he was to go to work for a clothing house as salesman.

"Tuesday night, according to Zella's story, Detectives Corbus and Ross came to the hotel with the intention of taking Ruhmann from his home on the charge of vagrancy. He and his wife were in their rooms, talking, when the detectives knocked at the door. Ross invited Ruhmann to step down stairs to 'see a man,' while Corbus remained, ostensibly to chat with Stella. According to her story, nothing was said about arresting her husband, and the call appeared to be friendly. Ross and Ruhmann did not return, and after visiting an hour Corbus took his departure, promising to go out and look for the two men and return soon with Ruhmann. That was the last Zella saw of her husband that night. Becoming alarmed, after waiting two hours, she visited detective headquarters in the city hall, but could learn nothing.

"Yesterday, after a long search, she found that Ruhmann had been kept in the Chicago avenue police station all night and then taken before Justice Kersten on a vagrancy charge. According to Ruhmann's story, he was advised by a friendly policeman to sign away his right to a jury trial. He could not understand why he should be taken from his room on a vagrancy charge, but the officers said that he was a race track 'hanger-on,' and this seemed to satisfy the magistrate, who fined him $100, the extreme limit, and ordered his commitment to the house of correction. He will have to stay there for six months unless his fine is paid or he is released by some legal process.

"Last night Zella visited her husband. She found him in the Bridewell, attired in the rough garb of the institution, his long, black hair shorn close to the head and his face the picture of woe. Ruhmann asserts that he is innocent and is being persecuted by some enemy who wishes to force him to leave Chicago.

"Zella's heart is broken because her husband has had his head shaved, and she promises to make trouble for somebody. At a late hour last night she started out to find a lawyer, in order to obtain a writ of habeas corpus. She hopes to have her husband at liberty today, and then proposes to sift the matter to the bottom. She says she is the victim of a conspiracy on the part of the police.

"Ruhman has been employed by Barney Schreiber, the bookmaker, and was at the races in St. Louis and Milwaukee. Zella says she has been evicted from her room and is without money. She asserts because of her notoriety she has been marked for persecution by the police and that her life is being made miserable.

"Justice George Kersten said last night regarding the case: 'Ruhmann was brought before me as a common vagrant and as there was no evidence to the contrary, I gave him the limit, which is $100, and means six months in the Bridewell in default. There was nothing brought out in the trial to show he was the husband of Zella Nicolaus. Detective Sergeants Corbus and Ross brought Ruhmann just as I was ready to adjourn court and said they had picked him up in the street. They gave the usual vagrancy testimony to the effect that he was without visible means of support and was a loiterer around saloons. It is unusual for the south side officers to have cases before me."

Manager Robison has secured for this week's attraction at the park the great Arion, 'the "hero of Niagara," the king of all high wire walkers, who performs on a live trolley wire charged with 500 volts of electricity, ninety feet above the ground. Among the feats performed by Arion is standing on his head, walking blindfolded, walking enveloped in a sack, running across the wire, crossing the wire with a bushel basket on each foot, hanging by one foot from the wire, chair balancing act and many others. At night there will be an entire change of program, the principal feature being his great aerial bicycle act, which consists of riding an ordinary bicycle on a live wire, which is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights.

FOUGHT A BURGLAR.

Frank Reed Discovers a Thief in His Mother's House.

A Scuffle Ensues and the Fellow Escapes, Minus His Hat and Pipe.

A burglar was discovered in the boarding house of Mrs. Jennie Reed, 25 Washington boulevard, last evening, and a fierce struggle took place between the intruder and the landlady's son, Frank, who made the discovery.

About 9 o'clock Frank went to the kitchen to get a drink of water and was startled to find a man there. The fellow made a dash for the door, but the young man pluckily intercepted his progress. A struggle ensued, and the burglar being a heavily built man and much the stronger of the two, broke away and escaped. During the scuffle the thief lost his pipe and hat and these articles were turned over to Officer Sharp, who was summoned to the house immediately after the excitement.

The police are looking for a hatless man today.

IT WAS POLITICS.

Louis Frotheim Charged With Assault on Capt. Hohnholz.

A Drunken Passenger Ejected From a Wabash Train Last Night.

Louis Frotheim was placed under arrest last night, charged with participating in the assault on Captain Hohnholz, at the time the captain was knocked down by Foulks in the court house yard. A political difference of opinion brought on the trouble. This morning Frotheim was taken before the mayor and was represented by Attorney E. V. Harris. Owing to the absence of several witnesses the case was continued until next Monday.

DRUNKEN PASSENGER.

James Johnson, a drunken passenger on a Wabash train, was turned over to Officer Bobby Dickson this morning. The fellow was in a disgusting state of intoxication and was too muddled to give an account of himself when brought before the mayor. He was sent to jail.

WELCOME SERCIVES.

Interesting Program Arranged for Calvary Church Tomorrow.

As a welcome to Rev. A. W. Ballinger, who was returned here by the conference for his fourth year, the congregation of Calvary U. B. church has arranged the following program to be rendered tomorrow, commencing at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. James Trythall presiding:

Song	Choir
Prayer	
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Calvary Sabbath School Allen A. Bowser.
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Ladies' Aid Society Mrs. Philip Titus.
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Y. P. S. C. E. Eph. P. Daily.
Welcome	From Calvary Church William Roush.
Response	Rev. A. W. Ballinger

Every member of the church is urged to be present.

Fruit jars at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

LOCAL LINES

Miss Mary Dick, of 113 Wilt street, has returned from a pleasant visit to Cincinnati.

Miss Pearl Parker is convalescent after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever.

Officer Dickson arrested a drunk at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets this afternoon.

Mrs. Harry F. France will entertain the I. A. G. T. club at her home, 600 South Calhoun street, next Thursday.

Miss Alice Parker has returned to her home at Huntington, after a visit of a few weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Parker, in this city.

A young man named Thomas Conrad was arrested this afternoon on the charge of stealing a suit of clothes. Lieutenant Lapp made the arrest.

Marshall Lewell was arrested by Officer Romy today for peddling a bluing preparation without a license. He was let go on a promise to get out of town.

At his office this morning, Justice Bullerman united in marriage Mr. John Wolbold and Orphia Wolbold, of Cedar Creek township. The bride is the widow of the groom's deceased brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Starkle entertained at their home on Cass street last evening at a farewell party in honor of their sister, Miss Mollie, who leaves for Brookville, Ind., the home of her parents, next Tuesday. The evening was spent in a very pleasant way. Refreshments were served and games and music were indulged in until a late hour.

The executive committee of the Fort Wayne Choral society held a meeting last night and it was decided to employ Prof. Wm. Miles to act as musical director. All who are interested and desire to become members of the choral society will, not later than Oct. 15th, please call on or write to the secretary of the Fort Wayne Choral society, No. 12 West Wayne street, city.

Fine Ladies' Lace and Button Shoes, very cheap. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2t

BUY THE BEST....

.... It is the Cheapest in the Long Run.

The market has been flooded during the past few years with cheap lines of Enameled Ware. Prices have been reduced, but the quality has steadily depreciated. But a reaction has resulted in favor of good ware at a fair price. This is what we offer in the imported

STRANSKY-STEEL WARE.

With these goods it is a matter, not of price, but of quality. Each piece is made with the utmost care, from the best materials obtainable, and by the most expert workmen.

It is made in four different colors—white inside—and in finish and durability is unequalled by any goods made in this or any other country. We have the exclusive agency of this Ware in Fort Wayne.

PICKARD BROS.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

FURNITURE and STOVES.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

National Ticket.

President—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska.

Vice President—Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

State Ticket.

Governor—B. F. Shively, of St. Joseph county.

Lieutenant Governor—John C. Lawler, of Washington county.

Appellate Judges—First district, Edwin Taylor, of Vanderburg county; Second district, F. E. Gavin; Third district, Theodore Davis; Fourth district, Orlando Lotz; Fifth district, G. E. Ross.

Secretary of State—S. M. Ralston, of Boone county.

Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion county.

Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler, of Hancock county.

Attorney General—J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute.

Reporter of the Supreme Court—Henry Warrum, of Marion county.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—Prof. W. B. Sinclair, of Pulaski county.

State Statistician—O. H. Downey, of Noble county.

Congressional.

For Congress—James M. Robinson.

Joint Senatorial.

For Joint Senator—L. J. Bobilya.

Joint Representative.

For Joint Representative—William C. Ryan, of Allen.

County Ticket.

For Representatives—George V. Kell and H. I. Smith.

For Prosecuting Attorney—N. D. Doughman.

For Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.

For Sheriff—Albert Melching.

For Surveyor—Charles W. Branstrator.

For Coroner—Dr. J. H. Kappel.

For Assessor—Thomas Greer, sr.

For Commissioners—Second District—M. A. Ferguson; Third District—John Orff.

Good Times Coming.

For the first time in many months R. G. Dun & Co., the leading commercial reporters of the world, announced that good times are approaching. This information will be received with much joy all over the country. They say "very moderate and yet distinct improvement is seen, no longer only in the buying of materials, which continues and stiffens prices, but also in orders for the product of some industries in the money markets and in the exports of staples. As yet it is little more than a step toward better things, but it already has started some important works and prompted a few considerable contracts. The continual arrival of gold has raised the treasury reserve above the $115,000,000 mark, strengthened banks and relaxed stringency in commercial loans. Hoarding is no longer reported. The movement of crops continues large, and purchases for exports have advanced prices or prevented depression. While the gain in the working force is not great, it seems clear that for the first time in many months there is some net gain."

Strangers Within the Gates.

By its open door, its ringing bell, its appointment of ushers, its invitations to Sunday worship appearing in each issue of Saturday's SENTINEL, every church in the city professes hospitality. No sanctuary is built on the selfish plan. It is not for the membership only. Its mission is wider. It desires to reach others, and for this reason it extends a welcome to the stranger and invites him to attend its Sunday services.

But does a church's duty towards providing for strangers and those whom in a general way we call "outsiders," include nothing more than giving them seat room? Is there nothing more due them than escorting them to a pew? There surely is. If the contribution box is passed to them, can they not also be offered a hymn book? In the slow and orderly passing out of the pews after the benediction has been pronounced, why should not the hands of some of the members be extended to the strangers and gratification expressed at their presence and assure them of a welcome on any future occasion they may attend? True, they enjoy the sermon and the opportunity of joining in all the blessings of the worship, but can they not expect, ought they not to be given those words of greeting and encouragement which always do so much to make the stranger feel at home and removes the sense of strangeness in a strange church?

A good rule to be guided by in this province of church life is the inspired direction, "Use hospitality one to another without grudging." Church members should consider themselves as hosts and hostesses in their own sanctuaries. The strangers are invited guests. As church members know how to welcome guests in their own homes, even making advances to them, relieving their embarrassments, so in their own church homes a similar duty is due the strangers who attend Sunday worship. Such civilities cost nothing and they are powerful agencies for good. Christian fellowship carries with it a certain degree of sociability and it should be extended freely to the strangers within the church gates.

Ups and Downs of Politics.

The history of American politics discloses cumulative evidence that the fame, as well as the favor, acquired by party service is both transient and unsatisfactory. Men become famous in a day and disappear from view rapidly, and whether the service to the public be long or short, valuable or without merit, it has scarcely ceased before the man who performed it is practically forgotten. There are some men who live in history, like Clay, Webster and Blaine, without having achieved the zenith of their ambition or reached the point in public affairs in which enduring history is made. But their lives were disappointing to themselves as well as to their friends. Henry Clay was unquestionably the popular idol of his day, as Blaine was during the period in which he occupied conspicuous stations. But they were both unhappy men. Blaine had the solace in his disappointments of a charming domestic environment, which no doubt in a considerable measure tempered his chagrin and dulled the edge of regret. But Clay had no such comfort, for most of the time during his service in Washington he was separated from his family. Webster lacked the geniality of disposity that attracted friends to Clay, and, as his disappointments were quite as keen, he no doubt suffered to a greater extent in consequence.

But these men are remembered by posterity, however much they may have been disappointed in their ambitions, while others almost equally conspicuous in their time are forgotten. For example, take Lewis Cass, of Michigan. Only half a century ago he was practically the autocrat of his party, the leader in its councils and the heir presumptive as successor to several presidents. But in a day's inquiry among the ordinarily well informed business men of today less than a dozen will be found who remember anything about him. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was made conspicuous by his controversy with Jackson over the question of nullification, yet there are few who remember that he was once vice president of the United States and considered one of the most capable statesmen of his time.

But, coming down to a later date, there is Roscoe Conkling, who, conspicuous as he was in his day, is rapidly disappearing from public memory, and the chances are that not one in ten men even in professional life today would be able to tell, without examination of the record, what year he died, though the event was almost tragic. Then take the case of William H. English, who was the nominee of his party for vice president on the ticket with Hancock. He died not long ago and is already forgotten. Thomas A. Hendricks, who was elected vice president and was as conspicuous a man as any of his time, died before the expiration of his term, and is now recalled only by a few of the closest observers of politics. Even Allen G. Thurman, the "old Roman" of democracy, who died less than a year ago during the two or three years preceding that event had withdrawn from public life and notice so completely that on one occasion twenty men were asked whether he was dead or alive before one could be found to answer the question confidently. James G. Birney may be remembered by some of the old line abolitionists, but there are few who have ever heard that it was he who defeated Clay for president in 1844. Yet that is the fact. He was nominated for the office by the Free Soilers and polled just enough votes in New York to give the electors of that state and the election to James K Polk.

There have been silver tongued orators in all eras of American history, and for a time each of these has enjoyed transient popularity and conspicuity. But they soon disappear from public notice. There were Sergeant S. Prentiss, William L. Yancy and Robert L. Toombs in the south before the war, but few people can now recall much of their history or even the manner of their disappearing. The north was less prolific in this class of public men, but there were orators besides Webster, though it is difficult to recall their names, other than Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett and Charles Sumner. But how many men you meet on the street now can tell what became of them? Very few. Tom Corwin is remembered because of his famous phrase, "We will greet you with bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves," but the phrase is better remembered than the author of it, and even that unique man of his time is gone and forgotten. Thus it goes through all the pages of the history of politics. Men come forward to enjoy for a brief period the popular favor and receive the plaudits of the populace. But when the period comes they disappear into the same channel that opens for the less prominent, and in a brief season they are forgotton. Maybe they find compensation for their labor in the transient glory of success, but it is doubtful. The chances are that eight out of every ten men who give their time and talents to the public service live unhappily and die unsatisfied.

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

LEHMAN'S.

QUALITY the HIGHEST.

PRICES the LOWEST.

School Suits + +

Have been our special effort for the present season.

An excellent quality all wool, guaranteed "wear well" Boys' School Suits,

AT $2.50

A splendid Pocket Knife with all Boys' Suits at $3.00 or over.

An exceptional line of Men's Suits for business or dress. Prices lower than ever before in the history of the Clothing Trade.

LEHMAN'S.

How to Find Heaven.

It is related that a minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill top yonder. In that cottage is a member of our church. She is in bed with fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she hasn't a bit of coal or a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have sent you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Savior,' then ask for a Bible and read the twenty third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray; if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill."

Make the Most of It.

There was once an old woman whose greatest consolation in her dying moments was that she had always made the most of all her trials and afflictions She was not unlike the learned medical scientists of the present day.

If there is one thing that can make them blissfully happy, it is the discovery of a new disease. They sit up nights hunting for it. They search under the microscope day by day, year by year, for some deadly new microbe that is hostile to the human race. And when the microbe or the disease is found, they hire a hall and read papers about it, and celebrate it in victorious banquetings and feastings. If we are to judge from appearances, a learned medical expert would rather discover a new disease than eat a good dinner any day. Only second to the joy of its discovery is the pleasure he takes in giving it a long and hard Greek or Latin name.

The patient takes his cue from the doctor and also makes the most of his symptoms. Was it not a disastrous day for the human race when it found out it had a liver or that its health was gauged by the thermometer of its pulses. Almost as bad was it when poeple began to find out they had such an organ as the vermiform appendix. Now we go through the world with our hand upon our pulse, in mortal dread of the antics of liver and in daily terror lest we curl up with appendicitis.

If we thought as much about the good things that belong to us and the advantages we really possess as we do about our diseases, we would be healthier, handsomer and happier.

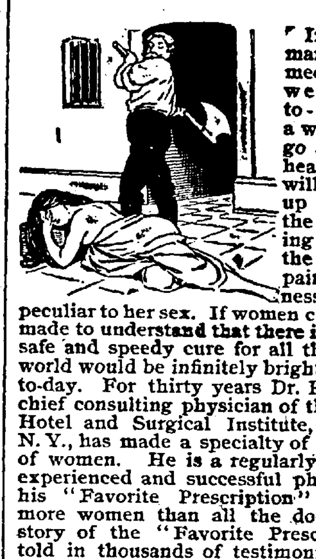
A Unique Enterprise.

A striking illustration of the great undertakings of this age is to be found in the work a lumber company is quietly carrying on in the southern part of Georgia. The ultimate idea of the company is nothing less than the drainage and redemption for farming purposes of the whole bed of the great Okefinokee swamp. It covers many thousand square miles. Its soil is a vegetable mold of great depth. When drained and brought under cultivation, it will give homes and farms to more than 100,000 people.

At present Okefinokee swamp is the most wonderful gaming ground in North America. A correspondent of The Globe-Democrat says you can bag anything you want in it, from an alligator to a humming bird. The drainage will be easy, as the great swamp is 102 feet above St. Mary's river, into which it empties.

Before the draining can be accomplished, however, the timber must be cut away, and that is the part of the task now engaging the company's attention. No horse or ox power could drag the huge cypress logs across the swamp to the sawmills. Floating engines are affixed firmly upon tugboats that steam along canals. From the engine chains are stretched a mile away and hooked around the log that is to be brought in. Then the engine is set to work turning the steam windlass, and through the mud the log is dragged to its destination.

Li Hung Chang to President Cleveland: "The reputation of your esteemed virtues is widely known throughout the world."



If the headsman's block of mediæval times were in use to-day many a woman would go and lay her head upon it, willingly giving up her life for the sake of having relief from the torturing pains of weakness and disease peculiar to her sex. If women could only be made to understand that there is a positive, safe and speedy cure for all these ills the world would be infinitely brighter than it is to-day. For thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has made a specialty of the diseases of women. He is a regularly graduated, experienced and successful physician and his "Favorite Prescription" has cured more women than all the doctors. The story of the "Favorite Prescription" is told in thousands of testimonials similar to the one of J. F. Beverly, Esq., of Goliad, Goliad Co., Texas, who writes:

"My wife suffered from cold feet and fainting spells, heaviness and soreness in the lower part of the stomach, also heart trouble, loss of appetite, tired feelings, rest broken—could not sleep. I tried five doctors in one county and two in another. None of them gave her relief. She suffered five years. She was helpless—could not walk from the bed to the fire-place. The last doctor pronounced the complaint inflammation of the uterus; and after five visits claimed that it was a peculiar case, and said that if I desired, I could consult some other physician. So I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, and after receiving an answer from Dr. Pierce I did as he directed. My wife used two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and used the local home-treatment he advised. Before my wife had used the first bottle of the medicine she felt the good effect and said one bottle would be enough. I insisted on her using two bottles, and she did so. Now she is sound and well, and I can praise your medicine to the extreme."

BILIOUSNESS is a sign of a serious condition of the digestive organs. It is caused by constipation, from which springs nine-tenths of all human illnesses. Constipation can be permanently and positively cured by only one thing, and that is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They assist Nature. They are easy and pleasant in their action. They cause no unpleasantness, no griping. You do not become a slave to their use. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. If the druggist tries to sell you something else, leave his store and don't go there again—he is not a safe man to trade with.

IN PRAISE OF HIM

Who Created Heaven and Earth and All That in Them Is,

And Who Careth in Life, in Sickness, and in Death, for Those Who Love Him.

St. Andrews Mission on South Wayne avenue—Sunday school at 3 p. m.

Miss Flora Shank, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., will lead the meeting at the Y. W. C. A. rooms Sunday at 4 p. m.

Railroad Department Y. M. C. A.—Bible study at 3 p. m. John Woods will address the men's meeting at 3:30. All men will find a cordial welcome.

A praise meeting led by Dr. Ferguson at the north side reading room, 96 Wells street, Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. You are invited to meet with us.

Services at the A. M. E church, East Wayne street, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p m; Sunday school, 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E, 7 p. m. All are welcome. G. W. Brown, pastor.

Christ's Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets. Sunday school at 9:30; morning service, 10:45; evening service, 7:30; Y. P. S C. E., 6:30. A. A. Hundley, pastor.

Calvary U. B. church, corner Lewis and Harmer streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor. Sabbath school at 10:30 a m. Evening devotion, at 7:30 p m. Y. P. S. C. E, at 6:30 p. m. All are invited.

Free Methodist church, 268 East Creighton avenue. Preaching Sunday by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to come. N. L Stambaugh, pastor.

"David" will be the topic of the sermon at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow evening. Morning service at 10:30; Sabbath school at 9.30 a. m; Young People's meeting at 6.45 p m. A. K Zartman, pastor.

Bethany Church, Nebraska, Rev. Geo. E Davies, pastor—Morning service at 10:30, subject, "Our Rich Relation." Sunday school at 3 p. m. and Y. P. S. C. E. immediately following Evening service at 7:30, subject, "Evidences."

At Westminster church Rev. J. L Leeper will preach at 10:30 a. m. Theme: "Christ, as a Factor in Human Character and Destiny." Sunday school at 12 m; Sr. C. E at 6:30 p m Illustrated stereopticon service at 7:30 p. m.

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ tomorrow morning the pastor will speak on "The Secret of Christian Living" In the evening the subject will be, "The True Foundation of the Church." A cordial invitation is extended to all. P. J. Rice.

In Plymouth church at 10:45 a. m. Rev. Jas. S. Ainslie will preach upon "Living Epistles," and at 7:30 p m. upon "Heredity, Environment and the Human Will" Sunday school at 9.30 a. m. and Christian Endeavorers at 6:45 in the evening. Welcome.

The members of the Covenant Bible school are anticipating a very large attendance and interesting session tomorrow afternoon, at 2:30 p. m. It is reported that the officers have made a special program for the observance of "Rally day." Corner Calhoun and Butler streets.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets—Sunday school at 9 a. m.; regular morning service at 10:30 a m; meeting of voting members at 2:30 p. m; evening service at 7:30, third sermon in the series on "Joseph's Life." Strangers welcome.

Third Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p m; Sunday school, 9:30 This is Sunday school "Rally day"—orchestra, special music, recitations, etc. Everyone in the Sunday school and congregation desired to be present. C. E, 6.45; Junior C. E, 3:45. J. W. Boggs, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner Cass and Fourth streets; Edmund F. Albertson, pastor.—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m; Epworth league, 7 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will deliver a lecture; subject, "The Grand Old Man." Courteous ushers. Seats free. All cordially invited.

Heidelberg Reformed church, Harrison street, near Wayne; Rev. S U Snyder, pastor.—Sabbath school, 9:30 a m.; public worship with sermon, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p m. Morning subject, "The Windows of Heaven, Now Opened;" evening subject, "Moses Under the Glamor of Regal Splendor—His Decision" A cordial welcome to friends and strangers.

Preaching by the pastor at Simpson M. E. church tomorrow at 10:30 a m, topic, "Gold and Silver and My Account;" Sunday school, 9:30 a. m; class, 11:30 a m; Junior league, 2:30 p. m; Epworth league devotional service, 6:30 p. m., led by Miss Mattie Perrin. At 7:30 the league will have charge of the service. You are invited Strangers welcome. Rev. J. W. Paschall is the pastor.

Wayne street M E. church Rev Dr. Henry W. Bennett, pastor. All the services as usual. At 10:45 a m the Rev. F. T. Simpson, the presiding elder, will preach and conduct the communion service. In the evening the pastor will lecture on the Third commandment. Everybody is cordially invited and will be welcome All services in the Sunday school room. Entrance on Broadway.

Baptist Tabernacle, Rev Llewellyn L. Henson, pastor. The pastor will preach as usual in the morning. In the evening the Sunday school will celebrate Franklin college day and Rev. Norman Carr, of Franklin, will speak. Baptism. Sunday school, at 12:15 p. m; Juniors, at 3 p. m; B. Y. P. U, 6:30 p m.; South Wayne mission Sunday school, 9 a. m; Hanna street mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; East Side mission Sunday school, 2:30 p m; Bethel mission Sunday school, 2:30 p m; German mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m; North Side mission Sunday school, 3 p m. You are cordially invited to all these services.

German Reformed Emanuel's church, W. H. Lahr, pastor. Sunday school, 9 a. m. Services at 10:30 a. m. Song services at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner West Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Holy communion at 8 a. m; morning prayer and sermon at 10:45 a. m; Sunday school at 9:30 a m.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a m. Y. P. S C. E, 6:45 p. m. Next Sunday is rally Sunday for the Sunday school.

South Congregational church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m; "Prevailing Prayer" at 10:45 a m; Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m; evening service at 7:30 p m. Good music. All welcome. Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor.

City Y. M. C. A. Rev. B. Hillman, colored evangelist of Denver, Col., will address men at 3:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The Magnolia Colored Quartette will give a musical program consisting of solos, duetts, &c. Men are cordially invited Boys' meeting at 2:15 will be in charge of E. C Crampton. Every boy in the city welcome.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Class meeting at 9:30; preaching by the pastor at 10:30; Sunday school at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; Epworth league devotional meeting at 6:30 and preaching by Rev. D. Markley at 7:30 Subject, "The Importance of a Careful Study of the Scriptures." Baptism and reception of members at close of morning sermon.

Berry Street M. E church, corner of Harrison street—Love feast at 9:30, conducted by the pastor; sermon at 10:30, subject, "An Abundant Entrance," followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper; Sunday school at 2:15, Junior League at 3:30; Epworth League devotional service at 6:30; sermon at 7:30 by Rev. F. T. Simpson, presiding elder, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Prof. Geo Abram Smith, who has recently located in our city, will furnish special singing at morning and evening service. Professor Smith is a grand singer and we invite the public most cordially to hear him. The membership earnestly requested to be present. C. C. Cissell, pastor.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

St. Paul's, on Barr Street—Sunday services, 10 a. m., Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, Corner Huffman and Oakland, Rev. J A. Bohn, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Zion Lutheran—Corner Creighton avenue and Hanna, Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson Street, Rev. Charles Gross, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m. (in German), 7:30 p m. (in English)

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

St. Paul's (German), Rev. Edward Koenig, Pastor, Corner Griffith and West Washington Streets—Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital)—Rev. Eisenring, C. S. S, chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Peter's (German), Corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. A. Messman. Pastor—Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's—Corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. E F. Barrett, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass 8 and 10 a. m; vespers, 3 p m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German) — Corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets, the Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Rudolph Denk. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—Cathedral square, Calhoun street, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, V. G., bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, Rev. J. R. Quinlan and Rev. Charles B. Guendling. Sunday services, 6, 8, 8:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

1 000 or more pairs Ladies' Slippers must be sold at some price. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

The Ames Tree Co.

Are prepared to furnish shade trees from 4 to 16 inches in diameter and guarantee them to live. Why wait a life time to grow shade trees when you can have them within ten days. $100 invested in trees will enhance the value of your property $1,000.

Home office No. 29 Pixley-Long block. I. M VANSLYKE,
16tf Manager.

Wabash Excursions West.

September 28, 29, October 5, 6. If you want to visit friends in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, etc., take advantage of the low rates offered by the Wabash on all trains of above dates. Four through fast trains daily. For further particulars call at Wabash ticket office. Telephone No 6 23t4

Vinegar, cheap, at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale 26t2

Republican Silver Club.

Rooms 7 and 8, 12 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne. Reading rooms open every day and evening, where you can find all the books and papers bearing on the money question. Good speaking every Wednesday evening. Every one welcome.

A. B. WHITE, President.
J. C. CAIN, Vice President.
J. H. YOUNG, Cor. Sec'y.

MEET IN DEBATE.

May Have a Joint Discussion on Labor Questions.

Challenge Issued by "Anti-Government by Injunction Club" to the Republican Legislative Candidate.

If H. A. Rogers, the republican candidate for representative in this county, can be induced to accept the challenge, the voters of Fort Wayne will have the opportunity of hearing an interesting debate on a question which is now interesting labor circles in this city.

The challenge is offered by Edward Miller, who is one of the well known labor leaders in this city and who is well posted, not only on all subjects relating to labor, but political questions generally. "Peg," as he is familiarly known, is a ready talker as also Mr. Rogers, and should the debate be arranged, it will be one that will be listened to by a large audience. The challenge issued is as follows:

Hon. H. A. Rogers, Republican Candidate for Representative of Allen County:

Noting your candidacy for representative and understanding that you are on the ticket as the representative of labor, and desiring to know your position upon the questions at issue and particularly to ascertain whether or no you stand squarely upon the St. Louis platform, we would respectfully request to know your position as regards that plank in the Chicago platform which opposes government by injunction, this club challenges you to meet a member of your own union, and who is also a member of this club, Mr. Edward Miller, in joint debate on this question of "Government by Injunction," the time, date and place to be arranged by yourself and the executive committee of this club Respectfully,

F. S. MULLAHY,
JAS. CURRY, President.
Secretary Anti-Government by Injunction club.

The above challenge was issued Thursday, but no response to it has yet been received from Mr. Rogers.

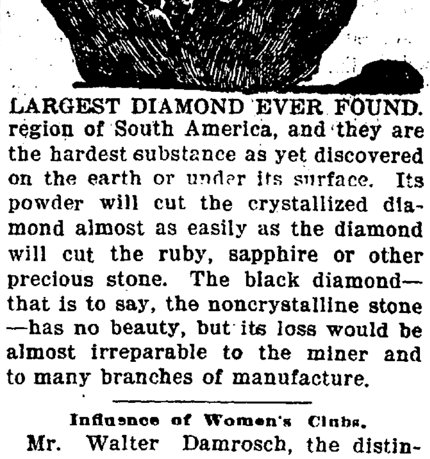
Scherer's New Pepsin Bread is palatable, it is easy to digest, it has a sweet nuty flavor and keeps fresh and moist for a long time 23tf

Mens' and Boys' Stiff and Soft Hats at almost any price. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

A MONSTER DIAMOND.

South America Produces the Largest Sparkle in Existence.

The largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made ready for use. Being purely useful and in nowise beautiful, this immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genius that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy, a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America, and vouches for its size. He offered its owner $17,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than $50,000. Broken into available pieces and polished it will probably sell for $65,000. Were it of the crystalline kind its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victoria diamond, which sold for $1,500,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind the wealth of a Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other uses of this sort. These uncrystallized black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallized diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the noncrystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many branches of manufacture.



LARGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND.

Influence of Women's Clubs.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musician and composer, of New York, says of the women's clubs of the west: "The especially interesting features of the artistic life in western towns are the women's clubs, and in these the culture and intellectual life seems to be centered. They have a tremendous influence, and it is through their efforts that fine concerts are given and that the artists are persuaded to come there. We know very little in New York of what happens in other cities of the country, but it would surprise New Yorkers to see the activity with which the club women advance the interests of culture in western towns.

RHEUMATISM

Results from a Bad Liver and can be Cured by Using

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

A Certain Remedy for Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs

At Druggists. Price, $1.00 Per Bottle

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

CONGRESSMAN MORSE

Tells the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, Member of Congress from Mass., Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family with Astonishing Benefit.

HON. ELIJAH A. MORSE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Mass., Member of Congress from Massachusetts, forwards his endorsement of the remarkable curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, together with a letter from his sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, who writes to the people concerning her wonderful cure by this grand restorer of health and strength.

Congressman Morse is a statesman of power and influence in Congress and his own state holds him in highest honor having elected him Representative in the Legislature, Member of the State Senate, and one of the Governor's Council. A business man of high order, he is known throughout the world as the manufacture of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, which is sold in every nation of the earth.

Congressman Morse says:

"My brother's wife received great benefit from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. She has been a long time ill and other medicines failed. She is greatly improved by the use of Nervura. She had insomnia and nervousness and can now sleep well. There is no question that Dr. Greene's Nervura is a valuable remedy and it is a down right benefit to nervous affections."

Mr. Morse's sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, of Canton, Mass., says:

"I had been in feeble health for 23 years and had employed all the usual means for cure without much benefit. I have had many hemorrhages of the lungs with severe neuralgia and insomnia.

"My friends had used and knew of the good results from Dr. Greene's Nervura and recommended its use to me. I have now used three bottles and received help from the very first. I have now become so much benefited that I can say that I am in the best health that I have enjoyed for three years. I sleep well and soundly and my food does not distress me at all.

"I can heartily recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura to any person on account of its good effects on myself and friends."

Surely no one who reads this positive proof of the marvelous power of Dr. Greene's Nervura to make the sick well, the powerful endorsement of this grandest of medicines by one of Massachusetts' foremost statesmen, will hesitate another instant in seeking the sure road to health by using Dr. Greene's Nervura.

It is what the world of sufferers needs. It is the great cure for weakness, nervousness, tired-out bodies, shaky, unsteady and weakened nerves. It gives power and strength to nerves and body, with restored vigor and renewed vitality; makes rich, red blood, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaints. It banishes headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia and rheumatism. In fact it makes the sick well. Use it and prove for yourself its wonderful power to cure.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is not like the preparations put up by irresponsible and unprofessional people, but is the prescription and discovery of a widely known physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. It is plainly evident therefore why it always cures—because it is perfectly adapted for just these complaints. Another thing which can be said of no other medicine, and which practically assures a cure by Dr. Greene's Nervura, Dr. Greene, its discoverer, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

The French Doll.

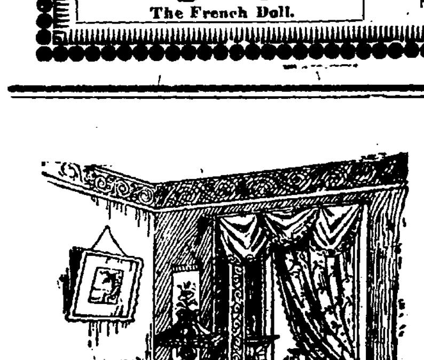
Beautiful Dolls FREE.

Five beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard, eight inches high. Can be cut out and put together by the children—no pasting. Each doll has two complete suits. American, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Swiss, Turkish and Indian costumes. All parts being interchangeable, many combinations can be made, affording endless amusement and instruction. A high-class series of dolls, patented and manufactured for us exclusively and not to be compared with the numerous cheap paper dolls on the market.

How To Get Them.

Cut from five outside wrappers of None Such Mince Meat the head of the girl holding pie. Send these with ten cents in silver—wrapped in paper—and your full name and address, and we will send the dolls postpaid. Or we will send them free for twenty heads of the girl. Send only the heads to avoid extra postage.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.



PRETTY HOMES

Need pretty Carpets. They add finish and grace, Art, and manufacturers have produced perfection in this line. Harmony in coloring, care in design and the best qualities of material make our Carpets and Rugs attractive evidence of utility—made to wear, hard to kick to pieces; prices run up from 50c per yard for standard makes. Mattings, Oil Cloths and Linoliums to suit all fancies

Indiana Furniture Co

166 Calhoun Street.

SIGN STATE OF INDIANA.

Tillie—The man to whom Miss Spendyr is engaged has money to burn.
Willie—Yes, so I hear. She'll make a good match.

WILD With Eczema

I was a sufferer for eight years from Eczema, but now am entirely cured. The palms of my hands were covered and badly inflamed; little white blisters appeared, then would peel off, leaving a red, smooth surface, which would burn like fire and itch. On the inside of the upper part of my limbs, great red blotches would appear, and as soon as I became warm, the burning and itching would begin. Night after night I would lie awake and scratch, and almost go wild. I got a box of CUTICURA, and a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and after a few applications I noticed the redness and inflammation disappear; *before I had used one box there was not a sign of Eczema left.* I can truthfully assert that $2.00 worth of CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me.
JOHN D. PORTE, Pittsburg, Pa.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Permanently Cure Eczema," mailed free.

GERING & AUMANN BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

HOT AIR FURNACES,
STEAM and HOT WATER HEATERS,
STOVES, TIN and HARDWARE.

Slate, Steel and Corrugated Iron roofing, Repairing, Spouting, and all kinds of job work promptly attended to.

NO. 115 WALLACE ST.,
Phone 380. Fort Wayne, Ind.

USE DR. KILMER'S SURE HEADACHE CURE.
Mf'd. at SOUTH BEND, IND

25 Cents a Box. 25 Doses. Sample Free
Worth $1.00 a Tablet.

"Dr. Kilmer's Sure Headache Cure is worth $1 a tablet to me when I have sick headache."
High Gate, Va. Mrs. Berryman.

For sale by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St.

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE Brand
CONDENSED MILK.
Has No Equal
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Strong Again!
New life, new strength, new vigor.
Sexine Pills

will bring back your lost powers and stop forever the dangerous drains on your system. They act quickly, create a healthy digestion, pure rich blood, firm muscles, rugged strength, steady nerves and a clear brain.
$1.00 Per Box, 6 Boxes $5.00.
A legal guarantee to cure or refund the money with every $5.00 order. Address Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.

For Sale by A. J. Keller, Druggist, Corner Calhoun and Washington Sts. jue15eodly

50c
ROME CITY
And Return
Sundays.

For Sunday Trains During Sept. The G. R. & I. will sell tickets to Rome City and return for 50 cents, good going and returning on Sunday trains only, leaving Ft. Wayne 8:15 a. m., returning leaving Rome City 8 p. m.

Removal Sale.

We will sell everything at the very lowest price, on account of removing to 176 Calhoun street, opposite Cathedral.

Goldstein's New and Second-hand Store.
176 CALHOUN STREET.
New and second-hand Bicycles at your own prices.

RAILWAYS AND SHOPS.

Pennsylvania Company Sued for Personal Damages.

Accidents, Incidents and Personal Gossip, Picked Up Around the Railways and Shops.

The Electric Gun club is shooting at Robison park this afternoon.

Engineer Al Baer, of the Nickel Plate, is taking a few days' rest.

C. F. Scott, Nickel Plate brakeman, is off duty on account of sickness.

D. B. Kehler, the bicycle supply man, went east last evening on business.

The Baldwin locomotive works last week completed its fifteen thousandth locomotive.

Charlie Jones, of the electric works, went to Rome City today to remain over Sunday.

Charlie Rice is sick and unable to work. He is employed in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

Machinist G. L. Harris, of the Pittsburg shops, was made a member of Fort Wayne lodge, No. 19, A. O. U. W., last night.

The Grand Rapids' winter time table will go into effect tomorrow. There are no material changes in the passenger service.

Ed. F. Dawson, a Wabash fireman who was injured last May, is again at the railway hospital, his injuries having taken a serious turn recently.

James McCrea, first vice president of the Pennsylvania company, who has been east for ten days, returned to his headquarters, at Pittsburg on Wednesday.

A dynamo, consigned to A. P. Clark, Nevada City, Col., left the electric works this morning. Some big shipments are due to leave the works next week.

Fred Tagtmeyer, the boilermaker, who is in Falls City, Neb., will be home next Monday or Tuesday and will then resume his place in the Pittsburg shops.

Samuel Dunbar, who had a thumb injured six weeks ago while working in the Pittsburg 'smith shop, has recovered and will resume his duties next Monday.

Peter Berg, the man who was injured in the gravel pit on Labor day, is out again and if nothing happens will be able to resume work in the Pittsburg shops next week.

Frank Manier and William Buuck, of the Pittsburg tank shop, are off duty, the former on account of the death of a relative and the latter on account of sickness.

The Pennsylvania employes who went to Terre Haute to attend a meeting last Thursday missed connections en route home and did not reach this city until yesterday at noon.

A. Rost suffered a sudden and severe attack of stomach troubles yesterday while at work in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, and had to quit work. He is better today, but is still unable to work.

Engine 96 came out of the Stony Island shops today, thoroughly repaired, and in charge of Engineer Ed Wolf and Fireman John Lalander, will go into the freight service on the Third district.

The physicians of George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylania lines, on Thursday expressed the opinion that he had passed the critical point in his illness and his recovery is now expected to be rapid.

The Wabash hospital at Peru now has but six patients, the smallest in years. There has been a remarkable exemption from accidents and sickness among the employes of the Wabash lines the past summer.

Andrew J. Poppleton died at Omaha yesterday, aged sixty-six years. He was a leading railroad lawyer and was the first general solicitor of the Union Pacific, with headquarters at Omaha, where he settled in its early days.

A representative of the Chicago wheelmen was here last evening and completed arrangements with Mr. Law for the excursion to Canton. Instead of October 21, as at first suggested, the event will take place on the 31, one week from today.

Otto Smenner, fireman on the Lake Erie, caught a pickerel in the St Mary's river, near the Pittsburg railway bridge, yesterday, which measured two feet in length and weighed over eight pounds. It is the largest pickerel caught this year.

Milan Fox, through his attorneys, has filed a suit at Valparaiso against the Pennsylvania company, demanding $1,800 for personal injuries alleged to have been received while engaged as a section hand near Valparaiso last May. The Pennsylvania officials have no record of such an accident.

F. A. Husted, formerly superintendent of the Indianapolis division of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton lines, now superintendent of the Cincinnati division, has resigned and accepted a similar position with the Baltimore and Ohio, with headquarters at Cumberland.

The earnings of the Wagner Palace Car company for the year ending June 30 were $3,660,333, as shown by the annual report, an increase over the preceding year of $307,391. Dividends amounting to $1,520,000 were paid during the year, and a surplus of $47,891 was left.

The headquarters of the division superintendent and train dispatchers on the Kansas City division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul will, on October 1, be removed from Chillicothe, Mo., to Ottumwa, Ia., and C. Romes will be appointed chief train dispatcher.

William Gibson, superintenent of the Cincinnati and Sandusky divisions of the Big Four, who retires on October 1 to go with the Baltimore and Ohio, has within the last few weeks been offered a good position on one of the Northwestern systems and on the Wabash lines.

The home of A. Dornte, of the Pittsburg planing mills, was the scene of a most pleasant gathering of neighbors and friends Thursday evening, the occasion being a surprise on Mr. Dornte. The evening was devoted to cards and social chat and was enjoyed by all present.

Richard J. Schwabe, the patternmaker who had three fingers taken off by the bits of a planer at the Bass shops a few days ago, is getting along nicely and will not be so badly crippled as feared. He still has the thumb, index finger and a good portion of the second and third fingers.

Receiver Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio, in pursuance of his policy to bring the Baltimore and Ohio up to the standard, has recently contracted for improvements at Locust Point to cost $50,000; at Cumberland, improvements to the yards, to cost $40,000; for improvements in the alignment of the road between Tabb Station and North Mountain, to cost $75,000.

On October 1 the Pennsylvania company will disburse in interest on outstanding bonds and in dividends $1,250,000, and despite the difficulties which have confronted the railroads the last eighteen months in the way of making both ends meet, this company will be able to pay every dollar of the obligation then accruing without borrowing a cent, it is stated officially.

C. M. Jordan has been appointed general agent of the Chicago Great Western, at Kansas City, and will have complete jurisdiction over the company's affairs at that point. This practically is a new position in the railroad service and was first introduced by the Pennsylvania lines. The position carries with it more authority than does that of a division superintendent.

The eighth annual excursion of the farmers to Grand Rapids has been set for Tuesday, October 6. The train will leave this city at 4:10 a. m. and reach Grand Rapids at 8.28 a. m. On the return trip it will leave Grand Rapids in two sections, the first at 7 p. m. and the second at 11:30 p. m. The railway company has gotten out nice posters, announcing the excursion and the same are being liberally distributed.

The call for the Twelfth annual session of the Indiana State Federation of Labor, to be held in Muncie, October 13, 14 and 15 was read at the meeting of the Trades and Labor council last night and the council voted to send five delegates. Those selected were Mrs. M. B. Gorsline, G. R. Hench, John Sessler, I. Friend and John Cook. Delegates from Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, were admitted to the council last evening.

Henry F. Gephard, of the electric light department of the Pittsburg shops, will be married tomorrow to a young lady named Miss Koehlinger. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride near Maples, and will be witnessed by the relatives and most intimate friends of the bridal couple. Miss Koehlinger is the daughter of one of the most prominent farmers at Maples. She has relatives residing in this city, and through her visits to them, has formed a wide acquaintance here. The couple will reside in this city.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ROYAL

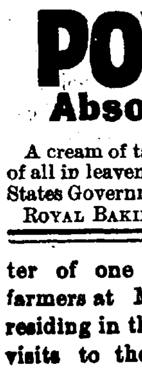
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

IS A HARD WORKER.

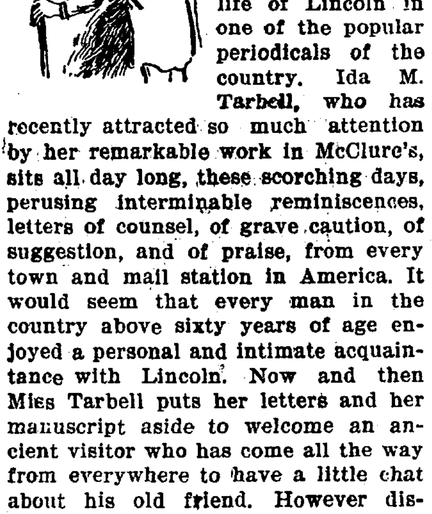
THE BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN A STEADY PLODDER.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell Has Shown Marked Ability and Splendid Judgment in Her Recent Articles—Life in the Mountains.



If you desire to know how many particular and determined old gentlemen there are in the world you need only begin a life of Lincoln in one of the popular periodicals of the country. Ida M. Tarbell, who has recently attracted so much attention by her remarkable work in McClure's, sits all day long, these scorching days, perusing interminable reminiscences, letters of counsel, of grave caution, of suggestion, and of praise, from every town and mail station in America. It would seem that every man in the country above sixty years of age enjoyed a personal and intimate acquaintance with Lincoln. Now and then Miss Tarbell puts her letters and her manuscript aside to welcome an ancient visitor who has come all the way from everywhere to have a little chat about his old friend. However dispiriting the weather, however long the letter or the call, the patience and pleased attention of this young woman never flags.

Miss Tarbell refers to herself as an old plodder. She looks upon her historical and biographical work as a job to be done thoroughly, and goes to her labor every day very much as a good mechanic to shop, dinner-pail in hand.



IDA M. TARBELL.

Every word of praise from tongue or pen awakens a momentary astonishment. She does not even now realize that she is famous, and she never would, however much the world might talk about her. She would simply think that her circle of acquaintance was growing unaccountably large, and wonder how she would be able to best serve all her friends. She is so thoroughly broad and democratic in her nature that even the most narrow-minded and bigoted person would never suspect it. Life is an everyday matter to her, but the most ordinary incidents of its routine are too real and full of significance ever to become common. She has no pride in her success. She plods persistently through any task before her, meeting every new emergency with a new resource, and when her undertaking is finished she puts it aside as a cooper does his completed cask. She puts down simple realities in simple words, strong and clear. She accepts life as she finds it, without theory or friction. She takes people as they are, without prejudice. She is both sensitive and sensible. Her biographies are vital because they are true. She does not idealize where she admires, nor worship where she loves. It is because she never invests her characters with any thing not theirs, and because she is never tempted by sentiment to conceal or evade, that even Napoleon and Lincoln, heretofore rendered impossible or preserved as mummies, are now before us, alive and well, raised from the dead by the pen of a plodder.

Miss Tarbell was born on a farm near Titusville, Pennsylvania. She spent her girlhood among the mountains, in the oil region, for her father was among the first producers in that field. She retains a vivid memory of those years. They are full of dramatic interest to her, as indeed they must be to all those who passed through those exciting times. Her school life was spent in Meadville. From the seminary she stepped almost directly into editorial work, and it was largely due to her industry and judgment that Chautauquan grew from a pamphlet to a well-edited magazine, possessing an influence outside of the organization on which it rested. She left the Chautauquan to go abroad, and spent several years in Paris. She lived in the Latin Quarter, wrote articles for the American papers, became acquainted with artists, musicians, people of the pen, and people of all sorts. She collected material and observed. She led a contemplative and an active life, and would probably still be a contented student in the Latin Quarter had not McClure whisked her away in one of his whirlwinds back to America.

In the last year Miss Tarbell has completed a "Life of Napoleon," published in McClure's Magazine, a "Life of Madam Roland," just issued by the Scribners, the first half of a "Life of Lincoln," now running in McClure's, and several short stories and syndicate articles.

TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.

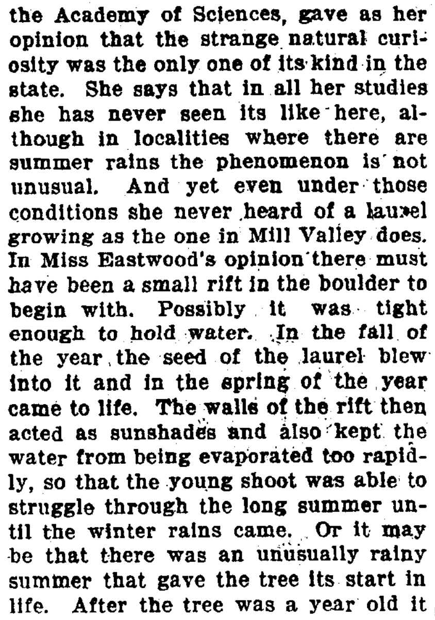
A Botanical Sampson of California Cracked a Boulder.

The wonderful force of the roots of growing trees is demonstrated on a hill in Mill Valley, where a laurel tree has split a huge boulder into three pieces. The tree is of the type common in many parts of California, but there are several queer things about it and its surroundings. The place where the tree grows is a most unusual one for its species, which naturally requires considerable moisture. The fact of the tree taking root in a barren rock is also unusual in California, on account of the long, dry summers, during which young sprouts usually perish unless there is considerable moisture in the soil. The exact location of this botanical curiosity is a few hundred feet east of the trail to the top of Tamalpais. The general appearance of the tree is most unusual and undoubtedly it is very old. At first glance it looks like an oak, but a most unusual one. The upper branches are twisted and turned in all directions and a large portion of them are dead. In reality the tree looks like those in the Dore illustrations of Dante's "Inferno." An examination of the tree and its surroundings shows that the boulder is one of the largest stones in the vicinity and cannot weigh less than 500 tons. The location of the tree is almost exactly in the middle of the stone and about five feet from the end of the split. This rift in the rock is about fifteen inches long and at one end is only a few inches wide. At the end where the tree is it is at least three feet. To prove that it was the tree that caused the split there is a crack in one of the halves of the boulder showing that the force of the growing roots was so much that it cracked the rock where it could not move it. Miss Eastwood, a botanist of the Academy of Sciences, gave as her opinion that the strange natural curiosity was the only one of its kind in the state. She says that in all her studies she has never seen its like here, although in localities where there are summer rains the phenomenon is not unusual. And yet even under those conditions she never heard of a laurel growing as the one in Mill Valley does. In Miss Eastwood's opinion there must have been a small rift in the boulder to begin with. Possibly it was tight enough to hold water. In the fall of the year the seed of the laurel blew into it and in the spring of the year came to life. The walls of the rift then acted as sunshades and also kept the water from being evaporated too rapidly, so that the young shoot was able to struggle through the long summer until the winter rains came. Or it may be that there was an unusually rainy summer that gave the tree its start in life. After the tree was a year old it was enabled to take care of itself, and then showed its ingratitude to the rock that had protected it.—San Francisco Call.

ZANZIBAR'S NEW SULTAN.

Mohammed bin Seyyid Seems to Suit the Island Population.

Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Seyyid, the new sultan of Zanzibar, is a puppet that will fall in with any suggestion the English government of the islands has to make. He is better suited to the purpose of the British conquerors of the country than Said Khalid would have been. The latter entertained odd notions of being a real sultan, and the British do not like real sultans. Dispatches from the island say the people are pleased with the new sultan, which is quite easy to imagine, inasmuch as the sultan has nothing to do with the people or the people with the sultan. The inhabitants of Zanzibar were pretty well convinced by the recent bombardment that whatever the English thought good would be best for them,



HAMOUD, THE NEW SULTAN.

and Mohammed bin Seyyid will doubtless rule acceptably to the people and the British war ships in the bay.

Dreffel Hard.

Dreffel hard, such lessons,
For 'ittle mites of dirls,
We fwown oll up our foreheads,
And wuffle up our turls.
Wis' teacher had to study,
An' then prehaps she'd find,
To div such dreffel lessons
It isn't vewy tind.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

PLUCKING A PRODIGAL.

Detective's Story of a Fool and His Money.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S SLY GAME.

He Wanted a Partner and Hired Detectives to Shadow the Young Spendthrift. Some Subsequent Developments That Surprised the Hawkshaw.

This is a story the beginning of which dates back more than five years.

One day the detective was seated in his office, guarded by the double doors and thick walls that deaden the secrets whispered to the sleuths, when the colored boy who guarded the door brought in a card. It bore the name of a man well known in business circles, one who had taken part in various movements for the betterment of the whole population and who had some reputation as a church worker.

The detective was secretly flattered to receive a call from the prominent person, and he wondered what the case would be.

The well known business man seated himself and after glancing around to make sure that he would not be heard said: "I have come to ask your services in a matter which concerns me greatly. I'll be brief about it. As you probably know, the house of which I am the head is one of the old and reliable institutions of the town and enjoys a reputation for honesty and fair dealing. We wish to hold that reputation. I am very much puzzled as to what is my duty regarding an offer recently made to me. You have probably heard of a young man named Delancey Barnet. His father died about six months ago, leaving the young man a large sum of money, as much as $800,000, I have been told."

The detective nodded and said, "I think it is fully that much."

"Now, the friends of this young man are very anxious that he should embark in business. They realize that many temptations surround a young man who has plenty of money and nothing to do. I may tell you, in fact, that I am in receipt of an offer to put $300,000 of this young man's money into my business. He is to become my junior partner if we can agree on terms. You will understand why I am anxious to know all about him. I leave it in your hands to investigate his conduct fully. Of late I have heard unfavorable stories concerning him, but I wish to do him no injustice by accepting mere rumor. What I wish to know particularly is whether he drinks or gambles. I want you to watch him to see if he has any notion of the value of money. Let me know who his associates are. Give me full information as to how he spends his evenings."

The detective had attended to many such cases before, but it was seldom that he saw such a good fee in prospect.

He set his best men on the track of Delancey Barnet. The "operatives" who worked on this case had to be well dressed and showy fellows who could follow the gilded Mr. Barnet to his various resorts without attracting suspicion.

They began to send in startling reports as to the assorted night frolics of the young man.

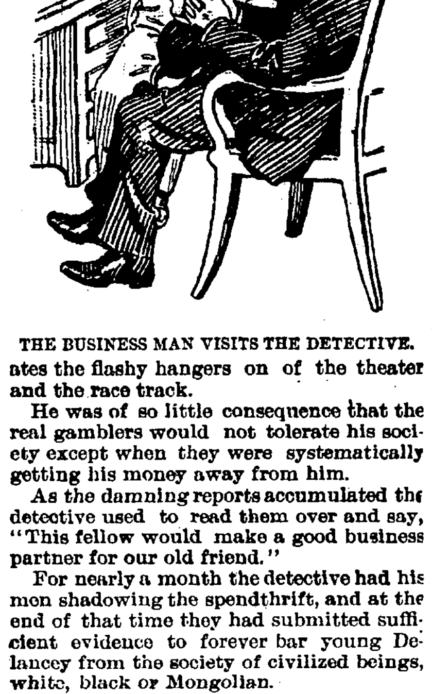
On Monday young Mr. Barnet would go to the poolroom and lose $250, after which he would go to a swell hotel for dinner, accompanied by several polished blacklegs. In the evening he would attend the theater, and after the theater he would go to a fancy restaurant and purchase many bottles of wine for some obscure stage women and an assorted lot of worthless men. At a late hour he would be taken home in a cab.

For Tuesday he would perhaps vary the programme by losing his money at a poker game, and the night's carousal might be transferred from the fancy restaurant to the private flat occupied by one of his numerous acquaintances, and, after being loaded into the cab, he might go to a Turkish bath house instead of his own apartments.

Taking one day with another, it was a story of reckless expenditure and the criminal waste of money. Young Mr. Barnet loaned large sums to cheap adventurers. He gambled with sharks, and any one with a clear head and half an eye would have known they were sharks, and clumsy ones at that. Valuable jewelry was lavished on the coarse women who joined in the nightly orgies. "Delancey, old boy," was the pet of the half criminal set that tries to loiter along with respectables, and all joined merrily in the fleecing of the lamb.

The reports which were forwarded day by day to the staid old business man proved conclusively that Delancey Barnet was an amiable and good hearted young man who had not the slightest trace of business sense.

It was shown that he yielded easily to temptation, drank immoderately, squandered his money with idiotic enthusiasm, and, under the impression that he was to be a man about town, chose for his associates the flashy hangers on of the theater and the race track.



THE BUSINESS MAN VISITS THE DETECTIVE.

He was of so little consequence that the real gamblers would not tolerate his society except when they were systematically getting his money away from him.

As the damning reports accumulated the detective used to read them over and say, "This fellow would make a good business partner for our old friend."

For nearly a month the detective had his men shadowing the spendthrift, and at the end of that time they had submitted sufficient evidence to forever bar young Delancey from the society of civilized beings, white, black or Mongolian.

The pious old gentleman who had employed the agency sent word that he had received all the information he desired.

"Well, I should say so!" remarked the detective when he read the letter, and he sent out an order calling his men off the case.

About a week after that, in picking up his paper one morning, the detective was surprised to see a paragraph announcing that Delancey Barnet had become a partner in the great concern bearing the name of the "well known business man."

That set him to thinking, and after he had thought for awhile he was surprised for his previous stupidity.

He had supposed all along that the staid, elderly bulwark of trade wanted a partner who was sober, industrious, watchful of details, regular in his habits and frugal in the expenditure of money.

He now realized that perhaps, after all, there would be some advantage in having a partner who could put in $300,000 and then go off on a continuous spree without leaving any one behind to watch his interests.

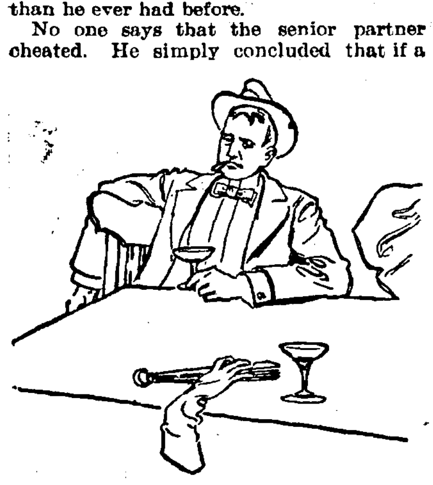
The later experience of the junior partner proved this was a fact.

"Delancey, old boy," found the partnership arrangement most agreeable. He had no duties to perform.

He could have money whenever he wanted it. The story of getting the moneyed man into the game and then "freezing him out" is always long and tortuous, and there is no need of going into details.

Suffice to say that after four years the senior and junior partner had a settlement, as a result of which Delancey retired with a remnant of his original capital, leaving the sturdy old business man with a higher rating at the commercial agencies than he ever had before.

No one says that the senior partner cheated. He simply concluded that if a



"DELANCEY, OLD BOY."

young man wanted to get rid of his money he had better put at least part of it into some good business enterprise and leave it there.

Delancey is struggling along on the meager income from some property which is so tied up that he can't sell it.

TREED BY A GRIZZLY.

A Veteran Hunter Tells This Story For a Fact.

"When I came out to California in 1865, there were hundreds of grizzlies in the redwoods along the Russian and American rivers. That reminds me of a funny experience of mine. I was green and fresh then, even if I had been in the war. One morning I was out alone for deer in the Lake county foothills when I saw a whopping big grizzly way up on the side of a mountain. I went right after it without realizing the risk. I crept cautiously up the mountain, keeping out of sight of the bear as much as possible. I got within 100 yards of him, and, taking careful aim just at the back of the shoulder, I let drive. The bear fell at the crack of the gun, but was on his feet again in an instant and came tearing down the mountain in a bee line for where I stood. My rifle was a muzzle loader, and I had no time to reload. I was not half so anxious to kill the bear as I was to save my own bacon. A tree stood below me, and without stopping to measure its size or to consider what sort of a place of refuge it was I sprang to it and went up like a coon chased by a pack of hounds. I had reached the branches, about ten feet from the ground, and had not yet thought of looking down, when I heard the bear scratching at the foot of the tree and imagined he was coming after me.

"Well, he didn't come, and when I had climbed about as high as I could get I straddled a limb to await developments. The grizzly stood on his hind legs, scratched and growled and snarled, while my heart was right between my teeth, I must confess.

"After an hour, when the bear calmed down, I felt easier. I thought the bear would soon get tired of keeping watch and would get up and go away. He did nothing of the kind, however, and hour after hour I sat there in that tree watching the bear. My situation began to grow desperate. Night was coming, and already I was so stiff from my position that I could scarcely move. Something must be done, and it had to be done mighty quick.

"My rifle lay on the upper side, and the bear was below the tree. I climbed down to the lower branches, and, breaking off a few of the smaller limbs, I threw them down on the bear. He did not move. He was asleep, I thought, and now was my time. Carefully and still as death I slid down the tree until I was within six feet of the ground, when I sprang on the upper side, grabbed my gun and ran like a scared coyote to some rocks about 50 yards away.

"When safely behind the rocks, I peeped out. The bear had not moved. Then I loaded my gun, and, drawing a careful bead, with a dead rest over a rock, I shot the brute square between the eyes. Still he did not move. Again I loaded my rifle, cocked it and walked cautiously toward the bear. When close enough, I picked up a stone and struck him with it. He did not seem to mind it. Then I mustered up courage to go near enough to poke him with my gun. He was as stiff as a poker and had been dead for hours. I had been in the tree all day, treed by a dead bear! Oh, I was an awful green tenderfoot then!"

MERCURIAL POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.

I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of SSS I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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DENTIST
34 & 36 Calhoun St.

Special Prices
FALL OF 1896.

Suits to Order.
$45 Suits for $35.
$40 Suits for $30.
$35 Suits for $25.
$30 Suits for $20.
$25 Suits for $18.
Good suits for $17.

Overcoats to Order.
$45 Overcoat, $30.
$35 Overcoat, $20.
Fine Overcoats for $17 and $18.
Good Pantaloons $4.50.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.

A. FOSTER
Merchant Tailor,
15 W. Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

HUMPHREYS'
"77"
used in
SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER,
will keep you free from
COLDS
all Winter long

SPECIFIC NO. 24

For BRAIN FAG; General Debility; all forms of Physical and Nervous Weakness, arising from Mental Strain, Business Anxiety, Care or Worry, Overwork, or Emotional Excitement; or from loss of blood, or of sleep. If there is indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for

Dyspepsia; indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite.

The use of No. 24 and 10 will build up the most depleted system and restore the brain's activity.

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for $1. Humphreys' Medicine Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

GERMAN....
Insurance Company
Of Freeport, Illinois

Insures against Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes, Cyclones and Windstorms.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus as regards Policy Holders	975,387.78
Total Assets	3,012,602.15
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Office Open Evenings.
—Represented By—
Neireiter & Gumpper,
238 Calhoun Street,
Telephone 136.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

To the Young Face
POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

WANTED.

WANTED—Washing or house cleaning; will take washings home. Address J. T., 149 Wallace street. 15tf

WANTED—A girl or middle aged woman to do housework; good wages paid. Call at 268 Hanna street.

WANTED—A woman to cook and do general housework. Apply to Mrs. A. K. Hurst, 216 West Wayne street. 25t2

WANTED—Unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping, in good location. Address A. K., care Sentinel office.

WANTED—Room and board with a private family, by a young couple, where there are no other boarders. Address, M. P. J., care Sentinel. 25t2

WANTED—Man to solicit educational insurance; easy to write; no lapses; call room 19 Schmitz block, 8 to 9 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m. F. Y. Gross, Supt. 25t2

WANTED—A few ladies and gentlemen to canvass; a stipulated salary guaranteed. Call or address J. W. Barnes, room 6 Arcade, Fort Wayne, Ind. tu-thu-sa-tf

WANTED—Call at the Associated Charities office if you want to hire laboring men or women to do washing or cleaning. Room No. 8 City hall. Telephone 445. tf

WANTED—By an intelligent middle aged lady a position as housekeeper or would take entire charge of infant, or as nurse for an invalid; salary owing to duties required. Address, Mrs. C. T. Jayne, Huntington, Ind. 25t6

WANTED—Men and women to work at home. We pay $6.00 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits by our patented method. Anyone who can read and write can do the work at home spare time, day or evening. Write for particulars. Home Art Supply Co., Painesville, O.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with board, at 95 E. Berry street. 24-3t

FOR RENT—An excellent store room on Calhoun street; apply Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Two very desirable furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Inquire 172 Holman. 22-eod-tf

FOR RENT—Two delightful office rooms, centrally located. Rent reasonable. Apply at Sentinel office. 26tf

FOR RENT—The Broadway barber shop in the Nestel block after Oct. 1st. Best location on Broadway. Enquire, D. Nestel. 26t2

FOR RENT—A house of seven rooms, 114 Force street, with hard and soft water and natural gas, rent low to right party. Inquire 157 W. Berry street. 23-4t

FOR RENT—New seven room house on East Creighton avenue, four doors east of Lafayette; hard and soft water in house; gas for light and heat. Inquire, 116 East Creighton ave. 25t2

FOR RENT—Good pasture for cows and horses, on Walton avenue, south of Lutheran farm. Inquire of Squire Hawthorn, third house south of Pontiac street, on Walton avenue. 13tf

FOR RENT—An eight room flat, corner Calhoun and Allen streets, with bath room, hard and soft water, natural and artificial gas; rent low to right party. Address, "C," care Sentinel. 11tf

FOR RENT—Two six room houses. All modern improvements, at 235 and 237 Barr street. Also two on Hillside Ave., between Lakeside and Feebleminded. For particulars, call at Dr. Niswonger, 33 Calhoun St., up stairs. 10tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—One 160 acre farm; two 40 acres, one 37 acre, one 21 acre, one 16 acre, one 15 acre, and two 5 acres; these are within two miles of city. To trade: One 262 acre, one 122 acre, one 90 acre, one 63 acre, one 80 acre; also plenty of city property to sell or exchange. For particulars call on R. C. Niswonger & Co., 33 Calhoun St., up stairs. tf

FOR SALE—A meat market and outfit, centrally located; a cheap lease on building may be secured. Address "Butcher," care of Sentinel, stating whether you will pay cash or want payments; and if on payments how much cash down, and the amount of each monthly payment you can pay. 26-2t

REAL ESTATE AND MONEY.

Seventy-five choice building lots on Walton Ave., Winter street and Pioneer avenue; brick factory and store and shop rooms, corner Main St. and Maiden Lane, for sale or for rent; also the finest factory site in Fort Wayne, on W. Main St. and L. S. & M. S. Ry. MONEY TO LOAN at reasonable rates, in sums of $500 to $5,000. C. W. EDGERTON, 57 W. Main street.

LOST.

LOST—Thursday afternoon, a pocketbook containing $60 and a few little articles. Finder please return to 16 W. Main street, over Karns' butcher shop and receive reward.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY.
Office and Residence 26 Madison St.
Specialty—Diseases of Women.
HOURS: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 470.

The Nation's Pride
The Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine
Shuttle never wears out.
Bobbin holds 100 yards 80 Cotton
Rotary Principle free from friction, vibration, noise.
Woodwork equalled by none...
Attachments the finest made
BUY A STANDARD

You will Never Regret it
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER
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HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK
Capital $200,000. Surplus [illegible]
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
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Capital & Surplus, $740,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

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Office and Residence 454 Calhoun St.
Hours: 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m.; 6 to 9 p. m.
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D. C. FISHER.
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No. 32 East Berry street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex, may consult me free of charge at my office, 13 W. Wayne St. Telephone 26.

G. W. BOWEN, M.D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office hours for consultation, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 12. Office No. 12 West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

DR. H. W. NEISWONGER.
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Specialist in all Acute or Chronic diseases. Special attention given to all private diseases and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys. Office 33 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. OFFICE HOURS: from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.

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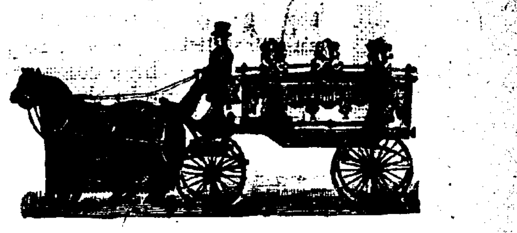

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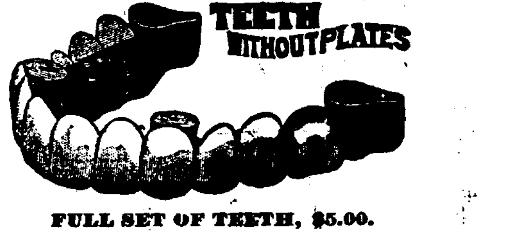
Cheap Meals served to women.
Young Women's Christian Association,
NOON REST,
24 West Washington Street
Breakfast, 6:30 to 8. Dinner, 11 to 2.
Supper, 5:30 to 7.

GOLD
Crowns, 22 Karat, $5.00.
$5. FULL SETS, $5.
Gold Crown, 22 K, $5 and upward.
Gold Fillings, $1.
Silver fillings, 50c to 75c.
Good Sets of Teeth, $5.
Best Sets of Teeth, $8.



FULL SET OF TEETH, $5.00.
Teeth extracted free, positively without pain, when teeth are ordered. We are the only dental parlors in the city that has this patent medicine to extract teeth without pain. No gas, no vitalized air, no bad results. Save pain and money by having your dental work done at the Arcade Dental Parlors.
W. G. BURKET, Prop.,
Room . Arcade, ground floor, Ft. Wayne.

HERE'S THE BEAUTIES.

New Fur Jackets,
New Fur Capes,
New Fur Collarettes,
New Fur Boas,
New Fur Muffs,
New Fur Trimmings,
New Tailor Made Suits.

These new lines now ready for selling, embraced a larger variety of single piece styles and novelties ever shown in our city. And it's ONLY THIS STORE that can put before the Women of Northern Indiana such a large and varied collection.

These lines as stated are now ready for inspection and selling—second floor.

Irridescent Velveteens for Waists and Jackets.
Mottled Corduroys.

These are going to be decidedly popular, they are exceedingly handsome—a new departure and not expensive. Prices 65c to 85c.

The first lots were rolled oft to our customers in a few hours. More already on hand. Selling place, at Dress Goods Counter.

PRETTY LACE NOVELTIES.

We are exhibiting rare Lace Novelties and dainty evening wear goods, ranging from the low price Laces to those of the finer evening wear Laces. The showing is the handsomest we have ever made. Among the many dainty things are the embroidered Chiffons, 27 inch and 45 inches wide, on black and cream grounds.

Novelties in Lace Collars, $1.00 up to $5.00.
Chiffon Ruching by the yard.
Chiffon Ruching Boas.
Embroidered Chiffon Bands.

Best Tapestry Brussels Carpets

Made, are the Roxbury, and the best low price Carpets made for good wear. Today we will show you a trade incident, some wonderful pretty Tapestry Carpets at a low price. We'll roll them out on the floor for your inspection, and we know you will be satified.

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SAVE YOUR MONEY

By depositing it with the
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Try our new plan. Shares $1.00 each per month, matures in seventy-seven months.
No Fines or Membership Fee.

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On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 6 and 7 Bass Block. 2tf

Scherer's Pepsin Bread costs but little more and it is the finest made. 23tf

GREAT DOINGS

IN

Fall Overcoats

At our store this week. Our buyer has just returned from Cleveland, where he purchased 86 Fall Overcoats from Goldsmith, Joseph Feiss & Co., at a low closing out price, and we place them on sale at

$5.00, $6.00 & $7.00

For your pick and choice of the entire lot. There are only two or three of a kind, but in the lot you will find your size, and it will be a saving to you of $4.00 to $8.00.

Some of these coats are silk lined; some have silk facings. Not one in the lot would retail for less than $9 and up to $15.00.

We've Been Busy

In our Boys' and Children's department the past week and there is good reason for it too. Parents wonder at our IMMENSE ASSORTMENT, BEAUTIFUL and EXCLUSIVE STYLES and MODEST PRICES.

Sam, Pete & Max.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At lowest rates, on furniture, pianos, organs, horses, wagons, store and office fixtures, tools and all other personal property without removal or publicity.

You can pay the money back in weekly or monthly installments, any amount, and each payment so made will reduce the cost of the loan.

If you owe a balance on your furniture, we will pay it for you, and advance you more money. No charges taken out in advance. Loans placed same day application is made. Business strictly confidential.

Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2 Seidel Block, Opp. Court House.
52 1-2 Calhoun Street.

W. A. Butler, of Van Wert, is in the city on business.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896.

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Editorial Rooms........No. 650.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—For Indiana: Showers this afternoon; fair and cooler tonight; Sunday fair, variable winds.

NEWS NOTES.

The Rathbone Sisters will meet tonight.

Paul Mossman has gone to Ohio on business.

Mrs. John Harris is slowly recovering from an illness.

Stephen W. Chase has returned from a visit at Huntington.

H. A. Latta, of Battle Creek, Mich., is at the New Aveline.

Miss Rebecca Sinclair has accepted a position with Louis Wolf & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wyatt have returned from a visit at Churubusco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore, of Chicago, are visiting his mother in this city.

Joseph Christie, formerly of this city, has moved to a 100 acre farm near Roanoke.

The engagement of Miss Sophia Moellering and Henry Gerberding has been announced.

Senator T. E. Ellison leaves today to attend the meeting of the American Prison society at Milwaukee.

Miss Sophia Pieper has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting relatives for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lane, of West Jefferson street, have returned from a ten days' visit at North Manchester.

Miss Ida Forsythe, of Churubusco, has been in the city several days, taking instructions in millinery trimming.

W. S. Bash has returned from the east and will sing at Westminster church tomorrow morning and evening

A. C. Aurentz and Ed Rekers returned last evening from Indianapolis. They made the round trip on their wheels.

Messrs. Robert Meyer, E. H. Moellering and Harry Eberline will go to Cleveland, Ohio, tomorrow, to remain several days.

Phoenix lodge, No. 101, will have a big banquet next Monday evening at its hall, and Pythians from all the lodges in this city will attend.

Eighty-three members of St. John's Lutheran church were entertained at the home of County Commissioner Stellhorn Thursday afternoon.

Capt. F. W. Keil has returned from Middletown, Ohio, where he attended the annual reunion of the 35th Ohio regiment, of which he is a comrade.

The Fort Wayne School of Electricity will open next Monday evening, and the first class will consist of forty students, among them several ladies.

The children of the Third Presbyterian Sunday school will have a rally tomorrow morning. Songs, recitations and other features will constitute the program.

Henry Bahde, formerly of Gutermuth's cloak emporium, will assume the duties of his new position in the cloak department of DeWald & Co. next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Merrill, of Phoenix, Ari., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Noble, have returned home. Mr. Merrill has extensive mine interests in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of Springfield, Ill., arrived today to be the guests of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Cairns, of 432 Broadway. Mrs. Taylor was formerly Miss Anna Young.

Send your items to THE SENTINEL. Many an interesting personal is missed because it is not mentioned by interested parties. If you have a visitor let us know it. If you are going away we want the item.

Mrs. H. E Spearing and Miss Daisy I. Jones, of 28 Douglas avenue, have gone to Chicago to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles E Jones, of that city. Mrs. Spearing will remain a week or ten days, while Miss Jones will spend five weeks there before returning.

Dr. Theodore Horton, of Bluffton, a very prominent physician and well known in this city, died at his home in Bluffton yesterday. He was at one time a resident of Fort Wayne, having practiced medicine here in 1845. He is an uncle of Mrs. R. G. Thompson, of this city.

The final announcement will be made at St. Peter's church tomorrow of the nuptials of Miss Mary Neidhofer and Julian F. Franke. Their marriage will take place next Thursday at 9:30 a m., in the church, Rev. Father Koerdt officiating. The couple will go to Chicago on a wedding trip.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society of Westminster church gave a 'Character" social in the church parlors last evening. The singing of Master Georgie Moritz was well received, and the 'Chalk Talk" given by Dr. W. C. Collins was greatly appreciated. Quite a number of the sketches were very beautiful.

In attendance, financial results and the excellence of the program rendered, the Riley recital and social given by the ladies at the Wayne street M. E. church last night, was a success. The large audience present thoroughly enjoyed the readings, the recitations, the songs and the tableaux rendered and praised those taking part. The social that followed was an enjoyable affair.

Oysters, Celery and Cranberries.

Fresh Oysters received today direct from Baltimore via express.

Large Selects for frying, 28c can.
Standards, best stewing, 22c can.
Choice Michigan Celery, 22c bunch.
Cape Cod Cranberries, 6c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Mrs. A. M. McCaffery has returned from Butler.

Herman Freiburger, who has been on the sick list for a week, is some better today.

Hugo Lund, of Kansas City, is a guest at the New Aveline. He intends to locate in this city.

Fort Wayne lodge No. 19, A. O. U. W., held an interesting meeting last night, at which six candidates were initiated.

If your grocer does not carry Scherer's Pepsin Bread, call 'phone 388 and we will call and see you. 23tf

A. I. Friend has returned from Chicago.

Fred S. Hartman left for Cleveland last night.

E. C. Rurode has arrived home from New York city.

Mrs. S. L. Morris is at Columbus, Ohio, visiting relatives.

S. C. Lumbard and family will return next Monday from Bear lake.

J. D. Connor, of Toronto, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of J. E. K. France.

Mrs. Frank Boseker, of Shawnee avenue, has been seriously sick for six weeks.

Mrs. L. C. Buck, of West Jefferson street, has recovered after a serious illness.

Mrs. Henry Nehrenz and son have returned from Buffalo, N. Y., after a two months' absence.

Rev. Jacob Miller, the new pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, will deliver his first sermon tomorrow.

The Bicycle club will have a picnic tomorrow, weather permitting. Capt. Henry Taylor has charge of the affair.

Mrs. Tremain, matron of the orphans' home at Huntington, has been the guest of Mrs. J. W. Younge several days.

Dr. J. W. Younge spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience of democrats and republicans in the Sixth ward last night.

The Scottish Rite lodges which have been in a state of quiescence during the summer will resume activity the first Tuesday in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Palmer and Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Robertson, jr., leave for Garrett today to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dunham.

The American Sons of Columbus will on next Wednesday evening give their inaugural social entertainment of the season. It promises to be a brilliant affair.

Mrs. J. W. Younge and sons, Lawrence and Jewell, made the trip to Leo by carriage today. While there they will visit the family of her brother, Dr. Smith.

The Bluffton News comes out today enlarged to a seven column paper. It is one of the wideawake papers of Indiana and is always full of interesting local reading matter.

Henry Rahe has received the contract for the foundation of John B. Reuss' new residence on Spy Run avenue, and work will begin at once. The house will cost $12,000.

The board of public safety had a brief session last evening. The only business transacted was the passage of a resolution for the purchase of 1,000 feet of hose for the use of the fire department.

Fred Lambert, the artist, returned home yesterday from the west. He accompanied a detachment of United States troops on a three weeks' march across the plains from Fort Meade, South Dakota.

Dr. N. R. Wenger contemplates a tour of Europe on his bicycle next year. The highways of the old country are in fine condition and a large number of Americans travel in this way through England, France and Germany.

Professor George Abram Smith, who has recently located in this city, will sing at Berry street M. E. church tomorrow, at both morning and evening services. Professor Smith is a fine singer, and for several years supported Emma Abbott.

At Columbus, Ohio, yesterday, Frank Bosash drove Frank Gruber's horse, Red Elgin, to second money in the pacing race. Mr. Gruber's horse won the first heat, was second in the two succeeding heats, and fourth in the last. The best time was 2:11¾.

The Hibernian Rifles will give their annual excursion at Robison park next Tuesday. One of the novel features will be a prize drill by electric light in front of the big pavilion by the Rifles. The Zollinger Battery will also have a drill. The large pavilion has been secured for dancing.

There will be services at the Odd Fellows' hall, on Berry street, tomorrow morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock and evening at 7:50 o'clock, of the First Spiritual society, Mrs. Julia Steelman Mitchell, the noted medium and lecturer. Children's lyceum at 9 o'clock.

The high school foot ball team met yesterday afternoon and arranged for the season's work. H. W. Lang was elected captain; Lee Hartman manager. Practice meetings will be held Monday and Thursday afternoons after school, and Saturday afternoons. The eleven has already received three challenges—from Huntington, Decatur and Kendallville.

The Fort Wayne dentists attending the Northern Indiana Dental association meeting at Kendallville, have returned home. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Dr. S. B Brown, Fort Wayne, president; Dr. S. B Johnston, Auburn, vice president; Dr. J. F. Werner, Elkhart, secretary and treasurer. Executive committee, Dr. J. F. Werner, Elkhart; Dr. H. A. Moyer, Kendallville; Dr. J. M. McCurdy, Fort Wayne; Dr. S. M. Cummins, Elkhart; Dr. E. J. Church, Laporte.

At a meeting of the board of public works last evening the first matter taken up was the consideration of the bids for the construction of a sewer in the alley between Putnam and Archer avenue, and the work went to John Draker at fifty-five cents per lineal foot. George Wilhelmn was awarded the contract for building sidewalks on the north side of Putnam street at thirty-two cents per lineal foot. W. H. Oetting received the contract for a sidewalk on the east side of Gay street from Pontiac to Tenth, his bid being twenty-nine cents. George Wilhelm received the contract for building side walks on both sides of Green street, from Smith to Thomas, at fifty-eight cents. On grading the alley between Summit and Oak streets, George Wilhelm bid sixteen cents and John Draker thirteen cents, the contract going to the latter.

W. L. Greenhalgh, of Lafayette, is in the city.

R. S. Peterson, of Decatur, is at the Randall.

F. A. Woods, of Indianapolis, is in the city.

John Dreibelbiss, the abstractor, is very seriously ill.

Mrs. Dan McKendry, jr., has returned from Chicago.

Miss Ethel Griswold left today for Chicago to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Win Bash have returned from New York.

Born, to Sam O. Worman and wife, of 101 Green street—a boy.

Dr. Skilling left today for Garrett, Ind., on professional business.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cadawallader have gone to Cincinnati on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Zent, of Belleville, Ohio, are guests of B. D. Angell.

George Kronemiller and Mr. Lakey have been in camp at Blue lake this week.

Charles H. Shriner, of Beaver, Pa., the political speaker, is registered at the Wayne.

A family picnic was held at the Bash farm today. Several families participated.

John Kelker and Mary Pierre, Harry Gebhard and Mary Koehlinger, have been licensed to wed.

Mrs. W. M. Bentz, of Ashland, Ohio, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Baxter, 33 Elizabeth street.

Miss Madge Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Hamilton, has gone east to resume her studies in college.

The Lady Maccabees of Fort Wayne hive, No. 6, will give a gold and silver social next Tuesday evening, September 29, at Hibernian hall.

The Val Gutermuth business will be known as the Gutermuth Cloak and Fur House when the transfer is legally made by the trustee next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Frank, of Terre Haute, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Weil at the Wayne. Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Weil are sisters.

O. P. Eversole addressed an enthusiastic gathering at South Whitley last evening and he went out to Baldwin to address a crowd this afternoon.

A. B. Youngson, of Cleveland, deputy grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, will visit Division No. 12 at their meeting tomorrow afternoon.

Word was brought to the city last evening that oil had been discovered on the farm of J. W. Guenther, fourteen miles east of Fort Wayne and one mile west of Maysville.

Harry Ryan, formerly of this city, was admitted to the bar at Huntington, and will practice in that city. Harry is a talented young man and has a large circle of friends in this city.

The ladies who took part in the Spinsters' entertainment for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. are requested to meet at the home of Mrs. Meyers, 22 West Wayne street, Monday evening, at 7:30.

Will Peltier and Frank Mohr will start on a canoe trip down the Maumee river tomorrow morning, their destination being Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Peltier owns a fine cruising boat and the boys expect to have a grand trip.

The dental convention, held at Kendallville, which closed last evening, was attended by the following dentists from this city: Drs. S B. Brown, M. A. Mason, W. Schrock, W. W. Mungen, J. S. McCurdy, G. E. Johnson and Drs. Little and Viberg. A pleasant feature of the convention was the banquet tendered to the dentists, Thursday night, by Drs. Teal and Meyer. During the regular sessions of the convention interesting and able papers were read by Dr. S. B. Hartman, of this city, on "Conservative Use of Gold in Dental Operations" and by Dr. M. A. Mason on "Uses of Electricity as an Allayer of Pain in Dental Operations."

DON'T WANT A FIGHT.

Eureka Club Fails to Put Up the Forfeit.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26—In spite of the promise to deposit $6 000 today, the managers of the Eureka Athletic club failed to put in an appearance and apparently the Corbett-Sharkey fight, so far as this town is concerned, is off. The capital of most of the clubs seems to consist of promises and permits.

Ladies, see the Fall Hats at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

Wall paper for that room costs but little, if ordered of L. O. Hull, 90 Calhoun street.

$28—Bicycles.—$28.

Seamless tubing, Hunt saddle, maroon finish. These wheels are sold for less than it cost to make them. Supply limited; therefore call early.

A. C. KATT.

Eyes Examined Free.

Prof. Levitt, our eye specialist, will fit your eyes with glasses after others have failed Chicago Optical Co., 117 East Main St.

If your eyes burn, feel tired, water or give out, come to us and we will grind special glasses for your case. 117 East Main St.

A lot of Plush Caps and Capes at the 'Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

A Pertinent Inquiry.

Why build your home on the outskirts, where for years to come you cannot expect to have the comforts of natural gas, waterworks, sewerage, improved streets, street car lines, electric lights and good sidewalks, when by buying a lot and building in Lakeside you can have all these at once? Lakeside is also to have this year its own public school.

Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Caps, all sorts. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

For a first class suit go to Rabus.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

WANTED—Position as assistant stenographer, or general work in an office, by young lady who has had some experience in shorthand work. Address, S. K., care Sentinel.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

A Brief Statement of Their Objects.

Subjects and Dates of the Lectures of the Woman's League Course for October.

The subject of sociology—that science which investigates the laws regulating human society—is one which is receiving more and more attention among thinking people. Although the best periodicals publish frequent articles on sociological matters and the newspapers have devoted columns to the subject, yet much general ignorance prevails regarding such social settlements as Hull House and Chicago Commons, both of Chicago. Putting the object of Hull House very briefly and quoting from an extensive and interesting article of the August number of "The Arena," the mission of Hull House is 'simply one of neighborliness, assuming at the outset that there is to be an exchange of kindly offices and mutual benefits. To quote once more from the same source, "There is with the general public a misapprehension of motives and uses which does injustice to broad spirit and purpose of the founders and sustainers of this noble, social settlement. It is crudely supposed that a woman or a company of women going voluntarily into an ignorant, impoverished and alien community, must be actuated solely by motives of charity and self-sacrifice, or by a pious longing to give and to be given for righteousness' sake, taking credit and great satisfaction for their praiseworthy effort to save the lost and convict the sinning. Hull House should not be regarded as a philanthropy in the sense of conferring charitable benefits from the high altitude of a superior order of beings whose benevolence is restricted to religious exhortation and eleemosynary services."

The mission of Chicago Commons is as often misunderstood, from the man who inquired if the "inmates were allowed to see visitors," to another who wanted them to keep a couple of dogs, and still another who entered a complaint that his chickens had been stolen. In contrast to these are hundreds who are in trouble and who go there for help, the disabled and helpless, hopeless and incompetent whom the fearful struggle for existence has crowded to the wall. Hundreds of opportunities for helpful, hopeful ministry open on every side and the number the "Commons" is able to help, very few comparatively.

'To all who are giving or who desire to give an earnest thoughtful consideration to the best interests of society at large, the six coming lectures on sociological questions will be listened to with great interest, coming as they will from men and women who are in actual touch with this work.

The lectures for October in the Woman's League course will be the following:

Oct. 8—C. R. Henderson, "Social Democracy, Ideals and Progress."
Oct. 15—Wardner Williams, "Musical Form."
Oct. 19—Graham Taylor, "Some Waymarks of the Labor Movement—Historical and Literary."
Oct. 29—Wardner Williams, "Musical Instruments."

If you have bought no wall paper lately, you will be surprised how little it costs now at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

Voice Culture Studio.

Prof. George Abram Smith, of room 12, Schmitz block, will accept a limited number of students. Excellent references. 26 1m

Notice to Stenographers.

October 1st, Mr. I. S. Sunday will begin his advanced lessons in short hand, typewriting and composition. This course is arranged for persons holding office positions, and lessons will be given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Fort Wayne Business College, Odd Fellows' Block, corner Wayne and Calhoun streets.

Your

Carpets cleaned, washed, remade and laid by the Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Company. Phone 496. 26eod3t

Ladies' and Gents' Mackintoshes must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale.

PROMPT ACTION

Of the Order Knights and Ladies of Columbia.

I wish to thank the Order Knights and Ladies of Columbia for their promptness in paying the claim of my husband, the late H. T. Waters, of South Bend, who held a benefit certificate in the order, died September 19, 1896 and on September 23, 1896, I received a check for the amount of the certificate in full.

AMELIA WATERS.

Puncture Proof Tires at A. C. Katt's.

About 7,000 pairs of all sorts Men's Hose must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

Rome City and return for 50c Sunday morning at 8:15 a. m.

For a nice fall suit of clothes go to Rabus. 9,12 15,17,19,22,24 26,29 1

Subscription lists for the Woman's club league lecture course, at Lehman Book and News Co., Woodworth's, and Masonic Temple. Go to one of these places and sign for tickets if you have not already done so elsewhere.

Send your name to Mrs. G. E. Bursley if you wish to sing in the chorus to be conducted by Dr. Williams, of Chicago university. 24t3

Several thousand books, novels, etc. 'Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

No secret about Pepsin Bread, only that we use the best of material that money can buy. 23tf

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you, at L O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

Something New in the Bread Line.

A sample was left at your house yesterday of Scherer's Pepsin Bread. Ask your grocer for it. 23tf

Misses' and Childrens' Shoes in endless variety; all must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

TO SHOOTERS.

Reduction in Loaded Shells.

12-gauge nitro powder loaded shells, $2 00 per 100

12 gauge shells, loaded with 2¾ drahms Dupont smokeless powder, 1⅛ ounce No. 8 chilled shot, just the load for trap shooting, $2.20 a 100, or 55c for 25, at C. H. Miller's gun store, 20 West Main street.

Ask your grocer for Scherer's Pepsin Bread. 23tf

If you want a first class suit or overcoat go to Rabus.

Gent's Underwear, Ties, etc. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

Great Reduction.

100 piece decorated dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

10 piece chamber sets, reduced to $2.00.

Haviland decorated china, 113 pieces, reduced to $25 00.

112 piece dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

All articles in our large stock of China, Lamps, Silver Plated Knives and Forks and Spoons reduced 30 per cent.

We make this reduction to enable us to close out our entire stock.

Mason Jars, 50 cents per dozen.

29sat's 9t WARD'S CHINA STORE.

Dr. Jno. J. Ogle has opened an office in ROOMS 10, Arcade. 14tf

To introduce fall styles, the Man Milliner will give 10 per cent. off on all goods sold tonight, from 7 to 10 o'clock.
160 CALHOUN ST.

Do not take something just as good, but insist on having Scherer's Bread.

Knives, Forks, Spoons, Scissors, etc. All's got to go. "Fair" Trustee's Sale.

Rabus is showing a large line of Fancy Vestings and Trouserings for fall and winter wear.

Farmers' Excursion.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway will give their Annual Excursion to

Grand Rapids

on Tuesday, October 6th. Tickets will be sold at Fort Wayne for $1.75 round trip. Special train will leave Fort Wayne at 4:10 a. m. Train returning will leave Grand Rapids at 7 p. m. and 11:30 p. m; giving excursionists all day in the city, and an opportunity to visit the theatres.

C. L LOCKWOOD, G. P. A.,
22eod7t Grand Rapids, Mich.

Men's and Boys' Gloves and Mittens. Go for 'em. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2t

Rabus is showing the largest line of Scotch suitings in the state.

Fish biting, cheap rate, Rome City and Return for 50c Sunday at 8:15 a. m. 24t3

All sheet music half price. Fort Wayne Music Co., 34 E. Berry St. 25t6

If you want Bread that is wholesome and Delicious, do not buy the cheap hardtack being offered, but insist upon having Scherer's Bread. 23tf

Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts cheap. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

Do You Want To Prosper?

To get ahead in the world? to build or improve your home? to accumulate funds to start in business for yourself? to provide for the education of your children? to prepare for the "rainy day?" to provide for old age? to feel, month after month, that you are growing more and more independent? that your savings, which are costing you but little effort, are growing night and day and earning more money, even while you eat and sleep. Then go at once to the Secretary of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,

Corner Berry and Court Streets.

Are You a Sufferer?

HE NEVER FAILS.

Dr. N. B. Smith,

the leading and only expert specialist in the city, treats all private diseases, varicocele, nervous debility, and all wasting diseases in young, middle-aged and old permanently cured. Dr. Smith is a graduate of one of the best medical colleges in the United States. He GUARANTEES a prompt and complete cure in all cases undertaken.

OFFICE.....
No. 107 Calhoun Street.

CUT SALE

—OF—

All Horse Boots & Clothing.

20 per cent. off all other goods in stock. Light, Double Carriage and Surrey Harness; Team, Express and Farm Harness, Hair Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Collars, Etc., Etc.

No. 11 Harrison Street.

Geo. H. Kuntz.

STOP

At Lydia E. Auger's, No. 15 E. Washington St., for your Carnations and Roses, or at Vesey's Greenhouses, 90 Thompson Ave. Telephone 231.

THE LOWEST PRICES

—AND—

THE BEST VALUES!

In Good, Honest, Reliable Dry Goods are always found at "The People's Store" The items quoted below are samples of the extremely low bargains offered all over the store.

10 cases Best Fancy Prints	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces 60 inch Turkey Red Table Linen, Fast colors, worth 35c	AT 19c YARD.
100 doz Extra Size Marseilles Towels, worth 15c	AT 10c EACH.
50 dozen All Linen Huck Towels, large size, worth 20c	AT 12½c EACH.
200 pieces Heavy All Linen Crash Toweling, worth 7c	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces Unbleached Sheeting 2¼ yards wide, worth 20c	AT 10c YARD.
100 pieces Light and Dark Heavy Outing Flannel, worth 8c	AT 5c YARD.
150 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
50 dozen Ladies All Wool Cashmere Seamless Hose, worth 25c	AT 17c PAIR.
50 dozen Children's Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
75 doz Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves in new Fall shades of Tan, Red, Brown and Black, a glove equal to anything sold in the city up to $1.00; go on sale	AT 59c PAIR.
Not more than 2 pair sold to one customer.	
100 doz Ladies' Fine Cambric Hdkfs, edged with Valenciennes Lace, worth 10c	AT 5c EACH.
50 doz Ladies' Fine Swiss Embroidered and Lace Insertion Hdkfs, worth 19c	AT 12½c EACH.
100 doz Ladies' Fine Ribbed Underwear, Fleece lined, Fine Egyptian Cotton, worth 39c, in White and Natural Grey	AT 25c EACH.
100 doz Men's Heavy Camelshair Underwear, sold everywhere at 75c; go on sale	AT 50c EACH.
50 doz Children's Ribbed Union Suits, Fleece lined, worth 75c	AT 50c SUIT.
100 doz All Wool Flannel Skirts, full size, worth 75c	AT 50c EACH.
100 doz Ladies' Gingham Aprons, large size and Fast color, worth 15c each; go at	3 FOR 25c.
36 inch All Wool French Serge in new Fall shades, worth 39c	AT 20c YARD.
50 pieces 38 inch Novelty Dress Goods, new and pretty designs, worth 25c	AT 19c YARD.
Best quality Corduroy Velveteen, in new Fall shades	AT 62½c YARD
100 Ladies' Figured Mohair Skirts, 4 yds. wide, Rustle lining, Velvet bound, a regular $2 50 Skirt	At $1.48 Each.
50 Ladies' Heavy Beaver Double Capes, Beaded and Fur trimmed, worth $5 00	At $3.90 Each.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $3.90, $5.00 and $6.00; go at	98c EACH.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $7 00 to $10; go at	$1.90 EACH.
Cuticura Soap	AT 15c CAKE.
Genuine Buttermilk Soap	AT 20c BOX.

REMEMBER.......

These prices are not quoted for one day only, but are our regular every day prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

The People's Store.

BEADELL & CO.

Best Lighted Store in the City.

FRANK'S CHOICE The Finest 5c Cigar made. Sold by all Dealers.

S. W.
HULL,
WALL PAPER.

Latest Designs, Most Select Coloring, All Grades. Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting. Wall Tinting, Etc.

Do Not Forget our Initials or Number.

27—Clinton Street—27

TELEPHONE 250.

People Will Buy Goods

In Hard Times, if they are Sold Cheap Enough.

We are selling lots of goods—more than ever before in the history of our great store, but are making mighty little money.

Times are not propitious for money making. The people will only buy when they are offered a $2 article for $1.

We have been filling our immense establishment with car load after car load of just such bargains, bought of receivers of factories that have failed.

The effect upon our business has been magical. In August of 1895 our sales exceeded those of August of 1894 sixty-two per cent. In August of this year we made a gain in sales over last year of twenty-two per cent, making a gain in August of 1896 over the same month of 1894 of eighty-four per cent. We doubt if such a record of increase of sales can be matched by any old established house in the state.

Foster Furniture Co.

Cool Mornings AND Cool Nights

Causes a person to think of an Overcoat.

We have the finest line of Overcoatings and Suitings in the city for Fall and Winter wear, at lower prices than anyone else.

G. SCHMIDT,
Merchant Tailor.
70 East Main Street.

T. H. McQUILLAN.

(Successor to Louis Mohr.)
DEALER IN
Domestic and White Sewing Machines
Supplies for all Machines.
Sales Room 150 1-2 Calhoun St.

Go to Rome City and return for 50c Sunday at 8:15 a. m. and bring home a nice string of fish.

We are today placing on sale a special line of......

Felt Walking Hats and Sailors.

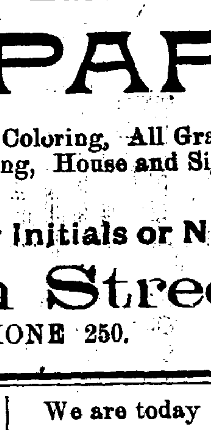
Just the thing for early fall wear.

Our stock of trimmed goods is now complete. All the latest novelties from Eastern and Foreign markets.

We make a specialty of Misses' and Children's Trimmed Hats.

MRS. A. C. KEEL,

22 West Berry St.,
(Over Miss Lowry's China Store)



$2. KELLY
Shower Bath
RING
AND
Hot Water Proof Hose
$2, Express add 25c.
Prevents Wetting Head Floor and Walls.
Hornless Water Closets.

Frost Proof Water Closets, Self-acting Water Closets, Kelly Stop and Waste Cock.

Thos. Kelly & Bros.,

192 Madison St., Chicago.
Send for Catalogue.

I pay the Best Price for
CAST-OFF CLOTHING.

Please notify me at No. 76 Barr street, and I will call. I also do the best cleaning and repairing of clothing at the lowest price.

S. FIELDBLEAT,
76 Barr Street.

Mrs. Arthur Campbell and children, of Wabash, are visiting friends here for a few weeks.

PART SECOND.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRESH WATER SAILORS.

Brave Men Who Navigate the Inland Seas.

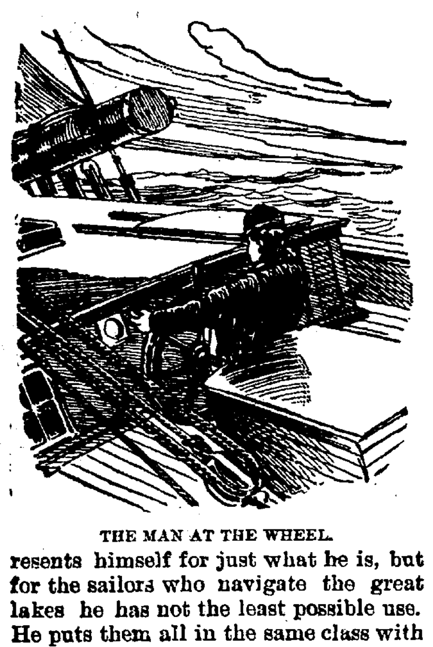
LITTLE ROMANCE IN THE LIFE.

The Sure Enough Jack Tars of the Great Lakes Are Fast Disappearing, Forced Out by the Rapidly Multiplying Steam Craft.

If you want to witness a fine portrayal of scorn, deep seated contempt and utter disgust just mention to an old salt something in praise of a lake sailor.

"Hump! Fresh water sailors," he will grunt, "are worse nor landlubbers."

And that does not half express the extent of his antipathy. He will fraternize, on occasion, with a landsman because, as he will explain, the latter represents himself for just what he is, but for the sailors who navigate the great lakes he has not the least possible use. He puts them all in the same class with longshoremen and roustabouts, treating them with the same withering scorn which he knows so well how to assume when far enough away from the fo'castle and the attendant supervision of the mate or captain.



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Yet the fresh water sailor is by no means deserving of such treatment from his salt incrusted brother. It is merely Jack's arrogant prejudice, built up for no good reason, but carefully fostered for generations and shared by many who have never been out of sight of land either on salt or fresh water.

As a matter of fact, fully as much skill, if not a little more, is required of the men who man a big lake schooner as of those old sea dogs who inhabit the forward hold of an ocean going square rigger. True, the lake sailor does not have to go aloft as often as the salt water tar, for his sails are largely handled from the deck, but his calling is every bit as hazardous and the work is just as hard. He does not sail away into strange seas where he is liable to encounter the roaring typhoon or the much lied about waterspout, but at all times he is likely to have to deal with one of those terrific storms which sweep out of the west with tornadolike fury and lash the waters of the great inland oceans into foamy, boiling caldrons. Out on the ocean Jack Tar can laugh at a big blow, for he knows that his ship has plenty of sea room and can scud for days, if necessary, under bare poles in one direction. The lake sailor knows no such security, for the wind cannot bowl along his craft for many hours before he is sure to hear the breakers roar and then comes the struggle which every salt water seaman dreads—that of wearing ship off a lee shore.

But the lake sailorman of the good old type is fast disappearing. There are probably not more than 5,000 of them afloat on the entire chain of great lakes. It is not because they were not appreciated, but because steam has rapidly been taking the place of canvas in lake commerce. There is no berth on the modern whaleback for a sailorman. Stokers and deckhands a-plenty, with a captain and mate, are all that these leviathans of our fresh water seas require. For ten years the number of sailing vessels on the lakes has been steadily on the decrease. In 1886 there were something like 3,000 of them. The number is less than half that today.

The mountains of grain and timber which were formerly loaded into trim schooners and sailed east and south are now moved along in the same direction by monster whaleback steamers or in huge, ungainly barges towed by herculean tugs. Where once the bright blue lake waters were dotted with white bellying sails now you see more frequently the long, low lying plume of black smoke that hangs above the wake of the passing freighter.

AN OLD LAKER UNDER FULL SAIL.

While but little of the romantic was ever attached to the life of a fresh water sailor, much that is picturesque and interesting will be lost when the last of his type passes away. Of course it is inevitable. For fully a third of the year the lakes are impassable to sailing craft. They do not freeze entirely over, as some people imagine, but all the harbors and bays are tightly icebound, and the open water is filled with floating fields of ice, which, as they are often 20 and 25 feet thick, are extremely dangerous to any craft. Steamers built for the purpose can encounter this ice with fairly good success and are often able to get through the season with but little idle time. Steam has been found to be cheaper, too, and so the men who control the lake shipping, having no soul for sentiment, are building tugs and barges instead of schooners.

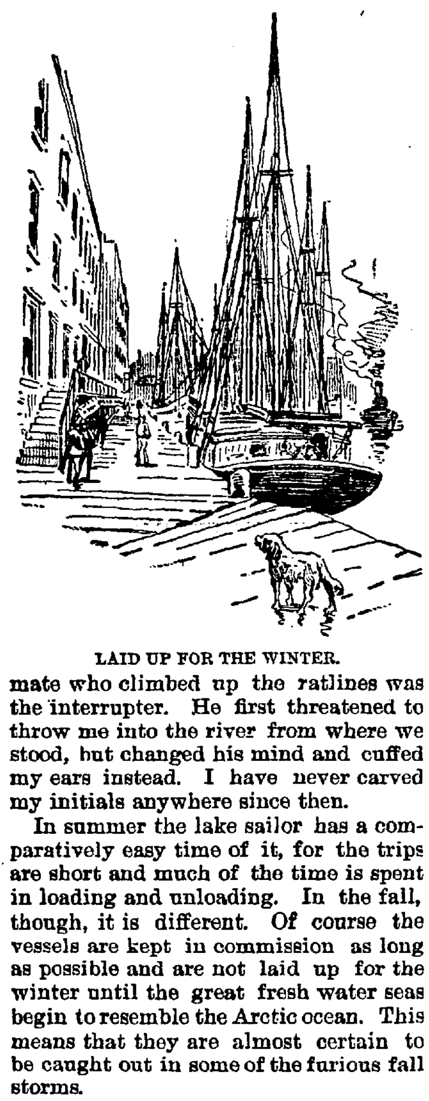
There are no handsomer or more graceful craft afloat, however, than the lake schooners. Built on the lines of the old clipper ships, with long, sweeping curves in their hulls, masts that would tower higher than the loftiest of those of ocean going ships, carrying a spread of snowy white canvas that would make an old salt catch his breath, they bowl along over the lake courses like things of life and beauty. The man at the wheel of one of these well appointed schooners can afford to forget the sneers cast upon him as he lets his eye glance aloft over the acres of swelling sails which strain every rope to ironlike tautness and send the boat along at a good ten knot gait.

It was on the lakes that the three masted schooners first made their appearance. They were found to be a necessity, for it would be impossible to send men aloft to manage big sails in some of the wintry storms which the lakers have to encounter. And then there are the sudden gales which come off the land with hardly a moment's notice. At sea there is always some warning which a watchful captain may heed and have time to prepare for the coming blow. But on the lakes there is often occasion for taking in sail in a big hurry. Then it is very handy to be able to loosen a few halyards on deck and have everything "come down on the run," as the sailors put it.

From three masted schooners to four masters was an easy step and there are several of these nautical monstrosities, some of more than 2,000 tons burden, on the lakes. There are also a few big three masted schooners carrying a square rig on the foremast, but for some reason these were never very popular.

One of this class I particularly remember. She was the old barkentine Parana and has probably long since been consigned to the hulkyard. That big yardarm swung across the foremast was a great marvel to us lake front boys who had never seen a real "square rigger" from the China seas, such as haunt the story books. "The Parana," we used to tell the uninformed boys, "could take a whole lumber pile forward of her foremast as a deck load," and as the ordinary lumber pile built upon the wharfs was about 20 feet high and as many feet square that represented a whole lot of lumber.

Yes, I have good reason to remember the Parana, for on one occasion I was interrupted in the pleasing task of cutting my initials on the floor of the fore cross trees. A big fisted, ill tempered mate who climbed up the ratlines was the interrupter. He first threatened to throw me into the river from where we stood, but changed his mind and cuffed my ears instead. I have never carved my initials anywhere since then.



LAID UP FOR THE WINTER.

In summer the lake sailor has a comparatively easy time of it, for the trips are short and much of the time is spent in loading and unloading. In the fall, though, it is different. Of course the vessels are kept in commission as long as possible and are not laid up for the winter until the great fresh water seas begin to resemble the Arctic ocean. This means that they are almost certain to be caught out in some of the furious fall storms.

Seldom placid for any length of time, even in summer, the great lakes, when swept down upon by the equinoctial gales, are terrific in their tempestuousness. Huge waves, fully as big as those of old ocean itself, tear along their surface and the wind howls with cyclonic power. Then the lot of a lake sailor is not one to be envied.

But the fury of the storms could be borne if it were not for the cold and ice. The fresh water spray, unlike that of the ocean, freezes where it strikes. The luckless schooner caught out in a late October storm quickly becomes a frozen wreck. The hull, decks, spars and rigging are thickly coated with ice, the scuppers and pumps freeze up solid and the masses of water which pour over the ship find few outlets for escape. The clothes of the sailors become icy coats of mail and the helmsman is often frozen fast to the wheel. The sails cannot be handled and the schooner becomes unmanageable. Then she drifts on the ever present lee shore and pounds to pieces.

These are hazards which the salt water sailor seldom meets, but there are many old lake sailors who have faced death in this shape a hundred times, and the bones of thousands of them strew the bottoms of Michigan, Huron and Ontario.

SEWELL FORD.

A Chicago Chansonette.

It was an ev'ning in August—a sensuous, slumberless ev'ning.
Drenched in a deluge of heat lay the sweltering city, Chicago.
Over the city the stars, from a dome that was hopelessly cloudless,
Shone through the temple of night and besprinkled the waters with silver—
Shone through the sensuous night and awakened the heart of the lover.

Out on the doorstep there sate, in the midst of the night and the starshine—
Out in the sensuous night, with its heat and its husky mosquitoes—
Two. They were woman and man, but of years that were tender and slender.
She was a summer night dream, in a gown that was filmy and airy;
He was a delicate thing, in a neglige shirt and duck trousers.

Close to each other they sate, in the midst of the night and the starshine;
Close to each other they sate, on the hard, stony edge of the doorstep.
He with his slender nigh arm obscuring an eighty cent girdle,
She with her tender brown optics devouring his soul with her glances.
Close to each other they sate, and e'en thus ran the thread of their discourse:

"Darling," he cooed, with a sigh, with a sigh that was lispingly plaintive,
"Tell me, oh, tell me, my dearest, dost love ouse own ownest tonightsy?"
Swift from her eyes shot reproach in a beautiful tear haze of passion.
"Well, I should think that I did! Do you think I've been sitting here wearing
You on my waist as a boa? Not with the weather at ninety.
Not on your tintype, Claude Casey!" And the stars went on raining their silver.

—Chicago News.

There are many actors in private life.

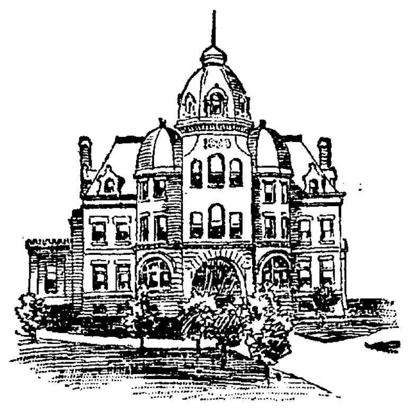
FOR STREET GAMINS.

A COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOME AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Where the Street Arabs of Chicago Are Converted Into Intelligent Agriculturists and Artisans—Not a Penal Institution, but a School For Honest Boys.

A country home for street gamins where they may be turned into intelligent and industrious young men is an institution of which the state of Illinois has reason to be proud. It is known as the Illinois School of Agriculture and Manual Training. It is located at Glenwood, Cook county, and during the nine years of its establishment it has turned out over 2,000 boys who have been influenced to leave paths of idleness and vice, taught to earn an honest living and started on the broad, straight highway that leads to good citizenship.

A colony in which dwell 350 boys, unrestrained by high walls or fear of punishment, is of course interesting in itself. That is the number of youngsters at the Glenwood school. On a big farm of 300 acres live these young Americans who have been rescued from the street drift of the big cities of the state. Of course the most of them come from Chicago. The school is not a penal institution and no embryo criminals are sent there. The boys are not prisoners. No high fences, no strong bolts or barred cells are needed to keep them within bounds. They stay because Glenwood is to them a home in the full sense of the word.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, GLENWOOD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

In eight pleasant, roomy cottages the Glenwood boys live. They are erected in the midst of a wide expanse of green lawn, and in the center of the group arises a handsome brick building which is known as the administration building. In that the teachers and other heads of the institution live. The cottages are all alike and a description of one will answer for all.

Take the Beecher cottage, for instance. As you enter the big, light, roomy basement with its clean, smooth, concreted floor you cannot help thinking of what an ideal playroom this would make for a stormy day. And that is exactly what it is used for. Around the sides of the room is a row of lockers, one for each boy. In these are kept all sorts of treasures, from marbles and kites to apples and nuts.

Then go up to the main floor. Here you find a big, airy reading and sitting room with cheerful south windows. A bookcase, filled with carefully selected volumes, occupies a considerable portion of one wall. There are half a dozen small tables and a lot of comfortable high backed chairs. Around these tables the boys gather in the evening to pursue the delights of "Robinson Crusoe" and Oliver Optic's tales. There are on this floor also a dressing room with lockers, a lavatory, a reception room, a sewing room and quarters for the caretaker.

At the head of the stairs leading to the next floor is the room of the resident teacher who is the official head of this large and happy family. On each side of this room is a row of sleeping rooms. In each room are five single iron cots, for each boy has a bed all to himself. You are surprised when the matron tells you that the boys take care of their own beds, for the white spreads and pillows are as immaculate and as neatly arranged as if they had been touched by the hands of an expert chambermaid.

Separate buildings are provided for the boys to work and study in. There is a shoeshop and a woodworking shop, and in these the boys learn trades that will enable them to earn a good living when the time comes for them to leave the shelter of the Glenwood home. Then there is the machine shop and the schoolrooms. The big kitchen of the institution is also a sort of manual training schoolroom, for the boys prepare and serve their own meals under the direction of competent instructors.

There is a lot of work about it, too, for just imagine the amount of food that 350 healthy youngsters require. At an average dinner 80 gallons of soup, 90 pounds of meat, 6 bushels of potatoes, 750 ears of green corn and 150 loaves of bread disappear. The teacher sits at the head of the table and instills the principles of table etiquette in their minds by no more forcible method that that of setting a good example.

The boys rise regularly at 5:45 o'clock in the morning and go to bed at 8 p. m. Their day is divided between the schoolroom, the workshops and the playgrounds. The boys have their animal pets and live about the same as do other boys who have parents and homes of their own. The farm work is largely done by them and to be detailed on the farm squad is one of the rewards most highly coveted. It costs a good deal of money to run such an institution as Glenwood, more than the state of Illinois is willing to pay, but the annual deficiency is made up by private subscriptions from charitable and philanthropic people who realize what a boon such a home must be to a street gamin.

C. J. BOWDEN.

Palestine Oranges.

Jerusalem is now competing with Spain, Mexico and California for the orange trade of the world. The fruit is grown in the district between Jerusalem and Yafa.

Placing the Family.

"What's gone with all the boys, old man?"

"Well, Dick's a-studyin of law."

"And Jim?"

"Jim's a-preachin er tho gos-pell."

"And Ben?"

"Ben's politicianin."

"And Bob, where's he?"

"Well, Bob ain't nowher's—not yit. I can't beat no l'arnin inter his head, so ef he don't go ter teachin school er editin of a newspaper I reckon I'll sen him ter congress."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Mind Reader Puzzled.

Crimsonbeak—You know Fakely, the mind reader?

Yeast—Yes.

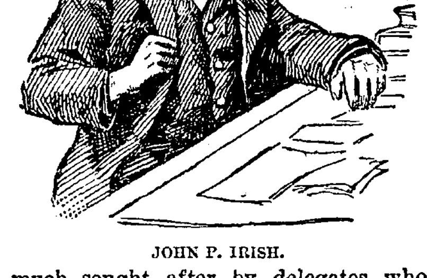
"Well, yesterday he had to go back to the house three times to ascertain why his wife tied a little piece of cord around his finger."—Yonkers Statesman.

A PACIFIC COAST ORATOR.

John P. Irish Is Famed For His Eloquence.

Mr. John P. Irish, who made such a stirring speech at the Indianapolis convention, has for several years been recognized as one of the most eloquent orators on the Pacific coast. He is a resident of San Francisco and is best known in the west through his connection with the Southern Pacific railroad.

The day after he made his speech Mr. Irish was a good deal of a hero and was much sought after by delegates who wished to congratulate him. At the same hotel where he was staying the Hon. Patrick J. Gleason, the renowned Celtic mayor of Long Island City, was a guest. As the big fisted mayor was sitting in the lobby a bellboy approached him and asked:



JOHN P. IRISH.

"Are you Irish?"

"I am thot," replied Gleason. "But what makes you ask, sonny?"

"That man over there told me to," responded the boy, pointing out a stranger.

Gleason was half inclined to be wrathy. He was puzzled also, but he waited. Soon after the stranger came up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and remarked, "That was a fine speech you made yesterday, Irish."

"Look here!" said Gleason, turning fiercely on the stranger. "I'm Irish and I ain't ashamed of it, but I'll be d——d if I'll have any whiskered jay call me so to me face."

"Why—er—ah," gasped the stranger. "I thought you were Mr. Irish of San Francisco. I—er—was told so."

"Oh!" said Gleason. Then there were drinks.

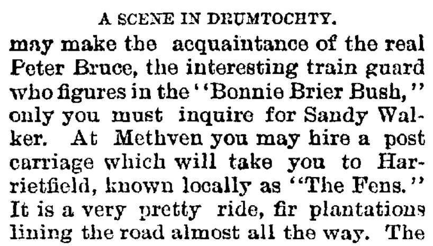
Colonel Irish was born about 55 years ago in Iowa City, Ia., where he lived until 1880. In that year he removed to San Francisco and founded The Alta California, which was for a long time the leading newspaper on the Pacific coast. He has had a varied political career, but never met with much success, having been successively defeated as candidate for the state legislature, congress and governor. In 1888 he was appointed naval officer of San Francisco by President Cleveland.

FAR FAMED DRUMTOCHTY.

The Scene of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" Tales.

The scenes of Ian Maclaren's delightful tales of Scottish life which he has given us in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and other works from his pen are laid within a day's journey of Edinburgh and in the narrowest part of Scotland. The real Drumtochty is a most inaccessible place. Of course you will look in vain for any such name on the map. Even the village of Harrietfield, in which Sandy Stewart, Dr. Maclure and other characters now familiar to us lived, is of so little importance that it appears only in the largest and most complete atlas.

If you want to get to Drumtochty, you must take a train from Edinburgh to Perth, where you change for Methven station, and when you arrive there you may make the acquaintance of the real Peter Bruce, the interesting train guard who figures in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," only you must inquire for Sandy Walker. At Methven you may hire a post carriage which will take you to Harrietfield, known locally as "The Fens." It is a very pretty ride, fir plantations lining the road almost all the way. The name of the estate in which the village is situated is Logiealmond.



A SCENE IN DRUMTOCHTY.

Here on the Logiealmond estate is Glen Urtach, as wild a spot as you will find in all the lowlands, which figures in the stories as the "Sma' Glen." It is filled with interesting spots, as is the entire neighborhood. In the glen is the grave of the mysterious Osiian, marked by a stone eight feet in height. Many important events in the history of Scotland have taken place near here, notably the capture of Montrose. A mile or two to the east of the village and on the banks of the river Almond is the famous Logie house, the lodge of the Drumtochty stories. Perhaps Dr. Watson, who is now in this country on a lecturing tour, will confide to the American interviewer some more interesting facts about the real persons whom he has put into his stories.

The Corbett Folding Bed.

Furniture Salesman—The best folding bed we have is the Corbett. We always recommend it to our customers.

Prospective Purchaser—Why do you call it the Corbett?

F. S.—Because it is guaranteed not to shut up.—New York Sunday World.

Wouldn't Change It.

"I'm not pleased with your school report, Bobby," said his father, with solemn look.

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but she was too stubborn to change it, the old pelican!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wear and Tear.

"The essential difference between man and woman," said the cheerful idiot, "is one of wear and tear."

"Eh?" said the new boarder.

"Yes. Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and woman on wear."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PRACTICAL GENIUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET, PRINTER AND BIBLIOPHILE.

Always a Poet and Sometime an Artist, He Learned the Printer's Trade at the Age of Fifty-four—His Revival of Old Style Typography—Socialistic Theories.

A many sided man is William Morris. Probably no man in England has such a diverse acquaintance as he. To the wealthy aristocrats he is known as the queer looking shopkeeper at whose establishment in Oxford street, London, may be found wonderfully beautiful and vastly expensive tapestries, wall papers and other luxuries of house decoration.

An extensive literary world recognizes him as a poet of rare originality, and the one who was most worthy to occupy the place left vacant by Tennyson.

A local and somewhat limited community of London socialists recognizes him as a powerful and enthusiastic ally ever ready to do his share of the work along with the rank and file.

A still more limited class of bibliophiles, representatives of which are to be found in all the odd corners of the earth, know William Morris as the maker of elegant books, the publisher of editions de luxe of fabulous price and the reviver of the "art preservative."

And, while all these varying classes know Morris so well, they have nothing in common with each other. The socialists, for instance, hardly realize the existence of the bibliophiles, and the latter studiously ignore the poets and litterateurs of today.

Yet, although the character of William Morris has so many faces, to the outward appearance he is always the same. Whether he is being entertained at dinner by some wealthy customer, being lionized at some swell literary gathering or addressing a crowd of workingmen of a Sunday morning in the streets of the east end, his stout, sturdy frame is always clad in the selfsame suit of blue serge, the vest opening, showing a picturesque blue shirt with a black silk sailor tie knotted at the throat under his grizzled beard. His tanned, ruddy face and his dress give him the look of a sea captain ashore.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

It is said by some of Morris' intimate friends that, far from being annoyed at occasionally being mistaken for a sailor, he dearly likes it and tries to encourage the delusion. Once, while rolling through a waterside street in London, Morris was overhauled by a seafaring man, who bellowed:

"Avast, there! Don't I know you? Weren't you once mate of the brig Sea Swallow?"

"I was," said Morris heartily if untruthfully, and, taking the sailor's arm, he led him to the nearest tavern, where he filled him with good cheer, both liquid and solid.

It was by the merest chance that Morris became a printer. Half an artist and a thorough wood engraver, he happened to hear, in 1888, a lecture on typography. He at once became interested, and it was not long before he was learning the typesetter's trade with all the enthusiasm of a boy of 16 instead of that of a man of 54. He went into the trade, as he did into everything, with all his great mind, and he soon found that it was not a trade at all, but an art. He decided that the old ways were best and that the beautiful letters which are seen on old vellum manuscripts should be used now instead of being discarded for the prosaic and unpicturesque print against which his artistic soul had long rebelled. So, after he had learned how to set type, he also learned how to make it, and then with great patience and wonderful skill he set about cutting a font of type to suit himself.

His first production he called "golden type" because it was first used in printing his book, "The Golden Legend." Since then he has produced his "Troye" type and his "Chaucer" type, which get their names in a similar manner.

But it was not only type that Morris made. He could not find ink that suited him, and so he made that too. It was the same with paper and with the binding. At first he hired his printing done, but this was not satisfactory, and so he set up presses of his own at his country place, Klemscott Manor, in Oxfordshire. Now all the books from his hands bear the imprint of the Klemscott Press.

And such books as they are! His type is the black letter type of the fifteenth century. His paper is handmade, with the rough, uncut edges. His bindings are sometimes oak and vellum tied with silk ribbons, but always beautiful. For the ornaments he draws his own designs or has Burne-Jones draw them. The editions are always limited to a few hundred at most. Some of his volumes, issued to bring $10, now command as high as $45 each, and he has rarely issued a book which has not doubled in value as soon as the booksellers got hold of it.

As a printer he has revolutionized the art. As a house decorator he has made himself a millionaire. As a poet he has earned a lasting fame, and as a socialist he has shown us how versatile is his great mind.

CLARENCE P. SKINNER.

A BLIND MATHEMATICIAN.

The Professor of Algebra at California University Is Sightless.

A blind man is the professor of algebra in the Berkeley school of the University of California. Newell Perry is the sightless instructor in the mysteries of x's and z's. He is a graduate of the class of '96 and has stepped at once from being a pupil into a professor's position. He began the school season recently by taking charge of a class of 50 sophomores and conducts his class lessons with the same facility as if he had perfect sight.

Mr. Perry is a native of Shasta county, Cal., and is 22 years old. He has been blind from birth and was educated at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind institute in San Francisco. From there he went to the Berkeley High school and then entered the university. He was a hard student, devoting most of his time to mathematics and philosophy. In the former study he excelled all his classmates and astonished the professors by the readiness with which he could carry in his mind two or three pages of algebraic figures.

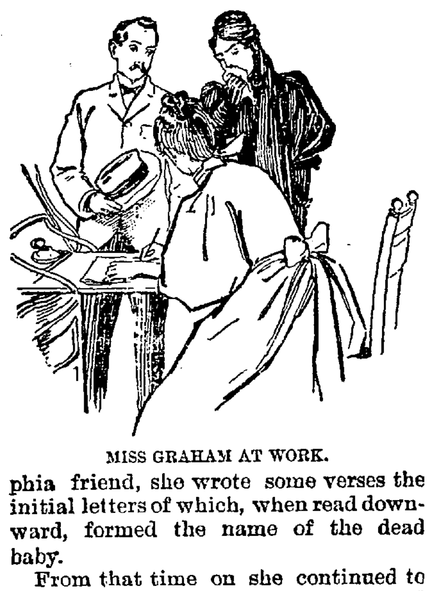
PROFESSOR NEWELL PERRY.

Having but limited means, he made some money by coaching other students. Part of his expenses were met by the college authorities, but this debt he has almost paid off with money which he earned by establishing a private preparatory school in Berkeley. Professor Perry is absolutely blind, yet his mental training has been so thorough and his power of application is so great that he can follow the course of a long and intricate algebraic equation merely by having it read to him, and at the close he can point out an error which many men with two good eyes would have overlooked. He was not engaged as professor by the university as a curiosity or out of charity, but because the governors of the Berkeley school considered him a valuable addition to the faculty.

A MORTUARY POETESS.

Miss Graham Writes Obituary Acrostics to Order.

By weaving the names of dead babies into acrostics Miss Margaret Graham of New York makes a good deal of money. It is certainly a unique business. Miss Graham admits that herself and says she has found no competitors. She also says that it pays much better than writing verses for magazines. It was not Miss Graham's intention to become a mortuary poetess when she began. She got her first start two years ago, when, at the request of a Philadelphia friend, she wrote some verses the initial letters of which, when read downward, formed the name of the dead baby.



MISS GRAHAM AT WORK.

From that time on she continued to write acrostics on the names of deceased babies and soon found that there was so much demand for them that she could make money by charging the bereaved parents for the exercise of her talents. Miss Graham declines to state the exact value which she places on her poetic efforts, but intimates that the price per acrostic depends upon the number of letters in the name. Thus she would charge much less for a poem concerning a departed Eva than she would for one relating the woe and anguish connected with the decease, for instance, of a Marguerite.

About the quality of Miss Graham's poems there can be no discussion. Here is a sample which shows her brilliant genius. It was written for a family in New York:

B aby, like sunshine's brightest ray,
A long our pathway came one day.
B lest gift, but soon went out the light.
Y ea, blest the gift and sweet the offering bright.

Like other poets, Miss Graham cannot always do work to order, but must wait until her fancy is stirred by her fickle muse. She does not advertise to turn out poems "while you wait," although she occasionally does so. Just why any one should want an acrostic written on the name of a dead baby not even Miss Graham can explain, but she knows that people do want them, that they are willing to pay for them, and so she writes them.

In a paper on the power of the British press Henry W. Lucy says: "A device to enlarge the circle of readers, familiar in France and not absolutely unknown, I believe, in the United States, is the publication, in the form of reputable news, of the account of an earthquake, a thrilling murder, a rattling tornado or a romantic suicide, the scene judiciously located. The fact that the story is wholly fabulous has the recommendation that it gives to the journal purveying it exclusive possession of the news." Mr. Lucy then proceeds to say that this kind of journalism has been attempted only once in London, and afterward the able journalist who engaged in the performance disappeared from the prominent places of English journalism. Naturally he would disappear from the ranks of decent men in any profession. It is unfortunately true that to a slight extent this sort of "news" has been manufactured among American journals. But it is also absolutely true that the newspaper proprietor who will allow such lies to be published in his journal has no standing and is not associated with by the reputable members of the honorable profession of journalism. For it is an honorable profession and the majority of American newspaper editors are high minded, truthful men—men who will not knowingly permit fakes in their papers.

HE LIKES OUR STYLE.

THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER FASCINATED BY AMERICAN WAYS.

Will Discard the Picturesque Costume of the Orient and Adopt the Plain Apparel of American Civilization—Very Fond of Beer and Ice Cream.

The interesting news comes from Washington that the new Korean minister is going to bring himself and family down to date by adopting the manners, customs and dress of modern civilization. When he landed on our shores, a few weeks ago, he was about 2,000 years, more or less, behind the times. That the society people of the national capital will watch this forced evolution with great interest goes without saying. The process will doubtless furnish a whole lot of amusement for diplomatic and official circles.

CHIN HE YI PUM, THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER.

When Chin He Yi Pum, for that is his name, accompanied by his wife and young son, arrived in America, they were attired in silks of vivid color made into garments the like of which has been seldom seen in the new world. They had come by the way of Vancouver and Montreal to New York. All the way across the continent Chin, which is Korean for "his excellency," kept growing more and more enthusiastic. Even in Canada he would wander off when the train stopped at a station, and he caused more profanity among railroad men than he can ever atone for. American beer and ice cream especially appealed to him, and he consumed great quantities of each. The Korean members of his suit imitate him, but whether out of compliment or from inclination is not known. It was only by strategy that his American couriers got him away from New York, for he got one glimpse of the high buildings and was completely fascinated.

In Washington Mr. Pum is established in a modern house located within the fashionable precincts of the famous Iowa circle. All of the furnishings are of the latest approved style, and there is now nothing oriental in appearance about the Korean legation except the Koreans themselves, and this will be changed as soon as Mr. Pum's tailor and Mrs. Pum's dressmaker finish their work and the two Pums find out how to wear their new clothes. In order to be thoroughly civilized Mrs. Pum has announced that she is going to learn to ride a bicycle, and she may even give Washington a shock by appearing in bloomers on Pennsylvania avenue.

Mrs. Pum, by the way, is a plump, petite young woman with brilliant eyes, a delicate olive skin and coy, coquettish manners. She acts as if she thoroughly enjoyed being in such new and strange surroundings and having so many novel experiences.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Pum enjoys everything hugely, especially the beer and ice cream. This is his first experience as a diplomat, and he evidently does not intend to withdraw into a shell and fulfill his duties in a merely perfunctory manner. He is going to find out all about this great country of ours, our new civilization, our business methods and how any or all of these things can be applied to his own country, which is just waking up after a century long sleep.

In order to do his work thoroughly Mr. Pum finds that he has much to learn and that he must get right at it. He had even begun to master the English language before he reached Washington and had progressed so far that he could say "Good morning" with great facility and frequency. Doubtless by this time he has acquired several more phrases. There is nothing exclusive about Pum. Although he is a noble of the first rank in Korea, he seems to realize that he is in a democratic country now and to be determined to act accordingly. He hobnobs with carriage drivers, elevator boys and porters and looks with undisguised admiration at the imperious looking head waiters in the big hotels.

It will be almost too bad, though, if his progressive spirit leads him to discard entirely his native dress, for it would lend a picturesqueness to the diplomatic receptions that even the Chinese could not supply. Ordinarily he wears a suit of white silk with flowing sleeves and bloomerlike trousers. Over this he puts a green or purple jacket of silk and caps his swarthy head with a quaint, black hat with a sugar loaf crown. Mrs. Pum's costume is of softer colored silk, but its construction would puzzle even a dressmaker to describe. Master Pum, who is about 9 years old, is also dressed in colored silk and bloomers, but he will soon discard them for knickerbockers. His jet black hair, which is now combed up into two little horns on top of his head, is to be clipped off short, so that he may wear a bicycle cap, for he has been promised a wheel as soon as he can learn to ride one. This transformation of the Pums will be an event which all Washington will watch with eager curiosity and will furnish something to talk about before the regular winter season begins.

WIFE OF THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER.

CHARLES WARNER.

MAN OF MYSTERY, IS TYNAN

Has Long Posed as No. 1 of the Phœnix Park Murders.

The Patrick Tynan who is said to have been arrested in France in connection with the alleged plot to blow up Queen Victoria and the czar has of late years succeeded in surrounding himself and his actions with a good deal of mystery. Ever since the Phœnix park assassination he has figured as the No. 1 who alone knew the names and plots of the real murderers.

There are those who doubt, however, that Tynan ever figured prominently in that conspiracy, as his claims to being No. 1 are founded chiefly on his own assertions. Percy Patrick Joseph Tynan is his full name. He was born in the town of Wexford, Ireland, in 1842. His father was a blacksmith who finally moved to Kingston, where he opened a shooting gallery and tried hard to support his family. On the death of the elder Tynan his widow contrived to place young Percy Patrick in the college of a religious order near Dublin. She fondly hoped that he would become a priest; but, although he developed a fondness for books, he decided when about 16 that he had no liking for the priesthood and left school to go into business. At that time he could speak French, German and Italian and was an accomplished student of history.

P. P. J. TYNAN.

Young Tynan was apprenticed to a dry goods house in Dublin, and after remaining there a few years obtained a position with a large wholesale stationery firm in London. For this house he became a traveling salesman in Russia, the language of which country he learned to speak.

Tynan finally married the daughter of a wealthy London tradesman and went back to Kingston, Ireland, where he opened a stationery shop on his own account. He took a great interest in Irish politics and at last identified himself with the Fenians. It was not until after the Phœnix park affairs and the confession of the informer Carey that Tynan, whose name had not been mentioned by Carey at all, let it be understood that he was the No. 1 referred to. He fled to France, was arrested, discharged because he could not be extradicted for a political offense, and in 1883, with his family, came to this country, where he has lived ever since.

In America Tynan has lived in New York city, where he has made a living by working for various newspapers. Under President Harrison he was appointed to a place in the appraiser's stores, but was removed by President Cleveland. In 1894 he published a book entitled "The History of the Irish National Invincibles." His family, consisting of several grown sons and daughters, live in New York city at present.

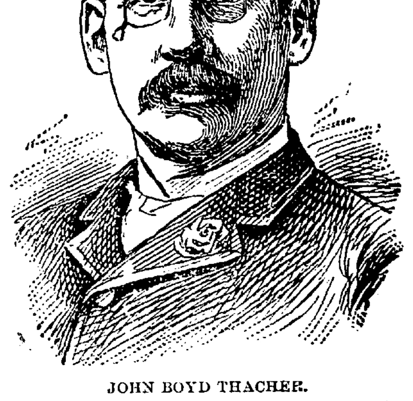
JOHN BOYD THACHER.

Interesting Career of the Democratic Candidate For Governor of New York.

John Boyd Thacher, the Democratic nominee for governor of New York, comes of old New England stock, his first American ancestor having been the Rev. Thomas Thacher, who was the first pastor of the famous Old South church of Boston. His father removed from Rhode Island to Albany in 1848 and established a manufactory of car wheels, which business is now conducted by his two sons.

Mr. Thacher was born in Ballston Center, N. Y., in 1847 and was graduated from Williams college in 1869. After thoroughly learning the business he was taken into the manufacturing firm by his father. He did not take an active interest in politics until 1883, when he was elected a member of the state senate. Since then he has been an active and aggressive figure in the political arena. He is credited with introducing many measures favored by workingmen, among them being the abolishment of prison labor contracts and the tenement house reform bills.

In 1886 Mr. Thacher was elected mayor of Albany and took charge of the bicentennial celebration of that city during that year. In the ensuing presidential campaign of 1888 he was a most active supporter of Grover Cleveland. He was chosen president of the State League of Democratic Clubs and introduced a novel feature of campaign work by making a canalboat canvass of the state. Mr. Thacher refused a second nomination for mayor of Albany, but after the lapse of several years consented to be a candidate again in 1895. He was elected and still holds that office, his term not expiring until Jan. 1, 1898.



JOHN BOYD THACHER.

As chairman of the committee on awards of the World's Columbian exposition and commissioner from New York Mr. Thacher became widely known. He has quite a reputation, too, in the literary world, having been a frequent contributor to magazines of articles, mostly on economic subjects. With his brother he has published several books, one of these being "The Continent of America; Its Discovery and Baptism; an Essay on the Nomenclature of the Old Continents." In 1872 he married Miss Emma Treadwell of Albany.

A Life Saver.

Puffy—Just saved a man's life.

Guffy—How was that?

Puffy—Met a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave him the watch.—Detroit Free Press.

He Wouldn't Bet.

First Politician (sarcastically)—Would you bet on a horse for a place if but two horses were running?

Second Ditto—Not unless both their lives were insured.—Truth.

Couldn't.

"Do you think these campaign speakers believe half what they say?"

"Oh, no. They're not so different from other folks."—Detroit News.

The Abolition of Slavery In Brazil.

Slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1889, when there were freed 800,000 males and 700,000 females, the owners being compensated at the rate of £80 to £100 for each slave.

Having too good a credit is sometimes the worst situation for a business man to be in.

ON HISTORIC GROUND

MEMORIAL TO THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS OF THE WAR.

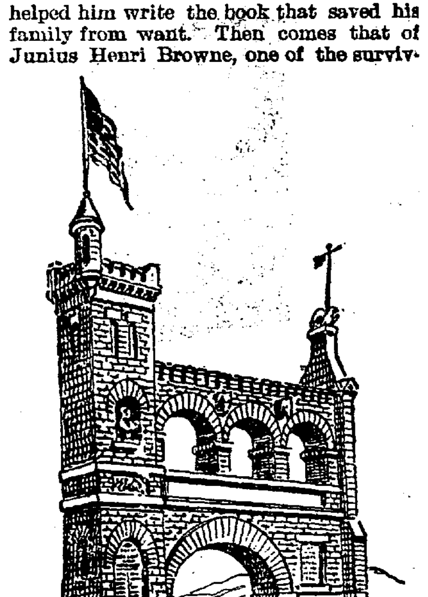
A Monument to the Heroes of the Pen and Pencil Soon to Be Unveiled on South Mountain, Near Antietam's Field—Notable Names Inscribed on It.

The men who told the story of our civil war with pen and pencil are to have their memory honored by a monument located in the midst of the scenes of their labor. On Oct. 16, at Gapland, Md., will be dedicated the War Correspondents' memorial, a monument which has been erected by private subscription, the funds coming largely from newspaper men themselves.

Probably few people know where Gapland is or have ever heard of it. The place has received its name since the war, but every inch of the ground around it is historic. It is a gap in the South mountain range, near the tiny village of Burkittsville, which is about 13 miles from Frederick, the capital of the county. In this gap was fought the battle of South Mountain, where the armies of McClellan and Lee first met after dodging each other for a year. Just over on the other side of the mountain is the bloody battlefield of Antietam, where Lee learned that his soldiers were no better, man to man, than those of McClellan. Four miles from Gapland is the place where, in 1859, John Brown hid to pounce upon the armory at Harper's Ferry.

The structure that is to commemorate the deeds of the army reporters and war artists is located on South mountain itself. It is a monument 40 feet square supporting a tower 50 feet in height. Owing to lack of funds, it is built mainly of rough, undressed stone. There is some attempt at sculpture, however, for there are two shields bearing the words "Listen!" and "Hasten!" the watchwords of the war correspondents. Across the big panel in the middle of the main archway is carved the words "War Correspondents" in big, bold letters. In a niche appears a 6 foot statue of Orpheus, and three busts of correspondents are to be placed on the upper arches. At the rear of the two gateways are two tablets of gray stone, on one of which are carved the names of 106 northern correspondents, with room for other names which may have been omitted. On the other tablet appears the names of a few Confederate correspondents and the artists.

Most of the names are of men who are now unknown. More than half of them, in fact, are dead, and only about 40 survive, although they were young men when they were sent to follow the army. At the head of the list of northern correspondents, arranged in alphabetical order, comes the name of Adam Badeau, who became an intimate friend of General Grant and helped him write the book that saved his family from want. Then comes that of Junius Henri Browne, one of the survivors, who still uses his facile pen with all the old time vigor which he once displayed when writing from the battlefield. Then there is that of Albert D. Richardson, who was one of Browne's close companions in the field, and who escaped with him from Andersonville prison. There are also the names of the late John A. Cockerill, who was sent as war correspondent to the Chinese-Japanese war, and who died in Cairo, where he had gone to tell the story of the advance on the Sudan; Joseph B. McCullagh, now editor of one of the greatest papers in the west; Whitelaw Reid, who is now the proprietor of the paper to which he sent his war news 35 years ago; George W. Smalley, who now represents the London Times in New York; Henry M. Stanley, who was in the navy during the war, but who afterward became a war correspondent; John Russell Young, who accompanied General Grant on his trip around the world, and others not so well known.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS' MEMORIAL.

There is engrossed there, too, the name of that veteran journalist George Alfred Townsend, who earned a national reputation by his letters which are signed Gath. Townsend has virtually taken the whole work of raising the monument upon his own shoulders. He has collected most of the money and, in a large measure, superintended the work of its construction.

Time has seasoned the opinion of the public with regard to war correspondents, and it is generally recognized that they were, as a class, honest, patriotic and often heroic men, who played an important and honorable part in the stirring events which they recorded.

An able defense of his comrades is made by Junius Henri Browne, who writes:

"War correspondence is at most a thankless office. The correspondent may do and dare and suffer, but who yields him credit? If he die in the service, by disease or casualty, it is thought and declared by many that he had no business there. The officers frequently dislike him because they have not received what they conceive to be their meed of praise, and the people did not appreciate him. No disposition have I to laud my profession, but I do think its members are unkindly and ungratefully treated."

This monument will at least be some atonement for the ingratitude of the republic, although it is but a modest one. The cost will hardly exceed $5,000, and even this sum has been raised only after long and continued effort. It is a small and tardy acknowledgment of the occasional deeds of heroism and the constant and untiring vigilance which enabled them to tell the story of that dark, four years' struggle to a nation hungry for every scrap of news from the front.

S. R. MACDONALD.

An Undoubted Genius.

"What a superb touch that pianist has!" she gushed.

"I should say he had," replied her matter of fact escort. "I understand old Skinflint had to give up $500 to have him here this evening."—New York Press.

A Come Down.

"I never thought I'd come down to this," said the young lady to herself as she came down to the parlor and was surprised to find Willie Saphead waiting, with the handle of his cane in his mouth.—Yonkers Statesman.

PRINCE OF WALES' WINK

Its Baleful Effect on the Fortunes of His Friends.

IS POSSESSED OF THE EVIL EYE.

Financial Disaster Overtakes His Intimate Friends and Misfortunes Follow In His Train—The Superstitious See Something Uncanny In His Right Optic.

Inasmuch as the principal ambition of a good many Americans who cross the Atlantic for the first time is to make the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales, an honor which they fondly imagine will establish their social status in Europe and give them the entree into the charmed circles of the old world, it is only right and proper to warn them that his friendship is by no means an unmixed blessing.

THE PRINCE AND HIS WINK.

The fact is that Queen Victoria's eldest son has the reputation of being a "jettatore," or possessed of the evil eye. It must be confessed that there is much to lend color to the assertion, ridiculous as the belief in the "jettatura" may appear to strong minded persons. Misfortune has overtaken all those who have been most conspicuous in the entourage of the prince, until matters have reached such a point that intimate association with England's future king is regarded as the inevitable precursor of ruin and unhappiness. This being true, the people in London are speculating as to what particular form the ill luck will take in the case of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the vastness of whose fortune seems to preclude him from any danger of financial disaster.

It is bankruptcy that has overtaken the Countess of Warwick, better known perhaps to the general public by the name of Lady Brooke, and so celebrated not only for her beauty, but also for her close friendship with the Prince of Wales. The ruin of the Warwicks is so complete that the countess has been compelled to part with Easton Lodge and with all the Essex estates which she inherited from her father and which have been in the possession of his family, the Maynards, for three centuries.

The Warwicks are about the latest addition to the long list of those who have paid the penalty of the prince's friendship with ruin and misfortune. Thus the Muriettas, who are as well known in New York as they are in London, and who figure in English society under their Spanish title of Marquis and Marquise de Santurce, have lost almost every penny that they possessed, graduating through the bankruptcy court and not only being forced to sell their hospitable mansion in Carlton House terrace to Mr. William Waldorf Astor, but also dragging down in their fall another one of the prince's cronies, Lord Sudeley, who at the request of his future king had come to their financial assistance and had endeavored to stay their ruin.

Mr. Reuben Sassoon, too, who ever since the death of the last Sir James Mackenzie, surnamed "the benefactor," has been the principal purveyor of the prince's pleasures, is known to have been hard hit by financial reverses during the last year—reverses sufficiently serious to compel him to place upon the market that house in town which has been the scene of so many entertainments given to the prince. There are few Americans who have visited Homburg who do not know Mr. Reuben Sassoon, the Anglo-Indian who presented to the prince those wonderful baccarat counters that figured so conspicuously in the trial of Sir William Gordon Cumming a few years ago, for at the popular German watering place Reuben constitutes the shadow of his future king and spends his time in organizing picnics and parties de plaisir for his royal highness.

The Earl of Sefton, a great crony of the prince, the ground landlord of a considerable portion of Liverpool and the peer who "executed" the late Viscount Dupplin, brother-in-law of the Duke of Fife, for playing cards for high stakes when he had not money to pay his differences, has recently been forced to place his eldest son, Lord Molyneux, in an asylum for the insane, and it is doubtful whether the unfortunate young nobleman will ever recover his reason.

The Duke of Fife himself is afflicted with spinal trouble to such a degree as to convert him into a confirmed hypochondriac and as to seriously alarm his royal relatives. The sun has likewise ceased to shine upon the harmless, inoffensive and hospitable Christopher Sykes, formerly the fidus Achates of the prince and the "tame cat" par excellence of Marlborough House.

Long, indeed, is the list of those of the prince's associates who have fallen by the wayside—Sir William Gordon Cumming, George Russell and the Hon. Walter Harbord were all overtaken by fate worse than death in being branded as card cheats; the late Earl "Joey" Aylesford, who, after losing his wife by elopement and his fortune by extravagance, was forced to expatriate himself and died mysteriously in Texas; Sir George Chetwynd, compromised in what is known as the Gimcrack club scandal; the late Duke of Sutherland, who died practically disgraced and ostracized after having been one of the most intimate friends of the prince; Count Jaraciwski, who committed suicide on the revelation to London society of his queer antecedents; Colonel Oliver Montague, who, after having had an eye shot out while staying at Sandringham, died so suddenly at Cairo, and others too numerous to mention here.

The Prince of Wales' eye that is regarded as evil is his right optic, and it cannot be denied that it presents a peculiar and somewhat uncanny appearance, one, indeed, calculated to strengthen the superstition with which it is regarded. The eye seems to bulge more than its mate. About once in every minute and a half or so the lid drops completely over the eyeball. The eye remains closed for about the space of a second and then suddenly opens again to its fullest extent, no other feature of the face having moved meanwhile.

People who see the prince for the first time are tempted to believe that he is deliberately winking at them, and this is an impression which is strengthened by his reputation for geniality. Of course, however, there is no such intention on the prince's part, and the wink is altogether involuntary, the result of nervousness. It, however, sometimes has the effect of causing the persons who are either talking to him or listening to his conversation to start off blinking in response, especially when they happen to be persons of nervous temperament, and the spectacle of two gravely winking at each other every minute or two is irresistibly humorous.

The only other royal personage in history who is credited with having possessed the evil eye is King Charles II of England, whose character and record present so many analogies with those of England's heir apparent, both of them being distinguished by the strangest mixture of levity and common sense, of generosity and selfishness.

COULD NOT BE A THIEF.

Annie Kumpf's Face Too Sweet For Guile. Hypnotized the Jury.

A jaunty, good looking young woman in bicycle attire, who was arrested in a New York store the other day on the charge of picking a customer's pocket, and who said she was Annie Kumpf of South Brooklyn, is the same young beauty who in October, 1894, after being convicted and sentenced to Trenton prison as a professional pickpocket, got a new trial and so powerfully impressed the second jury with the sweetness of her face and artlessness of manner that it unanimously agreed that she couldn't possibly be a thief and promptly acquitted her. The judge described it as hypnotizing a jury. The girl at that time looked younger than 17 years, which she said was her age. She had large dark eyes, which she had a knack of opening wide with a look of astonishment. Her hair was dark and luxuriant.

She was arrested in April, 1894, on the Hamburg-American steamer Furst Bismarck, which she had boarded with a crowd of women who went to welcome passengers who had arrived. Detectives saw her wedge herself in a throng of women who had gathered about a wealthy passenger and saw her put her hand deftly into several pockets and then arrested her. They had seen her, neatly dressed, bright eyed and rosy cheeked, board other vessels at the pier in the same way and had become suspicious, so they set a watch on her. No stolen property was found in her possession. She gave her name as Smith when locked up in Hoboken. After she had been convicted and taken to Trenton prison to serve her sentence of 2½ years her lawyer got a writ of certiorari, and it was served on the sheriff before the prison authorities got a chance to incarcerate her in a cell. She was convicted at the trial by two judges of the court of special sessions. She had been committed previous to this trial by Recorder McDonough to await the action of the grand jury, which she tried to forestall by electing a trial in the special sessions.

ANNIE KUMPF.

The grand jury indicted her in due order, and at the second trial that ensued she displayed a deal of the art of the actress and so much cleverness that she was able to upset the effect of all the contradictions she was forced into while explaining how she came to be so often in the crowds around the Hamburg-American pier. The girl said that she was anxious to meet her aunt, whom she expected to arrive from Germany.

Detectives employed by District Attorney Winfield testified that the accused was a well known frequenter of the department stores in Brooklyn, who, although long suspected of being a shoplifter, was too smart for the detectives. A detective watched her in a Brooklyn store one day. She noticed that the Hawkshaw had his eye on her and walked right up to him.

"You're a detective, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the special man.

"Well," said Annie, "I've lost my watch, and I wish you would try to find it for me."

This was altogether too much for the Hawkshaw, who was clearly flustrated, but testimony was also given that empty pocketbooks were often found in the retiring rooms of the stores after she was seen to enter and leave the rooms.

But it was of no avail. Annie denied it all with a sweet and winsome smile, shook her luxuriant dark hair and won the hearts of the jurymen. An effort was made to convict her of perjury after her acquittal, but it fell through.

It was a month after she got out of this scrape that she fell into the hands of Chief O'Brien and Detective McCauley, then of Inspector McLaughlin's staff. She was caught at the old trick of picking a pocket on Sixth avenue, New York, and she went to Auburn for a year for the crime. After her release she resumed her profession in Brooklyn and got caught again and spent ten months in the Kings county penitentiary.

Her good looks at the sensational second trial in New Jersey won for her in police circles the sobriquet of Annie the Venus.

Suicide In Russia.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide as well as homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who take their own lives. Most of these are between 25 and 35 years.

The Stomach Drill.

A French colonel at Famiers is teaching his officers and men to crawl on their stomachs and has invented a leather glove to help the process. The regiment can now travel 100 yards in this manner without fatigue.

Chinese Doctors.

A Chinese doctor is employed by families by the year at a rate, according to their means and his reputation, of from 1 cent to 5 cents a day as long as every member of the family is well. When one falls ill, the doctor's pay stops until health is fully restored.

Red Tape Comes High.

It cost Oxford university $1,600 to go to the high court of justice and have the title "Ford's professor of English literature" changed to "Ford's lecturer."

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. C. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters have proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In case of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

A TROOPER'S DILEMMA

A Confederate Soldier Captured In Union Uniform.

TRIED AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Made a Mistake In Impersonating Eli Grubb, Who Was Accused of Murder and Bounty Jumping—Reprieved by Lincoln—An Incident of Morgan's Raid.

It is safe to say that of the hundreds of thousands of survivors of the war who wore the blue and the gray not one has a more thrilling story to narrate than that of George Helm, a distinguished member of General John Morgan's famous Kentucky brigade.

At the time Morgan made his raid into Indiana and Ohio, George Helm was about 23 years of age, and because of his knowledge of the topography of the proposed line of march he was given command of a small body of scouts whose duty it was to keep well to the front and report the movements of the hastily assembled home guards, who were determined that the raiders should not again return south of the Ohio.

One hot, stormy night George Helm, who had sent back all his men with reports to his commanding officer, telling of the danger in front, found himself alone. His horse was exhausted, and he was himself so weak for the want of sleep that he reeled in the saddle. Feeling that he could get along better on foot, Helm took off the bridle and saddle and turned his horse loose on the banks of the Miami.

The scout blundered on through the darkness and at daylight learned from a wounded soldier of his own command that Morgan had hurried on to the east, with a brigade of Federal cavalry in hot pursuit. To overtake the command on foot was out of the question. But two courses were open to Helm. One was to make his way back to Kentucky as best he could, and the other was to surrender to the home guards, who were literally swarming throughout the country.

"THIS MAN IS NOT THE SON OF MY OLD FRIEND, JUDGE HELM."

George Helm slept in the woods all that day, and when darkness came, guided by the stars, he turned his face to the south. Hungry and weary, he came upon a log hut about midnight, and judging that the place was vacant he crawled in to rest. Inside the door, which hung by one hinge, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a man. That he was not dead was shown by the torrent of oaths fired at the intruder, while the odor of the atmosphere indicated that the man was decidedly drunk.

George Helm struck a match and saw a man in blue lying on the floor, but without arms. Beside him were a canteen and a well filled haversack. As soon as the match was extinguished Helm dropped on his knees, seized the haversack and began eating like a hungry wolf. In the meantime the soldier had again dropped off into a drunken sleep.

After appeasing his appetite and renewing his strength with a draft from the canteen George Helm determined to change uniforms with the man in blue. He found no difficulty in this undertaking. Beside the drunken soldier he dropped his own dilapidated gray uniform, and then, transformed into a Yankee, he left the hut with the canteen and haversack prudently flung over his shoulder.

When the drunken soldier woke on the following morning, he was astonished to find his own clothes gone and those of a Confederate on the floor beside him. As it would not do to go into the world naked, the man made a virtue of a necessity and put on the Confederate uniform. He had hardly completed this task when he heard the rattle of bridle chains and the clatter of sabers, and looking out he found the hut surrounded by a body of Union cavalry. The man, who was still tipsy, swore that his name was Eli Grubb and that he belonged to the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, then in pursuit of Morgan. Of course his story was laughed at. His person was searched, and the papers found in the pockets went to show that he was George Helm, an aid on the staff of General John Morgan. Despite his protests, the man was sent to Camp Chase, where the prisoners from Morgan's command were then being assembled.

George Helm, disguised as a Federal soldier, made his way to a point opposite Maysville, Ky., and was waiting for night to cross the river to a state where he would be sure to find friends when he ran into a provost guard and was arrested. From papers found in the pocket of the blue blouse Helm surmised that the original owner of the uniform had been one Eli Grubb of the Sixth Kentucky Federal cavalry. Putting on a bold front, the Confederate scout gave the fictitious name and command and explained that he had been separated from his regiment, which he was then trying to find.

There was that about the young man's manner that excited the suspicion of the provost marshal, Captain McKee. McKee decided to send him on to Cincinnati, where General King was then in command. The fact that the prisoner tried to escape three times on the way to Cincinnati confirmed the suspicions of the guard. From Cincinnati, Helm was sent across to Newport barracks, where General King then had his headquarters. George Helm's story was investigated, and it was discovered that Eli Grubb, the man whom he represented, was not only a deserter from his regiment, but that the night before his flight he had robbed and murdered one of his comrades.

Eli Grubb, it seemed, was a professional bounty jumper and before the war had followed a criminal career along the Ohio river under many aliases. While the description of the deserter and criminal, who was recorded as being about 30 years of age, did not tally with that of the stalwart young Kentuckian, it was decided that the circumstantial evidence was so strong against him that he should be at once court martialed and, if found guilty, suffer the penalty of his crime, which was death.

It is doubtful if during the war a man had ever been in a worse plight than that in which George Helm now found himself. Charged with desertion, robbery and murder, he was taken to the jail at Covington and placed in a cell.

It seemed from the record that Grubb had been but a few days with the regiment when he committed the offenses indicated and deserted. As a consequence there were no witnesses who had any distinct recollection of the man. All the evidence was circumstantial; but, as we know, circumstantial evidence, when well sustained, is the very strongest. The fact that the prisoner gave his name as Eli Grubb, as well as his company and regiment, and the additional fact that the papers on his person and a considerable amount of money confirmed his identity, left him hardly a peg on which to hang his defense.

The result of the finding of the court was that the prisoner was Eli Grubb of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, and that the charges of desertion, robbery and murder were proved against him. The decision was that Eli Grubb be hanged at daylight the following morning, nor did the presiding officer, who announced the sentence, add the mocking legal formula, "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

The afternoon papers of Cincinnati gave a full report of the trial, as well as the young man's defense, and his announcement that he was not Eli Grubb, but Lieutenant George Helm of General John Morgan's staff.

It so chanced that General Landrum, one of the most distinguished Union generals that Kentucky gave to the war, was in Cincinnati on business the day of the trial. General Landrum knew the Helms and had been acquainted with the condemned man since his childhood. Not at all doubting that the sentence was a just one and that the George Helm in Covington was the criminal Eli Grubb, yet General Landrum could not rest until he had satisfied himself by a personal investigation.

Accompanied by a number of gentlemen whose loyalty was as undisputed as his own, and all of whom were Kentuckians and old friends of the Helm family, General Landrum hastened to the jail, which he reached about 10 o'clock that night. Every old soldier will remember the great changes wrought by war in their own physiognomy and that of friends. A year of hard service transformed smooth faced boys into bronzed and bearded men, whose own mothers might not have known them after 12 months of separation.

George Helm had so greatly changed that the instant General Landrum set eyes on him he shook his head and said to his friends:

"This man is not the son of my old friend, Judge Helm, as he claims to be."

The general and his friends were about to turn away when the young man called after him:

"Surely, General Landrum, you have not forgotten me?"

Faces may change and hair turn gray; but, as a rule, the voice remains ever the same, and now General Landrum recognized the voice of the prisoner. Coming back, the general put a number of questions to the young man, intended to test his veracity, and the answers were so clear, direct and satisfactory that soon all doubt vanished, and the Union general and his friends became satisfied that the court martial had condemned the wrong man.

General Landrum at once telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln, to Attorney General Speed and to Judge Holt in Washington stating George Helm's case and asking that a reprieve be granted until an examination could be had.

With his usual kindness of heart, Mr. Lincoln yielded to the solicitations of the two distinguished Kentuckians, Judges Holt and Speed, and as a consequence before daylight the following morning General Landrum was back at the prison with a reprieve.

The investigation that followed discovered the actual culprit, Eli Grubb, among the Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase.

George Helm's case excited a great deal of interest. The genuine Eli Grubb was subsequently tried, convicted and executed, while, through the intercession of General Landrum and other friends, who believed that the scout George Helm had suffered enough, he was released on parole and given a safe conduct inside the Confederate lines.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Hireling's Position.

"How are the farmers hereabout—on the fence?" asked the man who was gathering political statistics.

"It ain't so much the farmers that is on the fence as the hired hands, goldarn 'em," answered Mr. Haicede with vigor. "Ef they is one thing a hired man loves more'n to eat two dinners in the time allowed fer one, it is to set hisself on the fence."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Melancholy Days.

She—Why do they call these the melancholy days?

He—Because they are the days when just as you have finished paying up your debts for your summer vacation you remember that you have got to begin saving up for the holidays.—Truth.

Horse Nonsense.

"I don't think I am really any cheaper than I used to be," argued the horse. "I am worth just as much as I ever was. The bicycle has appreciated. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

She Would Not Please Him.

Mr. Brown (sick of arguing)—Now, my dear Maria, please yourself, and you'll please me.

Mrs. Brown—I shall do nothing of the kind.—Moonshine.

Agreed With Him.

He—You know I always think that it's people who make a place.

She—Yes, isn't this an awful hole?—Pick Me Up.

A Queer Fellow.

Queerest ole feller you ever did see—
Good han' at givin advice;
"Purty good worl' that we live in," says he,
"But take keer to ask it its price!"

When the new preacher come an went talkin 'roun'
'Bout fixin his sermonts up nice,
"I reckon," he'd tell him, "they'll kivver the groun',
And now what's yer price—what's yer price?"

When he run for the office an talked to the folks,
He gave 'em good votin advice,
But after he'd done with his stories an jokes
He asked 'em, "Now, what is yer price?"

And when the folks tol' him his time wuz at han'
An wuz writin his epitaph nice,
He sent for the coffin an funeral man,
An his last words wuz, "What is yer price?"
—F. L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

All Complete.

He—It takes three generations to make a gentleman.

She—And six figures.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 27.

A Comprehensive Review of the Quarter's Lessons—Golden Text, Prov. xviii, 10. Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Lesson I.—David, King of Judah (II Sam. ii, 1-11). Golden Text, Ps. xcvii, 1, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." The Golden Text points onward to the time when the kingdom shall come and the Lord shall reign, as stated more fully in Dan. vii, 13, 14, 27; Rev. xi, 15. The death of Saul and David's being anointed king over Judah were a foreshadowing of the beginning of the reign of Christ. The reign of Ish-bosheth, David's enemy, over Israel for a time is suggestive of the enemies who shall continue even after the beast, or antichrist, shall have gone to the lake of fire.

Lesson II.—David, King Over All Israel (II Sam. v, 1-12). Golden Text, II Sam. v, 10, "David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him." The Son of David, the Lord Jesus Christ, will surely, in due time, reign over all Israel (Ezek. xxxvii, 21-24), and they will be a righteous nation (Isa. lx, 21). He will also be King of Kings and Lord of Lords (Rev. xix, 16) on the whole earth. He is patiently waiting His time. Let us meekly and cheerfully wait with Him and daily keep "Going and Growing" (verse 10, margin).

Lesson III.—The Ark Brought to Jerusalem (II Sam. vi, 1-12). Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv, 12, "O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee!" It was David's way to inquire of the Lord in all matters, but he, like us, sometimes failed to do so and leaned upon his own understanding, or did as others. In this case he imitated the Philistines and got into serious trouble.

Lesson IV.—God's Promises to David (II Sam. vii, 4-16). Golden Text, Ps. lxxi, 1, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust!" When David was quiet in his kingdom and dwelling peacefully in his own house of cedar, it troubled him that the ark of God should be in a tent, and he thought to build a house for the ark. God, however, had other thoughts, for He says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. lv, 8). His are as far above ours as heaven above earth, and He surprised David by the plans He had for him.

Lesson V.—David's Kindness (II Sam. ix, 1-13). Golden Text, Rom. xii, 10, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." David continued to prosper, reigning over all Israel, executing judgment and justice, and he was preserved wherever he went (chapter viii, 14, 15). He has nothing but forgiveness in his heart for his enemies, and, for Jonathan's sake, seeks to find any of the house of Saul that he may show them the kindness of God. May we, like Mephibosheth, dwell in Jerusalem (city of peace) and eat continually at the King's table.

Lesson VI.—David's Victories (II Sam. x, 8-19). Golden Text, Ps. xxvii, 1, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear." This is the record of one of the Lord's victories for David, in which 40,700 Syrians were slain. When Israel walked with God, there was no king or people who could stand against them, for the Lord fought for them, but when they failed to walk with Him He allowed their enemies to prosper and overcome them. We would have more victories over our enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil, if we relied upon the Lord to fight for us, remembering "Thine is the power."

Lesson VII.—David's Confession and Forgiveness (Ps. xxxii, 1-11). Golden Text, Ps. li, 10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" There is nothing more dangerous than ease and idleness, for then the devil is very busy. David in time of war was at home at ease when he was led into this great sin, and there was no peace to him till it was confessed and forgiven. One has said that confession is the lance which relieves the festering wound. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, but who coverth his sins shall not prosper (I John i, 8-10; Prov. xxviii, 13).

Lesson VIII.—Absalom's Rebellion (II Sam. xv, 1-12). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 12, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It does not seem possible that a son could treat his father as Absalom treated David, and yet it is but a sample of our treatment of God. He says, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me" (Isa. i, 2). And long afterward he had to say, "If, then, I be a father, where is mine honor?" (Mal. i, 6). As to our Lord Jesus, we know that His own to whom He came, instead of receiving Him, they killed Him.

Lesson IX.—Absalom's Defeat and Death (II Sam. xviii, 9-17, 32, 33). Golden Text, Ps. i, 6, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Who can tell what it means to perish? It is not the death of the body, for we are told not to fear that, but it is the destruction of body and soul in hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Math. x, 28; Mal. iv, 44. David would gladly have died for his son, for he was ready to meet God, but Absalom was not. See how in due time the transgressor is sure to come to his end.

Lesson X.—David's Love For God's House (I Chron. xxii, 6-16). Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv, 4: "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. They will be still praising Thee." The Lord Jesus is the true Solomon, Prince of Peace, and Jedidiah, beloved of the Lord (verse 9 and II Sam. xii, 25), for where He reigns there shall be peace and quietness unto Israel. The prosperity of Solomon's reign is very suggestive of the glorious millennial days that are coming, while the time of David is rather suggestive of the beginning of those days.

Lesson XI.—David's Gratitude to God (II Sam. xxii, 40-51). Golden Text, II Sam. xxii, 2, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer." Whether it was the words that David wrote as the sweet psalmist of Israel (chapter xxiii, 1-2) or the victories he gained over his enemies (verse 41), he acknowledged that it was all of God, who girded him with strength.

Lesson XII.—Destructive Vices (Prov. xvi, 22-33). Golden Text, Prov. xvi, 25, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Man's way is to live unto himself (verse 26), and then he is of course at strife with all who come in his way or interfere with him. The godly man is humble, unselfish, seeks not his own and lives unto God if only he may honor Him. With him the work of righteousness is peace and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever (Isa. xxxii, 17). "He that hath the Son of God hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Her Escape.

"I refused him time and again, yet now he has saved me from drowning."

"I suppose you succumbed at once."

"No. I had presence of mind enough to pretend it was attempted suicide."—Truth.

Billville Literary Notes.

"Will there be a meeting of the literary club tonight?"

"I hardly think so. The janitor stole the possum, and they're out yonder lynching him."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Useful Wheel.

He—The widow has not given up her wheel, has she?

She—Oh, dear, no! Her bicycle face answers admirably as an expression of concern for the late lamented.—Truth.

Not Really His.

"So you got those scars in the war. You have a right to be proud of them, sir."

"Not strictly. You see I was a substitute."—Detroit Tribune.

"Don't you think there should be music in every home?"

"By all means. What I object to is music next door."—Chicago Record.

BOWSER ON A BIKE.

HE TAKES TO CYCLING TO STRENGTHEN HIS CHEST.

A Double Wabble Becomes His Portion and He Imagines That Some One Hit Him With a House—The Fine Italian Hand of Mrs. Bowser Plainly Visible Again.

"Mrs. Bowser," said he the other day with great dignity, "do you know that I must do something for myself or die within a year? Plowing and mowing are all right, but they don't seem to give me strength."

"Nonsense! You are a strong and healthy man."

"I may seem to be; but, alas, I am not. I have no more muscle than a baby, and I can't walk a little without feeling faint."

"And you want some more Indian clubs or another punching bag?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. The doctor has recommended a different sort of exercise. Mr. Kane, our neighbor, will bring his bicycle here this evening, and I intend to take it out on the road and learn to ride."

"You—on—a—bicycle!" she gasped.

"Why not? Why shouldn't I ride a bicycle as well as any one else? You are opposed to it, of course, but I'm going to follow the doctor's advice. If I can lengthen my life by 20 years, it's my duty to do so. There comes Kane. It will not be necessary for you to come and help us."

Mrs. Bowser realized that arguments were useless, and she had nothing more to say. The two men led the bike down the road, and Mr. Bowser rubbed his hands and smiled and said:

"By George, but I know it's going to make a new man of me! I'll buy one before noon tomorrow, and we'll take a ten mile spin, eh?"

"You can hardly expect to learn to ride this evening," said the neighbor.

"Why not? Say, Kane, I'll be circling around this house inside of ten minutes. When I know that it's life or death with me, I'm bound not to lose a second. I s'pose I want to peel right down to shirt and trousers? All right. Fetch 'er up here. Makes me hungry just having the bike about the place. Now, then, the first thing is to mount, isn't it?"

"I'LL PUT A LITTLE MORE SPRING INTO MY LEGS THIS TIME."

"Yes. You take hold of the handles—so—and you make a spring into the saddle—so—and away you go. Think you can do it?"

"Of course I can. The old gal is opposed to my learning how to ride, but"—

Mr. Bowser seized the handles and sprang for the saddle. When he recovered consciousness, he was on the broad of his back in the dust, and Mr. Kane was fanning him with an old washboard which he had found in the grass.

"Has anything happened?" asked Mr. Bowser as he looked around.

"Nothing in particular. You were tired and lay down to rest."

"Yes—I know—I see. I suppose you used to do that way. Seen anything of Mrs. Bowser?"

"No."

"Then trot up the health restorer again. I'll put a little more spring into my legs this time."

Mr. Kane held the bike this time and helped Mr. Bowser to mount. He also suggested that he walk alongside the machine until the novice had got his nerve, but Mr. Bowser replied:

"When we get around to that window, you give me a shove down the slope and let go. I see how she works, and I'll surprise you. After I've made about three circuits you can call Mrs. Bowser up and I'll show her a scorch. They call it 'scorching' when you beat greased lightning, don't they?"

"Yes, I believe they do. Now, then, I'm going to let go."

"Let 'er go'—rah—whoop"—

When Mr. Bowser woke up this time he was in his bed, while Mrs. Bowser sat holding his hand and trying to look very sympathetic.

"This—this isn't heaven, is it?" he whispered, as he looked around.

"Oh, no, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser, as she smoothed back his hair. "You are still on earth. How do you feel?"

"Who hit me with a house?"

"No one. You were learning to ride a bike to lengthen out your days, you know."

"And what—what"—

"You got what I believe they call a double wabble, followed by a header. Mr. Kane got a neighbor to help bring you down here. The doctor has been here and gone. He said your neck wasn't broken, but it would probably be four weeks before you got outdoors again. Do you feel that your appetite has improved?"

Mr. Bowser closed his eyes and groaned.

"The doctor said if you would only stick to it you would surely live to be 100 years old."

Mr. Bowser opened his eyes and sat up, and, after glaring around him for half a minute, he shouted:

"Woman, I understand! It is another attempt to assassinate me! Let the lawyers come the first thing in the morning and draw up the necessary papers, and by evening all can be settled."

"There—there, dear, don't talk too much," she said as she forced him back on the pillow. "I will hold your hand and hum to you, and do try and go to sleep. Close your eyes, now, and forget all about the double wabble, which has done so much to strengthen your chest. S-s-s-h! S-s-s-h! S-s-s-h!"

M. QUAD.

Why She Remained.

"I notice your wife didn't go to the lakes this summer."

"No, I couldn't afford it."

"That is what I told my wife, but you may remember that she went just the same."

"I didn't tell my wife. I got a hotel typewriter girl to address an envelope to me in a nice feminine hand and then dropped it out of my pocket at home."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

William Waxes Wroth.

Dere mister editur how old mus' you be to jine the younited states armery i wan' to le've home every darn cigaret I usen to git my sister steles an now she has took the bull shootin match pockets cigarets an all an i have only one other pare she rides a wheel i am desperit an can not stan it no longer, respeckferly,

william Thomas Murphy.

i think id rather be a pirate.—New York Sunday World.

SOME NEW IRISH STORIES.

Witty Tales Culled From a Recent Book on the Emerald Isle.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent In Ireland." At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke, in whose parish one of the sanguinary tithe affrays occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people. The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a government circular inquiring the number of his flock, for the purpose of making up a census. He answered that as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the poor law was first introduced, a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the poorhouse, said:

"This poor law's a grand thing for the sowls of the gintlemen."

"Why so?"

"Bekaise now when we axes for alms they only say go to the poorhouse, but before there was a poorhouse they used to say, 'Go to the divil!'"

At a contested election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters together. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

"Boys," he exclaimed to his expectant serfs, "I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you. Go and sell your vote, every man of you, to the best advantage you can."

When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cashel, he found that a party of electors known as "commoners," numbering some 13 or 14, were notoriously corrupt and always sold their votes to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt trafficking in votes as a mortal sin. The next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day.

"I was, your honor."

"Was not the sermon on bribery excellent?"

"It was an elegant sermon, your honor."

"Will it do good, do you think?"

"I think it will make the election run very close, your honor."

"How so?"

"Why, we always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin, but as his reverence says we'll be damned for selling our votes we can't for the future take less than £40."

When Lord Muskerry was dying, the parson in attendance remarked that life and its vanities would soon pass away and exhorted him to repent.

"Repent! For what should I repent?" demanded the old lord. "Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything."

Correctly Stated.

"They say the honeymoon is over when a man's wife asks him for money."

"Well, I shouldn't put it exactly that way."

"How would you put it?"

"I should say that the honeymoon is over when a man forgets to ask his wife how much cash he can have the pleasure of giving her."—Chicago Record.

The Right Spirit.

Mamma (to George, who is escorting his sister to a party)—Now, mind you keep an eye on Minnie.

George—Oh—er—well—you know, mother, it doesn't do for a fellow to be always watching his sister. Other chaps don't like it, you know.—Punch.

London's Soot.

One thousand tons of soot settle monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

LINCOLN'S OLD CABIN.

TO BE REMOVED FROM CHICAGO TO WASHINGTON.

The M'Lean House at Appomattox—This Is Where Grant and Lee Met and Signed the Terms of Surrender—Will Also Be Preserved.

(Special Letter.)

WASHINGTON, which possesses so many historic treasures, is to be further enriched by two relics of national importance about which are entwined most closely memories of the two great Union and Confederate leaders, as well as of the president who fell just as his dreams of a re-united land were being realized. These relics are the log cabin, which was built by Lincoln and his father, and the McLean home at Appomattox, Virginia, the place in which Lee and Grant met and signed the terms of surrender.

The Lincoln log cabin is now in Chicago, but it is but the question of a short while before it will be brought on and erected in Washington. The McLean house will stand in the same lot and both will comprise part of a museum which will be the property of patriotic Washington gentlemen, prominent among them being Colonel M. E. Dunlap, to whose energies is due the preservation of these souvenirs of the most memorable epoch of American history. Colonel Dunlap, who fought under General Banks, is the owner of the McLean house, the title of the cabin being with the rest of the gentlemen who are organized under the name of the National War and Museum Company.

THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN.

The Lincoln cabin, when it stands in the shadow of the capitol, will be just the same rough frontier abode as it was when built of unhewn logs in 1836. Every bit of timber, every nail, every shingle has been religiously preserved, so that there will be the rude hut with its fireplace of broken bricks, its pegs running up the walls which had no ladder to mount to the garret, its tumbling door and ill-shapen window just as they stood when Lincoln paid his farewell visit to his home before leaving for Washington and his inauguration.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but moved with his father to Indiana at an early age and it was in Spencer county that his mother, who was a Miss Nancy Hanks before marriage, died. Young Abe was then a lad of about eight. The father subsequently returned to Kentucky, where he married a second time, his last wife being a sweetheart of his early youth. As Miss Bush she had won the elder Lincoln's heart, but she discarded him for a Mr. Johnson.

THE M'LEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX.

Mr. Johnson died, and Mr. Lincoln being a widower, the affair of old times was renewed and in a short time the second Mrs. Lincoln was ensconced in her new home in Coles county, Illinois. Here it was that Mr. Lincoln, with the help of young Abe, erected the cabin. In this hut the future president slept for the first time in his life in a bed, for as a small boy his only couch was a pile of leaves in a corner. The second wife, who proved to be a most devoted stepmother, brought with her from her old Kentucky home a common bedstead on which the boy was put to sleep and on which his father and stepmother afterwards died.

When Lincoln was studying law he spent part of his time at his father's cabin, employing himself by mastering the books of Euclid. With a bit of paper held on the back of a shovel he worked out all of the problems till the whole book was clear as day to his mind; then he set out from the humble abode to begin his career as a lawyer in Springfield.

Lincoln's father was dead, and the president-elect picked up from the ground a bit of old scantling, broke it in two, sharpened one end, and, walking over to his father's grave, drove the piece of wood on which the father's initials were cut, at the head of the grave, remarking that when he could afford it he would get something better. When the money was afterwards sent so that a tombstone could be erected, the recipient of the fund pocketed it, and had it not been for the generosity of Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, the grave would have long ago sunken out of sight.

After the death of the elder Lincoln, the stepmother, who was much loved by Lincoln, lived in the cabin with a near relative, John Hall, who remained with her till her death in 1869. The cabin then passed through several hands, but was at last bought by an association in Chicago, and from this it was obtained by its present owners. Among the relics of the family which will be placed in the hut will be the bed on which Lincoln first slept, the wheel on which the yarn for his clothing was spun and the axe which he used in cutting fence rails.

The McLean house is yet at Appomattox, but is not standing, as some years ago it was carefully taken down with the view of moving it to Washington. But just at that time the financial panic came on and the project was postponed, but it is certain that it will now be successfully carried out. Prior to the dismantling of the place, Colonel Dunlap had a series of photographs taken as well as a great many blue prints showing the exact appearance of the rooms, and each bit of boarding is numbered so that the house will be just as it was before it was torn down. Even the plastering has been preserved and stored in barrels, so that it can be again mixed and used in mortaring the bricks. These bricks now lie in a heap, but are closely guarded, so as to prevent the depredations of relic hunters.

When brought to Washington, the house will be rebuilt exactly as it was on the day on which the articles of surrender were signed. Much of the old furniture has been secured, and as far as possible the rooms will look just as they did thirty years ago. Negotiations have been opened with Mr. Gunther looking to the bringing on of his famous collection of war relics and the storing of them in the house, so as to make a most interesting museum. If this is accomplished, most of the furniture will be restored to its old chambers, and the table on which the terms of agreement were drawn up, which is owned by Mr. Gunther, will be placed on the very spot it occupied in April, 1865.

The house was owned at the time of the surrender by Mr. Wilmer McLean, who used to boast that the war opened and closed on his premises. While living at Manassas the battle of Bull Run was fought almost on his farm, and it was to get out of the theatre of active hostilities that he moved his family down to Appomattox, thinking that the tide of conflict would not flow so far south. But, by a strange coincidence, the very last act in the drama was in his parlor.

The Confederate army, about ten thousand strong, reached Appomattox at dawn on the morning of the 9th of April, and after an ineffectual attempt to break through the slowly contracting lines of the enemy, gave up in despair. Lee decided that it would be a useless waste of life to prolong the struggle, so arrangements were made that the two commanding generals should meet in the village and agree upon the terms of capitulation.

It was near 11 in the morning when Grant and Lee met in the road, and, as there was no convenient place where writing could be done, the party went to the house of Mr. McLean and occupied his parlor.

Here the terms were discussed and the final disposition of the Southern troops agreed upon.

National economy.

There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearline. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearline! It's too much to hope for—but the whole country would be the richer for it.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND THE GREAT INVENTION FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TEXTURE COLOR OR HANDS. NEW YORK.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back 473

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Strong Hope for a Day of Universal Arbitration,

When Standing Armies May Disappear and the World be Governed Upon Principles of Peace and Christianity.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation, basing it on the text:

The day is at hand.—Romans xiii., 12.

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farm house, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can not tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next 12 months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel," and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and and the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the 4th of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on November 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a sunburst of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blest this nation as He hath blest no other.

In all our Christon work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee, and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or 20 or 30 rail tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how 50 worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, can not the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about 6 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last 25 years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the narrows, or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace! Peace! England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthrohy said to the north: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the south: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The north replied: "I won't pay a cent." The south replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder. Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war $4,700,000,000, and the south pay $4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war-paint, and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as to vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments.

A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my corn fields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after awhile I say: "Stand back; don't crowd me any more or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Washington home is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevadas. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity! Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunities this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in 20 minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in 24 hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5,652 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,800 years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the prorouguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in 24 hours a Divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God, from a hovering cloud, should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in 24 hours? Suppose He should present His Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all you sins and to heal all your sorrows; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck.

I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the famines and plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think the world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your courthouses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Law-giver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at two, if it is nearer morning at four o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

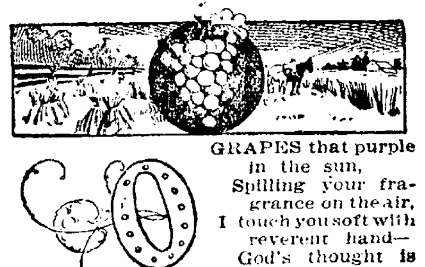
There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after awhile, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after awhile, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some other term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a Divid, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—Him of the Red sea, Him of the valley of Ajalon, Him of Mars' Hill! English history says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war, bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they should be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Knavesmire heath and turned out these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle—and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line, ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old Scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon." The old war horses mingling in the fight.

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under His feet, and all the armies of Heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O Christ, how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow and scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no sears or wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out today in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to the combat! Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow. I uncover my heart. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we can not be glorified with Him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened. See! the hour is about to come. Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A REVERIE



GRAPES that purple in the sun,
Spilling your fragrance on the air,
I touch you soft with reverent hand—
God's thought is there!

O fields so like an amber sea,
Whose tides move as the soft winds blow,
You bear the impress of God's hand,
His touch you know!

But, soft-cheeked children of the sun—
His loving gift—you do not know
That each new added beauty means
But added woe!

And you, O yellow sea, you hide
Sirens as did seas long ago,
Luring the fair white barks we love
On rocks below!

O purple grapes upon the wall,
O amber fields, by soft winds blown,
God called you good, but you have turned
His bread to stone!

—Florence A. Jones, in Union Signal.

INEBRIETY IN FRANCE.

How the French Are Degenerating Through the Consumption of Alcohol.

The arguments of the opponents of total abstinence that the use of beer and light wines on the continent is conducive to temperance and that the people are not led thereby into intemperance and debauchery are being thoroughly refuted. This is the work of scientific medical men in both Germany and France. The Paris, France, correspondent of the Chicago Sunday Chronicle, writes:

A good deal of superficial claptrap is repeated year after year by writers about the remarkable sobriety of the Latin races generally and of the French people in particular. The Italians certainly seem to be as abstemious as they are hard working, but as for the French they are declared by their own most eminent medical authorities to be undergoing a rapid process of degeneration, brought on by the reckless consumption of brain-paralyzing, blood-poisoning liquors. Dr. Brunon, the well-known director of the medical school at Rouen, and a student of his, M. Tourdot, have just published the results of their studies on the subject, and these are eminently calculated to alarm French patriots. The latter gentleman dressed himself up as a waiter and obtained a place in a tavern in Rouen frequented by the lowest class of workmen, many of whom sleep there for a penny a night. M. Tourdot first studied his own colleagues. He declared that, on the whole, they are a sober class, but adds that the perpetual strain on their nerves, the lack of fresh air and the emanations from the alcohol generally bring on aenemia and tuberculosis, which means death in about 18 months. But the guests of this and similar places were the principal objects of M. Tourdot's investigations, and he says that these pitiable people, who earn about fourpence an hour, came regularly, drank their hour's wages in a few minutes, went back to earn more by the most laborious work, and then took to drinking the proceeds of it in like manner till day wore on into night and consciousness was dimmed to intoxication. Sometimes he saw 150 glasses of the most pernicious alcohol served out in the short space of ten minutes. Dr. Brunon bitterly complains of the enormous number of little taverns of this type, and mentions one street in Rouen containing 150 houses, of which 75 are licensed to sell poisonous beverages.

Turning to the mothers of the coming generation of France, Dr. Brunon remarks that they are seldom brutally drunk, but that they subject themselves to a process of slow but chronic intoxication, productive of horrible results, and this mainly by drinking coffee. Not that coffee is bad in itself, but that it is never partaken of nowadays without alcohol, and in this latter form is drunk at all hours of the day and night, administered to the children—nay, actually brought to their cradles in little bottles by the affectionate mothers. At the tender age of seven years the unfortunate children are no longer given coffee with spirits, but alcohol neat. This sound incredible, but it is too true. A schoolmaster lately inquired of his pupils, all boys under nine years, how many of them abstained from these drinks, and he found that among his 63 pupils 24 were accustomed to partake of "la goutte" every day of their lives. The mystery is that they live as long as they do. He estimates the proportion of boys and girls thus infected with alcoholism in Normandy at from 40 to 75 per cent. At ten or eleven years the boys add the nicotine poison to the alcohol and are decimated like flies, or contract incurable diseases. No foreign foe, no destruction of human life by floods, collisions or explosions could possibly inflict upon the French race anything like the unspeakable evils which this curse of alcoholism has conjured up.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The devil never likes to have a man read a temperance page.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Transvaal Folksraad has enacted a new liquor law embodying total prohibition of the sale of liquor to natives.

The man who pays his whisky bill before he pays his meat bill, will soon want more whisky than meat.—Lever.

Intoxicating drink is the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, disease and insanity.—Prof. F. W. Newman.

Gambling is practiced to such an extent in Sydney, Australia, that the council of the churches is trying to put it down.

There are 324 active branches comprising 200,000 total abstainers in the Anglo-Indian Temperance association of India.

During the past year the National Temperance society circulated, through its missionaries in the south, over 5,000,000 pages.

Of 611 paupers in the Edinburgh poorhouse not one was an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

The juvenile temperance force in Great Britain is authoritatively estimated at 2,813,800 members, nine-tenths of whom are in the Band of Hope unions.

Why Saloons Are Excluded.

Often the title deeds for lots in towns, or in particular parts of towns, contain a clause forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on the premises. Why? Such a deed before us recites a number of nuisances that are prohibited. Such nuisances are injurious to health, and they retard the growth of the community with a good class of people. For the same reason saloons are prohibited. They are injurious to the community. Has anyone seen a deed in a prosperous community forever prohibiting the erection of a church, or the establishment of a Sabbath-school?—United Presbyterian.

BOSTON'S DRINKING HABIT.

Interesting Statistics Gathered by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University.

Prof. Peabody, of Harvard university, publishes in the Forum for July some extremely interesting statistics concerning the dimensions of the drink habit in the city of Boston. He is secretary of the committee of 50, of which Seth Low is president, which is engaged in the study of the liquor problem in various parts of the country, and the figures which he gives were collected under the direction of that organization:

A twofold inquiry was instituted, one to ascertain the average daily patronage of the saloons, and the other the average daily patronage of such resorts as could be fairly described as social substitutes for the saloon. The police patrolmen were asked to give estimates, based upon observation of the average daily attendance at each saloon, and these were in doubtful cases fortified with the evidence of the saloon keepers themselves. The attendance at the substitute places was obtained by an independent but none the less thorough system of inquiry. No effort was made to ascertain the attendance at hotels, private clubs, or licensed grocers, so that all the drinking is not included in the results.

The figures are formidable enough, however, to cause general astonishment. The whole number of saloons is 606, and the average daily patronage of them is 226,752, or about half the entire population of the city. This does not mean that half the population is in the habit of taking a drink daily, for some men enter several times a day, and in this estimate they are counted as different persons each time. The amount spent by each person is put at ten cents, which expert opinion says is the average sum, so that the total daily expenditure is $22,675, and the annual outgo in a year of 300 days $6,802,500. This is a gross income of about $10,000 for each saloon. Prof. Peabody points out that the annual expenditure for the Boston public school system is only a little over $2,000,000, and that the combined public school, fire, police and park departments of Boston do not cost so much as this total saloon income amounts to. "The sum of money paid over the Boston bars, nine-tenths of which, it may be fairly estimated, comes from persons of modest incomes, is sufficient to meet the total living expenses of nearly 11,700 families spending $600 each." Prof. Peabody places the number of males above 20 years of age in Boston at 156,530, and calculates that the "patronage of the saloons is as if every man in the city drank every day, and in addition treated a friend from the country every other day."

The returns from the substitutes for saloons are quite encouraging. There are 572 of these, coffee-rooms, pool-rooms, lunch-rooms, reading-rooms and clubs, of "a reasonable degree of attractiveness," and they have a daily attendance of 98,918, or, excluding the pool-rooms, 76,268. There is a much smaller proportion of non-resident visitors at the substitutes than at the saloons, so that these figures really show a considerable element of the population in regular attendance. Prof. Peabody says the patronage is encouraging to the promoters of this flank attack upon the saloon when one considers the inadequacy of many of these resorts, the meager provision for sociability and comfort as compared with the splendor of the saloons, and the disadvantage under which some of these substitutes are put by regarding sociability as secondary to moral or religious influence.—Evening Post.

A CYCLING TESTIMONY.

Successful Racer Must Let Brandy and Whisky Alone.

Almost every young man now can cycle. Seeing a young man pass, going like the wind, and as straight as an arrow, a friend (writes Rev. J. M. Strachan, B. B., Kilspindle, in Life and Work) said: "That is the champion cyclist in our county." Recently I had the pleasure of meeting him.

He has over 70 prizes gained by cycling, 41 gold medals, three silver ones, and the rest made up of such things as a silver tea set and a marble timepiece. Last year he rode 100 miles in 5 hours 34 minutes 22 seconds, and last year also he won the 50-mile road record in 2 hours 30 minutes 9 seconds, which means that he went on a road for 50 miles at the speed of one mile in every three minutes and much less than half a second.

He began his successful career by finding that the more regularly he pedaled and the straighter he rode he went the quicker. In a long race—he has broken three times the road record for 100 miles—there is no time allowed to take any refreshment. It must be taken on the back of the bicycle. This champion cyclist usually takes fruit or some thin gruel.

"Did you ever take spirits of any kind?" I asked. "I mean whisky or brandy."

"No. They cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. Anyone who tries it is soon broken-winded and puffed. It may help for a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily. But if he had ten miles, or had a long race before him, he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut."

"So you don't believe in brandy?"

"No. It may help for a short spurt, but is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer."

As I thought of the wide meaning of this as applied to life instead of cycling, I said: "Do you know, you are giving a strong testimony for temperance? We ministers often teach that spirits do more harm than good for a long and successful life, and that they are only good in say an accident or illness, when you need strength to pass quickly some danger. Would you kindly allow me to make known your experience and words? People are willing to believe a champion cyclist."

"Yes, I am quite willing."

Tavern Keeper Objects to Red Noses.

At the time of the beginning of the temperance agitation in Maine, 50 years ago, there was a Kennebec tavern keeper who was especially violent against any restraint of his business, and at a town meeting made a stirring speech against prohibition. In the course of the discussion the presiding officer called for a division of the house. All in favor of the traffic went to one side of the room, all opposed to the other. To the surprise of everyone, the old tavern keeper, after a moment's hesitation, deliberately went to the temperance side. "Why are you here?" the astonished people began to question. "You don't belong here. That's your side over there." The old man looked across the hall in disgust and retorted: "You don't suppose I'm going over there in that crowd of red noses, do you?"

Hard times is not the result of a bad monetary system or our tariff laws. The panacea is in the blotting out of the great and monstrous curse that now covers the land with crime and misery. —True Index.

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS.

AMEN.

I cannot say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I do not know
Where fall the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below
Sometime, somewhere.

I do not look
Upon the present nor in nature's book
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's holy book,
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back, but hush that sigh,
It might have been,
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond, Amen.

—F. G. Browning, in Baptist Flag.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

It Is a Grace Suited to All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

The "variegated" grace of God. So the original warrants us in rendering it. It is not one dull, monotonous tone; it is not even sameness of glory or of beauty. It is diversified, it is manifold. It glints and glows here and there and everywhere. The sunlight is sunlight always, but it flashes a ruddy gleam from the ruby and glows as with a heart of fire in the opal and glitters in a thousand iridescent sparkles on the diamond. God's grace is God's grace always, but its development has different characteristics in each case to which it is applied. God's spirit, His agent for coming into immediate contact with the hearts of men, "worketh when and where and how He pleaseth." He trains Abraham for his career by revealing the Divine purpose in visions. He makes Moses a fit leader for his people by seeing to it that he is learned in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians." He fits Joshua for the conquest of Canaan by the discipline of the desert wandering. He gives to David the gift of sacred song as well as the martial prowess that built up the kingdom. He touched the lips of Isaiah "as with a live coal from off the altar." He used the practical Matthew and the impetuous Peter and the loving John and the whole-hearted and full-hearted Paul as apostles of the new dispensation. And so along the track of the advancing generations and in the present time the Holy Spirit is distributing to men of "the manifold grace of God." It is not grace for one line of conduct only nor for simply one situation in life. It is not grace suited to one case of mind alone, but to all sorts and conditions of men. It is not grace simply for living, nor alone for dying, but for each as the occasion demands. It is not alone grace that sorrow may be endured, but that happiness also may be endured with moral safety. It is grace for the downcast and the neglected, and also for those who are in places of large influence and power. It is grace for the merry-hearted young Christian, grace for the sober-minded and mature who bear the burden and heat of the day, grace for those whose hoar heads are crowns of glory and who are looking with calm serenity to the end of this life and the dawn of eternity. It is grace that will be colored by the medium through which it passes, as the sunlight is colored by the rich glass in some cathedral window. Yet it loses no essential quality, no more than does the sunlight through "storied window richly alight." The glass would be dull, unmeaning, were it not for the radiance of the sun poured through it. The human life would be without beauty were there no Divine grace to irradiate it. But it is obvious that this grace does not reduce and was not intended to reduce Christian lives to a tedious monotony. Life means—and grace is life—not mechanical formalism, but fullness and vigor and variety. — Oliver Addison Kingsbury, in N. Y. Observer.

THE BLEMISHED ONYX.

How God Beautifies Even Imperfect Human Character.

During my summer's rest among the mountains last year I heard a sermon in which the preacher introduced the following incident:

A lapidary brought a large and beautiful onyx to a distinguished artist for whom he had obtained many precious stones for carving.

"See how clear, pure, and transparent this stone is," said the lapidary; "what a fine one for you to exercise your skill upon were it not for this one fatal blemish." And he pointed out in one spot an underlying tinge of iron rust, which, as he said, "ruined the stone."

But the artist, with far-reaching sight, seized upon the onyx and, having examined it attentively, purchased it. With matchless skill and delicacy he wrought upon the stone, carving the graceful form of a lovely goddess. And by a wonderful exercise of ingenuity, by sharp cuts of his engraving tool, and by light and patient touches, he fashioned the spot which had been thought an irreparable blemish into a leopard skin, upon which rested the foot of the goddess—the contrasting colors enhancing the beauty of the lovely cameo.

As the artist by patient skill and labor changes the unsightly spot on the onyx into a beautiful decoration, so sometimes, does God work upon His children. He sees in them some fault, some evil passion which blemishes the whole character; and He begins to use the discipline to give that molding which, by slow processes it may be, will change the blemish into something lovely. He may use sharp tools and the work may be tedious and trying; but if we submit ourselves to His hand, and especially if—unlike the passive onyx—we ourselves, being conscious of our faulty character, use our own earnest endeavors, latent graces will gleam out where only blemishes were seen. Rashness will be wrought into courage; inertness into gentleness; sluggishness into patience; irritability into tender sensitiveness; avarice into thrift; impetousity into earnestness. While in place of more glaring defects, strange transformations will appear—generosity instead of selfishness; humility instead of pride; love instead of hate. Thus will the whole character, by God's work in us, be beautiful.—Christian Work.

Great Ideas and Small Duties.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. — James Martineau.

HORIZONS.

The Worst Thing About Human Slavery of Any Sort.

An American author whose most famous novels were based upon the institution of negro slavery and the social conditions which accompanied it, Albion W. Tourgee, says that the most accurate characterization of slavery he ever heard came from the lips of an old negro after the war, who said: "The worst thing about slavery, in my jedgment, sah, was that it took away all the termorrers." Took away all the tomorrows—the tragedy of a race is summed up in those words. The phrase passes over all superficial sorrows, all pains of body, all hunger and lashings, and lays bare the heart of the slave. In the extreme of misery, as in the extreme of joy, life is centered in today. The slave remembers, but does not hope; yesterday and to-day blot out to-morrow. The rest from toil that comes with the evening twilight is the goal upon which his vision rests. Beyond that, ambition and imagination do not penetrate. "As a servant that earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling that looketh for his wages," his days are passed, in a world infinitely narrowed by the ceaseless bondage of soul and body.

The slave's horizon is not more contracted than the horizon of a servant of sin. The effect of willful defiance of the commands of God and conscience is to blunt the imagination, as well as other higher faculties of the mind, and to lessen the power of gaining pleasure and incentive from the future. That very weakening of hope acts in turn as a new source of temptation; for all sin may be considered as, in one aspect, willful shortsightedness. The man who has nothing to lose by sin does not exist; but the men who have long since become blind to what they have to lose by sin are all around us. Their horizon shuts out all high ideals and possible achievements which they once beheld with the keener vision of innocence. Beyond the pleasure and gain of the present and the near future there is nothing to draw them on; how seldom does a wicked man think willingly of his old age. One cannot imagine a youth deliberately planning 50 years of crime, or even of cold-blooded selfishness within the bounds of human law. His horizon is too limited for that. Gradually, as sin gains mastery over him, the look ahead is shortened until it may be truthfully said that "it takes away all the to-morrows"—except the to-morrows of retribution.

But leave the valley and begin to climb. How the prospect widens and the mists disappear; how far the Christian gazes into the future when he has reached the height. His outlook pierces the years, and is not limited even by the bounds of life. Even the life beyond becomes the subject of his reverent and joyful anticipation. No attainment of character, no perfecting of spiritual perception, is too distant to be a part of his hope and prayer for the future. Life is still a thing of to-day, but it receives its deepest and most sacred joys not from the recollection of yesterday, but from the possibilities of to-morrow. This broad horizon is the privilege of every Christian. It is true that such views do not come every day, nor are they expected when one is strenuously laboring for some immediate result; but in the quiet hours when one considers the general sum of daily trifles, the future becomes as real as the present.

Not only in conduct do we observe the importance of wide horizons. In the apprehension of spiritual truth nothing is more essential than a due respect for "to-morrow." Things which seem inexplicably to-day need not be set aside as impossible, if we remember how often similar difficulties have disappeared beneath the clearer light of other days. The wide horizon shows a world all whose parts are consistent with one another; a future which is the fulfilment of prophecy and the perfecting of present incompleteness. Being free men, let us no longer be content to live, like the slave, without a to-morrow.—Chicago Standard.

FINDING HAPPINESS.

It Is Found at One's Feet if Found at All.

Consider for a moment what comparative trifles will give pleasure—sometimes almost rapture—to certain minds, says Rev. James Thew, in the Young Woman, an English magazine. A bit of commonplace natural scenery, a fearless expression of honest opinion, a small deed of kindness, the merriment of a little child, the rosy light of a humble English home—these things can impart a joy of no mean order to a heart that is capable of receiving it. And when we remember that life is made up of such and similar things, we see what that man or woman misses who has not been, in some sort, schooled to perceive them. It is truly pitiful to think how much the great majority of people miss in this way. It is not that they are deliberately morose. It is not that they affect a contemptuous indifference. They simply do not understand the charm of common things.

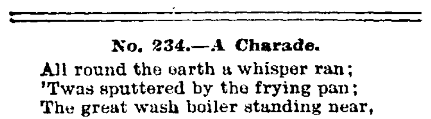
The main difference, I believe, between two human beings, in the matter I am speaking of, lies in this: The one finds his happiness where alone it is to be found, if ever it be found, at his feet; while the other seeks it anywhere but there. At his feet—in the common arrangements of life, in the everyday relationships of life, in the patches of sunlight that lie even on the dreariest and most monotonous paths of life, and not in the romantic, the extreme, the superlative. You shall take the wealthiest man you know, and supposing him to be possessed of a truly rational soul, you will find that the extent to which he is happy is the extent to which he is capable of seeing into and enjoying common things—the affections of home, the humanities, the charities, the love of friends, the companionship of good books, the worship of the house of God and the numberless deeds of daily, patient, though unrecorded, heroism, of which only those who are "willingly ignorant" are, or need be, ignorant at all. The question for all who desire to add to their legitimate happiness is this: Can we pick it up on our appointed journey, or is our appointed journey converted into a laborious attempt to produce it elsewhere? The one is the method by which, with a quick eye and a warm heart, the desert can be made to blossom like the rose. The other would change the very garden of the Lord into a dry and thirsty land.

Duty-Doing Needs no Apology.

There is no need for an apology for donig your duty. We have seen persons who would rigidly live up to what they believed to be their duty, and then apologize to their friends for doing so. The person who is not morally brave enough to do his duty without an apology has in his make up the ingredients that are used in making the thief, the liar, the vagabond and the sneak.—Farmer's Union.

Judgment Day.

The day of judgment will not be so important as is the present day. That day will only reveal the position with reference to Christ that we choose to occupy now.—United Presbyterian.

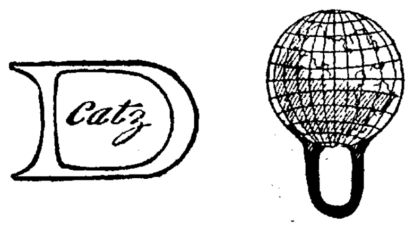


No. 234.—A Charade.

All round the earth a whisper ran;
'Twas sputtered by the frying pan;
The great wash boiler standing near,
With mouth wide open, THREE an ear;
A saucy saucepan at such scandal,
Two some declare, "went off the handle;"
The flame roared up the chimney stack:
"The pot has called the kettle black."

"How WHOLE!" they cried, yet even there
Rested a calm, unconscious pair
Of spoons, ONE sweetest union bound.
Their honeyed bliss touched all around.
The skillet, full of information,
Boiled over with its indignation.
They still serenely twinkled back,
"The pot may call the kettle black."

No. 235.—Geographical Anagrams.



Translate the two pictures into words; then rearrange the letters to form the names of two cities.

No. 236.—Lines Addressed to a Bird.

hlnldtwers, thuglmywl,
Thulvesttht, thulvestthwl;
rnldaksyurhllwtne,
Slst, sslemnsundsalne;
Smurnfulnnelvestg,
rfyurhtinghwltknw.

No. 237.—Transposition.

The old rat stroked his whiskers, and the young rat rubbed his ear.
He knew that ONE will sometimes prose, but he must surely hear.
"My son," the elder said, "into the wide, wide world you go,
Where dogs and cats and traps abound, all set to work us woe.
But man is worst of all; beware his treacherous device,
Which offers fair, but basely TWO each rat it may entice.
He builds small houses that appear the cosiest of THREE.
But, ah, the dungeon and the rack who enters them will see.
A vile contrivance FOUR the skull, as we would bite a stick.
Though yours, I often notice, seems unusally thick.
Another sort he has arranged to catch one by the FIVE.
Heroic rats have gnawed them off, and so got out alive.
But tender hearts their future fate must certainly deplore.
They now must limp on three feet who were born to run on four.
And there are prisons fixed with wheels, forever driven round
By captives, weary SIX, who toil within their narrow bound.
Be wary, Ratcliffe, yet be bold, nor yield to needless fright.
The man brought home some cheese today, we'll sample it tonight."

No. 238.—Geographical Primal Acrostic.

(Cities.)

England and France once strove for me,
A stronghold of great fame.
A patriot martyr, noble maid,
In history bears my name.
I sit beside a summer sea
Near by a fateful mount.
The pigtails run around in me
In numbers hard to count.
My palaces luxurious
Abound in rugs most rare.
A commerce vast and rich is mine,
My windmills beat the air.
A quaint old gabled city, I.
My wares the children love.
A great apostle born in me
Preached of the life above.
In my old castle, highland lairds
Once danced in tartans gay.
And when my edict was revoked
The Huguenots fled away.
I watch and wait the crescent's fall
Beside the Black sea's wave.
"City of Palms" of old was I;
My queen, Zenobia brave.
By vengeful sepoys English blood
Was shed within my walls.
Near me a fair but fated queen
Held court in castle halls.

A city old these primals spell—
She holds the orient's key.
Fair, with her domes and minarets,
She sits beside the sea.

No. 239.—A Diamond.

A letter. Vapor. A premium given for a loan. Scolds. To predict. Cloisters. Forming into small channels. Hazard at sea. To sneak. Part of the human body. A letter.

No. 240.—Removals.

Remove the head of a bird, and what is left of him will wade in the mire.

Remove the tail of an animal, and he will be worn as a mark of distinction.

Remove the eye of a fish, and he will be a position.

Remove the heart of a tree, and it will be an exclamation.

A Pretty Trick.

The possibility of putting several silver quarters into a wineglass already full of water to the brim may be doubted, yet with a steady hand it can be done. First wipe a wineglass perfectly dry inside and out, especially around the rim; pour the water gently into it from a spouted mug till the glass is full to the brim; then drop the quarters edgeways gently in. As soon as the edge of a quarter touches the water let it fall. Be careful not to wet the edges of the glass. Having completed the task, you will be surprised to see how very much the water now stands above the level of the brim without flowing over. This is due to the cohesive attraction of the water.

Mechanical Proceedings.

The locksmith came out, looking knobby, with a big rose in his buttonhole. His countenance was screwed into a smile, but none knew the key to his happiness. Just then a creditor appeared, and the locksmith, making a spring, bolted down the street, where, after securing shelter, he barred himself in.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 227.—A Charade: Camera.

No. 228.—A Literary Puzzle: Holmes, Story, Words-worth, Gray, Lowell, James Hogg, Josephus, Jane Porter, Milton, Miller (Hugh).

No. 229.—Anagram: Gossip.

No. 230.—Illustrated Primal Acrostic: Initials: Webster. 1. Wall. 2. Egg. 3. Bowl. 4. Sword. 5. Tree. 6. Easel. 7. Rocker.

No. 231.—Changed Heads: Dark, park, bark, lark, bark, mark.

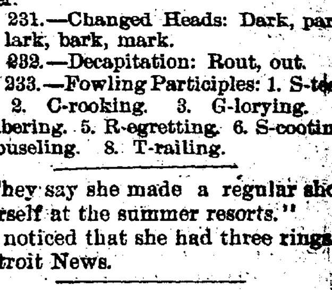
No. 232.—Decapitation: Rout, out.

No. 233.—Fowling Participles: 1. S-tealing. 2. C-rooking. 3. G-lorying. 4 N-umbering. 5. R-egretting. 6. S-cooting. 7. T-ouseling. 8. T-railing.

"They say she made a regular show of herself at the summer resorts."

"I noticed that she had three rings."
—Detroit News.

A Coming Champion.



Big Un—No back talk, I tell yer, or I'll knock yer head off?

Little Un—You knock my head off! You? Why you'd just be pie for me. If I on'y struck yer wunst, yer back teeth'd bend an you'd have ter wear red flannel round yer neck for the rest of yer miser'ble life!—Truth.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1896.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrup, Spices, Tobacco, Fresh Fruits, California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Candies and Canned Goods, Fish.

Wool Carpets, Rag Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings and Linoleums.

SUGARS, ALL GRADES.

The Cuban War has had much to do with the Sugar market. The supplies are being cut off, the plantations destroyed, and if continued will undoubtedly advance the prices much more. Anticipating higher markets we have laid in a large lot and will continue to sell at the late quotations. Standard Granulated, per ℔ 5½c; White Coffee C, 4½; Good Yellow Extra C, 4c; Cut Loaf and Powdered, 6c Standard Coffee A Sugar, 5c℔.

TEAS: GREEN, OOLONG AND JAPAN.

The market has changed but little since our last report. The fine grades of Teas command full prices—besides they are very cheap in comparison with a few years ago, when no Tea could be bought less than 40c to 50c ℔. We now sell a good Tea at 20c ℔, and a fair Tea at 15c ℔. Our best, 50c. No better to be had anywhere, no matter if you pay 75c for it.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; extra, 30c; best, 50c.
Gun Powder, good, 30c; very best, 50c.
Oolong Black Tea, 25c; best, 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 30c; extra best, 50c.
English Breakfast, best quality, 50c.
Tea in 1 pound packages, 15c; Imperial best, 50c.

COFFEES REDUCED 1c ALL AROUND.

The best Rio now down to 17c per ℔.
The best Roasted Rio, loose, 20c per ℔.
Coffee in packages, now 20c per ℔.
Java, Old Government, now 26c per ℔.
Government Java, Roasted, 31c per ℔.
Mocha, Green, 29c; Roasted, 34c per ℔.

Lake Fish and Boston Fish.

Nice No. 1 Georgia Cod Fish, 6c ℔; good Hake, looks like Cod Fish, 3c ℔; Cod Fish in 2 pound bricks, 7c ℔; Scotch Herring, $1.10 per keg; Holland Herring, 50c per keg; Labrador Herring, 1½c each, $4.50 per barrel; Mackerel, in kits, $1.35 and $2.25; Mackerel, per ℔, 12½c; Extra Bloater Mess, 16c per ℔; Dried Herring in boxes, 14c per box; No. 1 White Fish, in kits, $1.00; Family White Fish, in kits, 50c; Pickerel, in kits, $1.00, Smoked Yarmouth Bloaters, 1½c each; Finnan Haddies, 9c.

RICE DOWN TO 4c LB.—We have a large shipment just to hand. Nice Rice, as good as sold at 6c, for 4c lb; it is from Louisiana. Also New Orleans Molasses, a good quality down to 15c gallon; and the best Yellow New Orleans at 35c gallon; also the Silver Drips, at 30c gallon, and nice Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon.

OILS—LINSEED, HARNESS AND MACHINE OILS.

Boiled Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Raw Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Harness Oil, 50 gallon; also in small cans, 20c can; Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Castor Oil, 70c gallon; Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

California and Domestic Dried Fruits and Canned Goods.

California Peaches, best, 15c can; Green Gages, 12½c can; Apricots, 14c can; Egg Plums, 12½c can; White Cherries, 22c can; Baltimore Peaches, 3 lb yellow, 10c can; Baltimore Pie Peaches, 8c can, and one gallon cans Apples, nice goods, 15c can. This is 5c lower than ever sold at. Best Indiana Packed Tomatoes, 7c can; Illinois Nice Packed Corn, 6c can.

THE DRIED FRUITS.—No. 1 Extra California Peaches, 7c lb; California Prunes, 5c lb; Large Extra Prunes, 10c lb; California Raisins, right good, 4c lb; Extra Muscatels, 5c lb; Best London Layers, 6c lb; No. 1 New Zantee Currants, 5c lb; they are nicer than those in packages at 7c; Dried Apples, 5c lb.

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS.

Good Cigars, 50c per box; Extra Choice, 75c per box; Royal Seal, 60c per box; Artistic, 65c box; C. C., $1.15 box.

PLUG TOBACCO.—Battle Ax, 25c lb; Horse Shoe, 43c lb; J. T., 36 lb; Durham Smoking, 45c lb; Mail Pouch, 35c lb; Sweet Conqueror, 18c lb; Fine Cut, 20 and 40c lb.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Wines are now very cheap; all grades are down 20c gallon. We now sell Best Catawba Sweet Wine, 70c gallon; Port and Sherry Wine, 80c gallon, use to sell them at $1.00 and formerly $1.25, now at 80c gallon; No. 1 Best California Muscatel and Angelica Wine, 80c gallon; Blackberry Wine, 80c gallon; Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter, 20c bottle. We have two dozen of Genuine Champagne, ½ pints, usually sold at $1.25 bottle, we offer it at 60c a bottle. It was bought from the Aveline House proprietor when the house changed hands. Brandy, Gin and Kuemmel, $1.00, $1.50 and $1.75 gallon; Old 76 Pure Bourbon, $2.50 gallon; other Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40 and $1.75 gallon.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings Window Shades.

The corner room we have devoted exclusively to these goods, and a most interesting line we have. We can suit all parties in prices and patterns. All Wool Carpets down to 38c, and good Ingrain, 28 and 32c yard; Brussels, 45c a yard; Best Brussels, 70c yard; Velvets, 75c yard; Nice Rag Carpet, Philadelphia make, 18c yard; Chinese Matting, 12c, 15c, and 20c yard; Rugs, 30c, 45c, 85c, $1.25 and $3.50 each.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

One yard wide, yard, 20c and 30c; one and one-half yards wide, 30c and 42c yard; two yards wide, 40c and 60c yard; two and one-half yards wide, 75c yard; Linoleum, two yards wide, 85c, and $1.25 yard.

WINDOW SHADES.—We have a good shade at 10c each; extra at 25c each; best 35c each. Also Lace Curtains, a very nice one as low as 45c pair; extra nice, $1.00, $1.25 and $2 pair. We have a fine line of these goods and can save our customers money on these goods as well as on other goods.

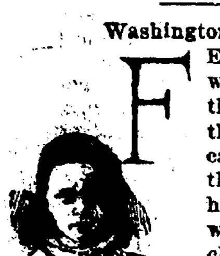
Fort Wayne Fruit House.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

A DECENDANT OF LORD BALTIMORE NOW LIVING THERE.

Senator Faulkner the Busiest Man at the Capitol—The Coming Marriage of Miss Boydie Faulkner — General Gossip.

Washington Letter.


HELEN CALVERT.

FEW even of those who have passed their lives within the gates of the capital know that there is now living here a gentleman who can rightfully claim that he is the lineal decendant of the last Lord Baltimore and the rightful heir to the title. This gentleman is George E. Calvert, who is in the Court of Claims, but his home is over on the hills of Virginia, a beautiful site from which one can see the winding Potomac, the long, long line of foothills and the glittering domes of the Capitol and new library, while the tall, white shaft of the Washington monument rises like a dagger piercing the sky. The first Lord Baltimore was Sir George Calvert, who was among the English gentlemen who obtained from the Crown the charter for the Virginia Company in 1609, when the colonists were rapidly settling on new lands in America. While holding the position of Secretary of State he became a Roman Catholic, and as the prevailing religion was Protestant he resigned his high office, as he did not think it right to serve an administration with whose sentiments he could not agree. Much pleased by the honorable course the King made Calvert Lord Baltimore, his estates lying in a town of that name in Ireland.

Before the papers by which Maryland was conveyed to Calvert were made out, that gentleman died, and it was to his son, Cecilius, that the charter was granted in June, 1632, by which the new province was named in honor of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, Maryland. The Lords Baltimore remained in England always, being literally the ruling Governor of the colony, but the eldest son of the lord was sent to act as the representative of the nobleman. Thus there were a great many Governors of Maryland in this country bearing the name Calvert, while the lord was still in England. At last the line of descent in England died out; there were no heirs at all in the Old World who could inherit the title, for though the revolution made Maryland an independent State that did not affect the rights of the Lords Baltimore, who possessed the titles and estates in England, and had one of the American heirs returned to the ancestral home they would have taken the title.

The present Mr. Calvert is in a direct line from the eldest son of the last of the English Lords of the Baltimore house. As he has always lived here in America and the estates could not be returned to the family at this date, it is scarcely possible that, even if he wished, he could secure from the Crown any of the old property of the family lost in England. Yet such is far from his intention. A quiet, courteous gentleman with most modest and unassuming manners, he is a thorough American, and cares nothing for his titled ancestry, nor wishes to inherit their lands or estates. His daughter, were he to claim his English title, would be Lady Helen, and the child, who is about 8, is a sweet-faced blonde with the retiring manners of her father. Mrs. Calvert was a Miss Swan, a daughter of one of the most distinguished families of Virginia and a lady whose aristocratic descent shows in her patrician bearing.

The most prominent man in town at present is Senator Faulkner, who is absorbed in his campaign work. Should the silver men win it would certainly seem that his services ought to be substantially recognized by a Cabinet position, one for which he is eminently fitted. Senator Marion Butler and family are also in the city, and it would seem that the silver forces are gathering strongly with great numbers at the capital.

The wedding of Miss Boydie Faulkner, which will be celebrated soon at Martinsburg, W. Va., is expected to be a swell society event, as the parties are both of such prominence. The wedding of his second daughter will leave but one Miss Faulkner to return to the capital, and as the home of the Senator has ever been among the most popular in the city, the deprivation of one of the young ladies will be felt by their wide circle of friends.

GEORGE E. CALVERT.

Washington has been visited recently by a rising young Southern woman, who is making an enviable reputation for herself in Boston. This is Mrs. Caroline Green Noble, whose fame as a writer of negro dialect stories, of which she is the interpreter, has made her well known in Boston. On the site on which now stands the magnificent new Congressional Library, rose many years ago the old mansion owned by General Duff Green. Here it was that Mrs. Noble was born. The death of her father left the mother a widow with several young children, so the family emigrated to California. Mrs. Green was of the distinguished family of Pickens, being a grandfather of the famous General Pickens, of revolutionary fame. Determining to attain her success in the center of Northern culture, a short while ago Mrs. Noble, who had displayed great talent as a writer of Southern life, went to Boston, and though she knew no one, in a little while had established a reputation, and her readings were given at most of the swell literary clubs in the Hub. Her success has been phenomenal, and it is probable that she may tour the country with her readings, unless she accepts a position on some magazine. Miss Floride Green, a younger sister of Mrs. Noble, has taken up camera work and made such a success of her fine artistic photography that the magazines of New York pay her the highest prices given for pictures.

John Floyd, who is now employed in the Navy Department, in this city, is at work on some remarkable inventions, and as he has turned out such important work as the cigarette making machine, it is not doubted but that his other inventions will be as great successes. Mr. Floyd is a son of the late Governor Floyd, of Virginia, and a nephew of Floyd, who was Secretary of War during Buchanan's administration.

Though Washington is deserted it will be but a few weeks before people will be coming back with a rush. Yet the officials are not expected to open their homes before October or the 1st of November. There will be many vacancies this season and many familiar faces will disappear, for the Brices, who were the most extravagant of hosts will not return, at least not as members of the Senatorial set, for Foraker has taken the seat of the former Ohio Senator.

MISS BOYDIE FAULKNER.

TINY OXEN.

One of the Great Zoological Curiosities of Far-Off Japan.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domestic animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologist as the "sacred running oxen," says an exchange. They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height. One sent to the marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living and is believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only twenty-two inches high and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a 200-pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk. that a Buddhistic priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used as a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison walls. The stone in question was exactly two and a half feet square. It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and he realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30-inch square opening and miraculously passed through it. The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon which never grows too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first famous dwarfed ox.

Americans Becoming Frog Eaters.

From present indications Americans will soon be outdoing France in the consumption of frog flesh. The city of New York alone consumes 600,000 "hams" of frogs during the year. These delicacies are now sold in tin boxes like other conserved meats.

Shocked His Young Bride.

Marshal Radcliff of Jackson, Ohio, and John Johnson of the Wellston, Ohio, police force drove to Hamden, Ohio, and arrested Harry Sullivan, who was stopping at the Worthington hotel with his young wife of less than a week, for bigamy. Sullivan has a former wife living at Ironton, Ohio, it is said. When Sullivan was placed under arrest he at first protested his innocence, but through the earnest pleadings of his victim to know the truth, he broke down and confessed that he had a wife living at Ironton, Ohio. His second wife, who was a Miss Reeves of Jackson, Ohio, completely gave way under the shock, and is now lying unconscious, and every effort of the attending physicians fail to revive her. Sullivan is an artist by profession, and claims he formerly lived at Cincinnati before going to Ironton, where he was married to his first wife.

Truthfulness.

A man may, from education, training and habit, or even from motives of policy, or other reasons, usually speak the truth, and be esteemed accordingly. Yet he may not by any means be imbued with the spirit of truth which animates his neighbor, who loves and reveres it, not merely for its results, but for its own sake, whose impulses spring toward it, and whose whole life manifests it, not only in word, but in deed and in thought. Truth does not get exalted by flinging it at people; it is exalted whenever it is really expressed in a man's life and shines out through him.

Sorry for the Minister.

Many things look queer the first time we see them.

Five-year-old Freddie was showing the young minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face, and then rested with a look of troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the Picadilly boots.

Finally he blurted out his anxiety in the question: "Ain't you got but one toe?"—Babyland.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

The Old Time Blanket Shawl Returns to Favor.

USEFUL AS WELL AS STYLISH.

The Astrakhan Effects Predominate In Fall Fabrics—Wool That Is Woolly—The New Basques Are Neat and Attractive. Some Elaborate Costumes Described.

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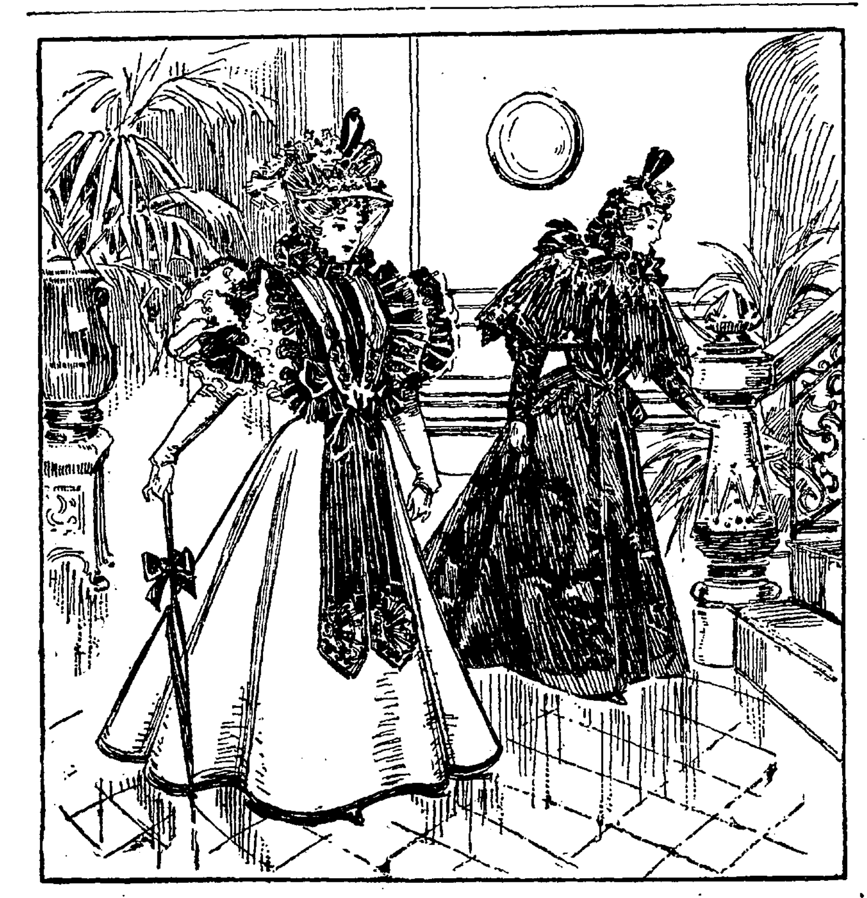
I wonder if there are any of my readers who can remember away back in the sixties and recall the wrinkled but lovely old face of grandma? And if they can remember grandma, can they not remember, too, how, when chill winds blew, they asked her to "let me come under your shawl?" If they can remember that far back, they must even now feel the gentle warmth, like the embrace of loving arms, as the folds of the blessed "blanket shawl" enwrapped them. How big those shawls were, how warm, how ample and how handsome they looked we may recall, but for many and many a day we have seen none of them. They used in winter time to cover warmly half a dozen little girls on the way to school, and they even hinted at the uses of the "highland plaidie" which warmed the simple lovers of the moors and fens of bonny Scotland. "Come under my plaidie," says the Scotch lover, and perhaps—who knows?—grandma herself may have sat while grandpa kept the dear old shawl about her shoulders—round them—with his strong arm. Anyhow, we all have kept a tender place in our hearts for the dear old dead and forgotten blanket shawl.

Well, capricious fashion has suddenly remembered all these things and has said; "Bless me! Here is something that I haven't seen for half a century. What is it? Oh, yes; a dear, comfortable old shawl. Now, then, ladies, look at it and then besiege your money producers, for wear these shawls this winter you shall or I will know the reason why. You may turn up your noses at something made only for use and comfort—you shall wear them for style, all of you." And here they are.

To the thoughtful person the return of the blanket shawl to fashion is but the natural sequence of the rotation of everything, but these shawls strike one "all of a heap." They are made of the finest and softest of lamb's wool and measure a yard and a half wide and three yards long. They are fringed on the two ends, but selvage on the sides. Some are two yards wide by four long. They are all doubled like blankets; hence the name. The fringe is of the threads of the wool. Some of them are very dark blue and green in block and also in clan plaid. Gray and black in large and small plaids are shown. Some have the center of the shawl in gray, with a border of gray and black plaid. Others are all in shepherd checks in light and dark alternating colors. Pinhead centers are shown in some, with indistinct plaids of the two colors at the ends and sometimes all around, and some are regular checkerboard plaid—red and black. The most of them are twilled, with a very light and filmy fuzz over the surface, but some are heavier and in ordinary warp and woof. Fashion tells us that these shawls may be worn folded diagonally, which brings them into four thicknesses over the shoulders, or they may be folded lengthwise — doubled — and wrapped around the upper part of the body and the long ends thrown over the left shoulder in Spanish style. The fourfold thickness around the upper part of the neck was always a drawback, but now a strong and pretty steel or other metal clasp is furnished which takes in the "pinch," which molds the shawl to the shoulders without undue muffling. This pinch makes a fold, and it can be arranged to give a capuchin effect to it. The shawl when folded lengthwise is a trifle longer than to the waist line, and it can be drawn up in mantilla shape or crossed over the bust rebosa style. In this case it is folded across the bust with a few bold plaits, and one end is thrown over the left shoulder and hangs down in the back. The clever wearers will find a dozen graceful and becoming ways to wear them.


FOR SWELL AFTERNOON FUNCTIONS.

There is an adaptability in the blanket shawl that no wrap can afford. It can be doubled into a pillow and may wrap the baby—or the poodle—close to the heart in wet, cold weather, and it can be folded into a neat parcel with a shawl strap.

The woolen stuffs, being so thick and so burry with little knobs, knots and tufts, make almost all cloaking and other stuffs for wraps provided before appear scant and poor. The shawl in some indefinable manner is just the right thing in the right place to wear with these. It is not the poor who will wear them, for they cost quite a penny. No kind of cloak can ever be put to so many uses or be adapted to so many persons.

It seems to me that I have mentioned nearly all the new fabrics—that is, in classes, as the rough homespuns and fleecy surfaces, and also the astrakhan effects on the different other woolens. The astrakhan or curled effect, called boucle by the French, is to be the most pronounced of all the fall and winter stuffs, but the little curls or tufts or knobs, whichever they may be, are more sparsely scattered than ever before on that kind of weave. The cheviots, twills, camel's hairs and plaids all have the astrakhan idea woven into them somehow or somewhere. What two years ago was called horse ribs is now given the more pleasing name of zibeline, and this is quite as hairy as the other.

All this rough and woolly textile has not entirely displaced the smooth surfaced wools, for there are fine cashmeres, mohairs and silk and wool mixtures, both black and colored. Some of these, and particularly those in black, where the brocade is small, odd shaped figures on a soleil ground, are really more beautiful than silk. Scarcely any lady considers her wardrobe complete without a fine black gown of some kind, and as silks have an unfortunate tendency to grow shiny with a very little wear, one of these wool brocades is far better and more satisfactory, besides being so elegant.

I think I like the new basques, with their simple lines and plain designs, better than I have ever appreciated the variations on all the poor King Louis. They are now made to button to the top with small buttons set closely together and left to be a visible part of the trimming. Some are double breasted, and they always were pretty and dressy, with little effort on the part of the dressmaker. When there are any revers at all to a basque, they are apt to run to extremes and appear more like wings. For home gowns the loose waists, or at least those with gathered blousy fronts, seem to be best liked. These may differ entirely from the skirt or be of the same stuff.

One pretty suit of this kind had the skirt of green and wood brown striped silk overstrewn with a pattern of tiny branches of pink coral. Down each side of the front breadth there was a line of fine white lace insertion, with dark green velvet ribbon interlaced in trou trou fashion. The sleeves and back of the waist were of the silk. The front was of coral pink silk mull and laid in extra full, deep plaits, and these were edged with butter colored lace. Another handsome gown for home or visiting was of printed taffeta in wild morning glory vine design, natural size. On each side the front breadth were two deep folds like a panel, and they were of sage green to match the ground of the silk. The back of the waist was of satin and was covered with malines lace. This extended in front in form of a figaro. The sleeves were of satin and lace in an elbow puff, with a deep frill of doubled satin. The front was very closely gathered at the top and bottom, finished at the neck with a double frill and at the bottom with a linked gilt belt.

By the way, those narrow belts are about to give place to wide ones, with points somewhat in the swiss girdle shape. Some will only have a downward point, but the most will be pointed both ways. Linked belts or girdles of gold and silver, also fine steel and jeweled ones, will be worn on many gowns. Their use is not confined to gowns with loose waists. They will be considered very chic around basques and pointed waists also.

For a swell tea or any other afternoon function I saw two unusually rich and tasteful costumes, including wraps. One was for a middle aged lady. The gown was of satin duchesse of the most superb quality. The skirt was made with seven gores and was held in loose gathers all around. It was finished off plain at the bottom on the outside, but had four narrow ruffles of taffeta on the inside. The waist was gathered in rich, loose folds at both top and bottom, and had a narrow self belt beaded solidly with fine cut jet. The sleeves were medium sized gigots, with wrinkled forearms. There was a most elegant wrap made sleeveless, but with a waist portion which was gathered in to fall below the waist some eight inches in richly embroidered scallops done in black silk. Above this was a full plaited short cape, nearly covered with a wide frill of black thread lace. This in turn was surmounted by a row of silk points, heavily embroidered. There were bows of black satin ribbon on the shoulders and a quilling of it around the neck mingled with lace. And there was a sash ribbon around the waist, tied in front with long loops and ends. A more elegant costume for any one could not be devised.

For a younger lady there was a cadet gray satin faced cloth, made with plain skirt, hanging in almost natural folds. The waist was of rich mazarin blue velvet, the sleeves being tight and of the gray with blue epaulets. There was a small cape made of a regular fluff of ruffles of silvery gray silk muslin, black silk muslin and mazarin blue satin duchesse. The foundation of the cape was of that, and it extended in front to nearly the bottom of the skirt in tabs, and these had large rosettes of black silk muslin at the ends. The full ruff at the neck was of the black silk muslin and the blue satin.

The tabs are seen on very many of the short wraps, and there will be also in fur goods the tabs and stole effects. These are always stylish, and are particularly well adapted for the stout woman.

MATE LEROY.

The Next President.

The editor of The Jersey Jamjar, with that superior wisdom of which every editor is possessed, stood on the curbstone in front of his palatial office, letting the cool air permeate the aforesaid wisdom, when the local photographer passed by with his camera, going toward the railroad station.

"Ah, there," saluted the editor. "Whence goest?"

"I go," returned the photographer, "to take a picture of the next president of the United States."

"Of course it will be a picture of the man you want elected," said the editor, who was opposed politically to the photographer.

"No, sir. It will be a picture of the next president."

The editor was getting rather wrought up.

"Will you guarantee it?" he asked.

"I'll put up my check for $500 that it will be the correct picture," responded the photographer.

The editor scratched his dome of thought.

"I'm not very flush," he said, "but I'll give you on that guarantee $200 for a cut of the picture to print in my paper."

It looked like a cinch for the editor, and seven men told the photograhper he was a plumb idiot, but he drew up a contract for the editor to sign binding him to pay $200 for the cut, the photographer guaranteeing it to be correct. Then he started on for the train.

"Get that cut back here in time for Sunday's paper," called the editor.

"Guess not," responded the photographer. "There's nothing in this contract about when I am to take the picture. I can't take it until after election, of course, under my guarantee, and you ought to know it."

Then the scrap began, and at last accounts all of that end of New Jersey was taking sides.—New York Sun.

Credulous Negroes.

Negroes at Griffin, Ga., have been excited recently over what purported to be a copy of a letter written by Christ and discovered by a 7-year-old child under a Mesopotamian rock 65 years after the crucifixion.

The Most Powerful Light.

There is to be a new electric lighthouse placed on Fire island, off Long Island, that will have the estimated power of 450,000,000 candles, making it the most powerful artificial light in the world.

If it is true that the Russian wheat crop is a dead failure this year, there will be opportunity for American farmers to take in some money.

THE NATION'S HERO.

GRANT'S MONUMENT AT NEW YORK APPROACHING COMPLETION.

A Superb Structure of Granite Overlooking the Lordly Hudson—Present Condition of the Memorial—Many Delays In Construction—Visitors to the Tomb.

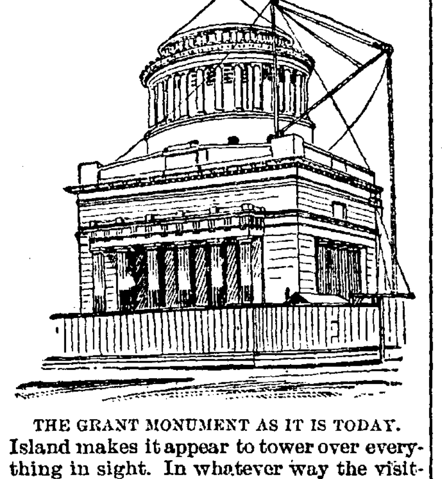
With the exception of a single huge derrick, a sculptor's scaffold or two and a few other marks which indicate that workmen are still busy on it, the Grant Memorial monument in New York city is, as far as the exterior structure goes, about complete. The heroic statues which are to crown the various corners and the equestrian group which is to finish the capstone are yet wanting, and part of the frieze and many of the panels have as yet been untouched by the sculptor's chisel, but the body of the structure, from the base to the very top of the dome, on which a bronze "Victory" is to drive her chariot, is completed.

It has been nearly 4½ years since the ground was broken for the foundation. If the structure is completed by the 26th of next April, the anniversary of the great general's birth, the work will have to be pushed along faster than it has been in the past. The delays have been many. The first time set for the dedication was April 26, 1894. Early in that year it was seen that the structure would not be more than half finished by that time, so the date was changed to 1896, but after another year of slow progress there had to be another postponement. It was surely thought that by December, 1895, the work would be done, but the snows that fell last winter covered only the top of the square portion. There had been difficulty in getting the stone from the quarries, the stonecutters had struck, and all sorts of things happened. Early last spring, though, the work began to be pushed merrily along, and the graceful base of the round lantern, or drum, rose steadily. Then came the conical dome, and within the last week or two the unsightly scaffoldings have been torn down, revealing the monument in all its grandeur of solidity, grace and beauty.

No matter how much the detail of statues and sculpture will add to the appearance of the monument at close range, the general effect from a distance will be practically the same, and that, every beholder must confess, is truly inspiring. Such massiveness, such beautiful simplicity of outline, as is conveyed by those solid granite walls, those graceful pillars, is to be found in no other memorial structure anywhere in the new world.

At present the monument is surrounded by a board fence about 10 feet high. This the contractor found necessary to erect in order to keep out relic hunting vandals. One of these—a woman, by the way—chipped a piece off the corner of a huge granite block weighing several tons. It was a piece only as big as her hand, but it spoiled the whole block. Then the fence was built.

While the proportions of the monument do not compare with other monuments or buildings in height, yet its position upon one of the highest points on Manhattan Island makes it appear to tower over everything in sight. In whatever way the visitor approaches he must look up to view even the base. Located as it is, at the end of that magnificent boulevard known as Riverside drive, and closing the vista of a long upward sweep of park and macadam roadway and overlooking the majestic Hudson, it stands, with all its immaculate whiteness and massiveness, the most lasting and the grandest mortuary memorial the American people have ever raised.


THE GRANT MONUMENT AS IT IS TODAY.

The monument is visited now by comparatively few. The thousands of bicyclists who sweep around it daily ride there because of the fine roads, and the hundreds of carriage people who roll along in victorias are there for the same reason. Immediately north of the monument stands the insignificant little brick structure in which, for nearly 12 years, have rested the bones of the military hero. On holidays and Sundays perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 people may climb the stairs that lead up to the iron gate, through whose bars may be seen the casket on which rests a withered wreath of flowers. The gray coated policemen who have guarded the tomb for years have a restful and somnolent time of it and are fat and satisfied in appearance.

When the interior of the new tomb is completed, the casket will be transferred to its capacious crypt, 165 feet below the white dome. It will be many months before this is done, however, for there is much more to be done to the interior, which is in a still more unfinished state than the exterior. The massive brick arches and concrete backing, which is slowly becoming as hard as the granite coating itself, are yet to be covered with a sheathing of marble slabs.

Many visitors think that the monument itself is built entirely of marble, but all the exterior stonework is granite. It took a long time to find stone that would be suitable, but at last, away up in the interior of Maine, was discovered a quarry where granite of the requisite firmness and whiteness was abundant. The blocks cut there are the largest ever used in a building in this country and an enormous amount of labor and ingenuity it has taken to get them out, carry them to the spot and put them in position. But now that they are there nothing but a terrific earthquake can shake them from their position.

It was at first thought by some critics that the granite would eventually become as gray and dingy as that in the walls of the New York postoffice, which is also Maine granite, but the contractor assured them that the stains which appeared a few months ago came merely from the moisture in the mortar which held the bricks together, and he has since proved it by washing the walls and leaving them in all their pristine purity.

MARK NORRIS.

COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

The Little Old Woman Set Her Price and Got It.

I was at the railroad offices to see the manager, and while I waited for him a little old woman in a poke bonnet and a homespun dress and carrying a long used umbrella in her hand came up stairs, and after looking around she walked up to me and said:

"Waitin to see the boss, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"So'm I. Ever met him befo'?"

"Never."

"Waal, I hev. He's a bluffer. He'll jest try to outholler yo'. If he can't do that he will sulk like a mewl. If yo' don't seem to keer fer that, then he'll order yo' out. Then's the time you want to draw back yo'r umbreller, like this, and pint it at him, like this, and let him see he's got to cum down or yo'll make a hole right through him. Bin run over by the railroad?"

"No."

"Had hogs or cattle run over?"

"No."

"Waal, keep an eye on him in thar, and don't take no bluff."

Half an hour later I met her down stairs. She had several greenbacks in her hand and seemed to be in a pleasant frame of mind.

"Did you succeed?" I queried.

"Yo' jest shout that I did!" she replied, shaking the money at me. "I went in thar and crooked my finger at him and sez:

" 'Cum down! Yo'r ole railroad has smashed him all to squash and has to pay fer it!'

" 'How much?' sez he.

" 'Twenty dollars,' sez I.

" 'I'm gwine $10.'

" 'Make it $15, or I punch!'

" 'Waal, say $15.' "

"And so you had a hog run over and got $15 for it?" I asked.

"Hawg! Hawg! Who said hawg?" she demanded. "No, sah! The railroad ran over my ole man and scattered him along fer seven miles, and I do believe if I'd stuck out fer $16 I'd hev got it plump down in my hand!"—New York Sunday World.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Things Were Exciting.

On the broad prairie, eight miles from any other house, I came upon a pioneer smoking his pipe at the door of his dugout. After we had passed the time of day I asked him if he didn't get a bit lonesome now and then, so far from his fellow men.

"Not a bit," he sturdily replied. "Say, thar's more excitement right around here than you kin shake a stick at. Indeed thar's too much of it, and that's the reason I don't do more work."

I couldn't see anything around but a lame horse and a flock of buzzards, with an old woman and a yellow dog peering out of the door at me, but the man read my thoughts and said:

"Take this week, for instance. This is Saturday afternoon. This is the way things hev gone this week:

"Monday.—Had a fight with the old woman and got whopped.

"Tuesday.—Had a fight with the old woman and whopped her.

"Wednesday.—Killed 18 rattlesnakes and a blue racer and had the ager.

"Thursday.—Got a drink from a stranger and had another row with the old woman. Neither got whopped. Old woman had the ager.

"Friday.—Licked Bill Thomas fur callin me a liar and killed 14 rattlesnakes. Put a second mortgage on my claim.

"Saturday.—Had a fight with the old woman and got whopped. Killed more snakes. Traded cornmeal fur whisky and had the ager. Fool of a traveler cum along on a white hoss and wanted to know if I didn't git lonesome."

"That fool of a traveler means me?" I asked.

"Waal, it mought and it moughtn't. But you'll find water fur yer hoss half a mile below, and if I was you I'd go around tryin to chirk folks up instead of makin their hearts sad and humsick. Lonesum! Why, durn yer hide, if fellers like you didn't cum along now and then and discourage me it would be like livin in Chicago, with a runaway hoss goin by every five minutes."

Compliments of the Season.

Half a hundred of us saw Wild Jack, as he came riding into Red Gulch on his cayuse, at 9 o'clock one morning.

"Stranger, do you happen to know a critter in this Gulch who calls hisself Pawnee Joe?" he said.

"I do," replied the man. "Do you want anything in pertickler of the aforesaid?"

"Jest to fill him up with lead."

"He's purty slick on the shoot hisself."

"Yes, I know. Kin you locate his karcass at the present time?"

"I kin. He's asleep right in this yere place, and if it'll be any favor to you I'll wake him up and remark to him that you ar' yere to put holes in him."

"I'll thank you fur yer trubble."

"What name shall I give?"

"Jest Wild Jack."

The man in the doorway disappeared, and Wild Jack moved off about 30 feet and drew a gun. Two minutes later Pawnee Joe suddenly leaped out of the door and opened fire, and at the third shot Wild Jack tumbled over dead, and his pistol was discharged in the air.

"Any other critter around?" asked Joe, as he looked up and down.

"That's all," answered one of the crowd.

"Then I'll go back and finish my nap. Durn a man who'll cum bluffin and blowin around at this time o' day! I'll keep the cayuse, but you kin plant him and keep the guns fur pay!"

That was all. In five minutes Pawnee Joe was fast asleep again, and in half an hour the body of Wild Jack was under the ground and the story an old one.

Joe Perkins Wasn't Worrying.

A boy told me which street to take to get to the county jail, and I found it to be a dilapidated old frame structure, without any surrounding yard. At the front door, which stood wide open, was a man sitting on a chair and nodding in sleep, but he roused at my footsteps and wanted to know my business.

"I understand there is a prisoner here named Joe Perkins," I replied.

"Going to be hung in about two weeks?"

"Yes, goin to be hung if the wheel don't skip a cog somewhar. You wanted to see him, eh?"

"Yes. I thought I'd have a chat with him."

"Waal, drive ahead. I ain't much on the gab, but I reckon I kin answer most questions."

"But you are not Joe Perkins!" I exclaimed as I stood off and looked at him.

"If I ain't, you'll hev hard work to find him around yere," he quietly replied.

"But you are not in jail."

"It's what they calls in jail and the best they kin do fur me."

"And what's to prevent your running away?"

"Nuthin, except that I hain't got nuthin to run with and no place to run to, and that I'm gitin powerful good board in yere. I never hev run away from a good thing yit, and it's purty late to begin now."

"But you are under sentence of death and are to be hung in 20 days."

"Y-e-s, I've heard of it, but I'm not worryin. Say, stranger, don't write me up as standin in the shadder of death."

"You won't hang?"

"Of course not. That sentence was all bluff to beat the fellers over in Kansas what wanted me fur hoss stealin. Even if it wasn't, the boys would come in yere on hangin day and cut the rope and like enough put the judge up in my place. I'm jest loafin around and livin high, and when I git a good ready I'll steal the sheriff's horse and ride over into Cherokee and resume bizness. Thanks fur the tobacco. And if I ever happen to hold ye up, jest shout yer name, and I'll let you pass on."

M. QUAD.

A Saloon In a Churchyard.

The strangest saloon in the world is a tavern in Hendon, a London suburb. It stands in the center of an old churchyard, and ancient tombstones surround it. It is many hundreds of years old and is the only licensed beer saloon in the neighborhood of the graveyard.

Babies Pledged For Food.

Unborn babies in India are sometimes used as security for debt. When the father of a family is obliged to borrow money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, he will pledge her firstborn son as collateral.

ACCOMMODATING.

First Counterfeiter—I need money very bad.

Second Counterfeiter—Is this bad enough for you?

CONVENIENT.

First Forger—Lend me a dollar note.

Second Forger—I hav'nt a note to my name.

First Forger—That's all right. Give me a note on some body else's name.

Cholly—"Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them."

Miss Ethel—I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated?

HER SWIMMING LESSON.

Laura's laugh hath much of music,
Laura's smile hath music of charm,
When a wave breaks softly o'er us
And she's resting on my arm
With her graceful form reclining
In the surf where shallops skim,
Here's the chance for arms entwining
When I teach her how to swim.

Mingled cries of fright and pleasure,
Gurgling laughter, then a choke,
This of joy my greatest measure
As I guide her stroke by stroke.
Yet, I cannot keep from noting
Shapely foot and ankles trim
She displays, 'tis bliss, I'm voting,
When I teach her how to swim.

Foam capped waves of wind-swept water
Dash your breakers wild and free!
Neptune's late adopted daughter
Hath so much of trust in me
Fears she not your rage, but sweetly
Seeks to master latest whim,
And I always clasp her neatly
When I teach her how to swim

Roy Farrell Greene.

A Texas Swing.

Mr. R. B. Zimmerman, of Warren, has what is probably the highest swing in Texas. The frame is made of pine logs seventy-eight feet long, which are set in the ground eight feet, making the swing seventy feet high. The cross piece is six by six inches, heart, and is fastened to the top of the upright pieces in such a way as to be as strong as if the frame was all of one piece. On the north side of the swing is a pole forty-two feet high, at the top of which is a pulley. The person who wishes to swing is straped in, if he or she desires, and then takes hold of one end of rope, the other end of which is run through the pulley and fastened to a team of horses. The horses are started off and the swinger is pulled to the top of the pole. When the top is reached he drops the rope and is at once launched into space, sometimes going as high as 100 feet on the opposite side from the pole. One turn at the swing is generally enough to satisfy one for that evening. Since the erection of the swing Mr. Zimmerman's house has become a resort every evening for the young people of Warren, and parties frequently come from Hyatt and other neighboring towns to enjoy an evening in "the swing."—Dallas News.

Money in Bicycle Inventions.

Inventions of bicycle sundries are just now apparently the most profitable direction in which mechanical ingenuity can be directed. All the really meritorious devices on the markets for wheels and wheelmen are selling well and return fine dividends to their owners. And the most remarkable feature of the case is the fact that these prove paying investments from the start, and no losing system of introducing them is necessary as in other businesses.

One of the most remarkable instances of this state of affairs is the case of a popular saddle made of aluminium and leather. It was invented less than two years ago and has been on the market but a short time. Yet this year the sales have already reached 80,000, and there are more to come. On this 80,000 the inventor realized 50 cents apiece, or $40,000, a tidy little sum, which would be considered a fortune by some people, and does fairly well for an annual income on a bicycle sundry.—Chicago Tribune.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transaction and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

FOR RENT.

A very handsome suit of rooms in the new Sentinel building. Apply at Sentinel counting room.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

Physicians' Prescription for Cure of Weakness in Men.

Painful diseases are bad enough but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicine that not only completely restored his general health but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the prescription of this wonderful remedy free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist nor do I pose as an enthusiast but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send me your name and address today. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage stamps necessary to mail the prescription but send for the remedy and learn that there are a few things on earth that although they cost nothing to get they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a life time of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 210 Kalamazoo, Mich., and the prescription will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

sat 26-52wks

ONE-HALF SIZE OF BOX.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

has been the standard for forty years and is more popular to-day than ever before.

POZZONI'S

is the ideal complexion powder—beautifying, refreshing, cleanly, healthful and harmless. A delicate, invisible protection to the face.

With every box of POZZONI'S a magnificent Scovill's GOLD PUFF BOX is given free of charge.

AT DRUGGISTS AND FANCY STORES.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS!

STEAM AND

GAS FITTERS.

48 East Main Street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MIDY

F. J. ZIMMERLY & CO.

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.

Gas and Steam Fitters.

125 CALHOUN STREET

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlaudroff, 88 Clinton street. Telephone No. 65

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time

AS FOLLOWS:

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

FROM FT. WAYNE TO LEAVE ARRIVE

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound.	West Bound.
*5 40 a.m.	*3 45 a.m.
*6 52 a.m. From Chi	*5 10 a.m.
†1 10 p.m.	†7 10 a.m.
*7 45 p.m.	†11 40 a.m.
*9 25 p.m. Limited	*4 30 p.m.
†10 35 p.m. from Chi	*5 40 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R.R.

In effect Sept. 6, 1896.

NORTH BOUND.	
*For Grand Rapids and north	2 00 am
†	8 15 am
†	2 55 pm
‡For Rome City only	8 15 am
†From Richmond arrives	6 25 pm
SOUTH BOUND.	
*For Richmond and Cincinnati	2 50 am
†	5 45 am
†	12 35 pm
†From Grand Rapids arrives	7 15 pm
‡From Rome City arrives	8 15 pm

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

WABASH RAILROAD.

Effective May 17, 1896.

No.	GOING EAST.	DEPART.
2.	N. Y. & Boston Limited, daily	4:48 am
10.	Toledo Local Ex., daily	6:00 am
6.	N. Y. and N. Eng. Flyer, daily	11:48 am
4.	Fast Mail and Exp., ex. Sunday	7:25 pm
	GOING WEST.	
5.	Pacific Express, ex. Sunday	8:00 am
7	Kan. City Cannon Ball, daily	1:00 pm
1.	Government Fast Mail, daily	6:20 pm
3.	St. Louis Vestibule Lim., daily	8:10 pm
73.	Andrews Local. ex. Sunday	1:00 pm
11.	Toledo Accom. ar., ex. Sunday	12:30 pm
9.	Toledo-Ft W. spec. Sun. only, ar.	10:30 pm

NICKEL PLATE

Chicago depot, Clark and 12th streets. Buffalo depot, Exchange and Michigan St. Nos. 3 and 4 and local freight trains daily except Sunday. Other trains daily.

EAST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 2 N. Y. & Boston Ex.	*2 55 am	*3 05 am
†No. 4. Cleveland Mail	1 50 pm	2 00 pm
*No. 6 Eastern Express	*6 20 pm	*6 25 pm
†Local Freight	4 25 pm	7 20 am
WEST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 1 Chicago Express	*1 55 am	*2 05 am
†No. 3 Chicago Mail	1 05 pm	1 15 pm
*No. 5 Western Express	*4 05 pm	*4 10 pm
†Local Freight	3 22 pm	7 00 am

*Daily. †Daily Except Sunday

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 462 Way Freight	5 25 pm
No. 456 Cin. Express and Mail	11 00 am
No. 410 Detroit and Ind'pls Express	3 55 pm
NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 463 Way Freight	6 40 am
No. 457 Through Express and Mail	11 45 am
No. 459 Detroit and Indianap'lis Ex	4 45 pm

Official Report

George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information, says: "The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, has the largest circulation accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis."

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SOMETHING GREAT FOR THE LADIES
Thursday Evening, Oct. 1.
Wait and Watch.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. SEPT. 26. 1896. ——PART FIRST—— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THIS STORE CONTAINS AN IDEAL.

It is our constant effort to attain it, always seeking to better our best.

Want to be helpful to you in your merchandising; want you to feel that your best buying interests centre here; that for every dollar you spend over our counters you will receive a just equivalent.

The new Fall stock invites you. We are proud of our purchases, and feel confident that they will meet with your approval.

Haven't been studying your wants all these years for nothing.

We want you to see our new Winter Cloaks.

We want you to get our prices on Domestic Goods.

We want to show you our new Dress Goods.

All through the house you can find only the best goods at the lowest prices.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

LOANS. LOANS.

Ten Thousand Dollars

To Loan in Sums of

$10, $15, $20, $30, $50, $100, $200,

Or any amount you may wish, on furniture, pianos, organs, cows, horses and wagons, bicycles, store fixtures, machinery, storage receipts, or any other available security.

Everything left in your possession, undisturbed, and you still have the use of the money. You can pay it back in weekly or monthly installments as you may find it most convenient. All business strictly private and confidential.

Loans made the same day you apply for it. Real Estate Loans made also.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 6 Foellinger Block.
36 Calhoun Street.

THE PHYSICIAN HELPS

The druggist to sell Sterilizers, because he believes in sterilization, and knows that success in treating many cases depends upon it. The physician is most likely to know of the only reliable kind, the ARNOLD STEAM STERILIZER.

In addition we also carry nursing bottles and fittings, teething rings, infant foods of all kinds, infant powders, puffs, brushes, etc., at

Freese & Ranke,
DRUGGISTS.
84 Calhoun St. Opp. 5 and 10c store.

LADIES' ENAMEL SHOES

For Winter in new Coin or Needle Toe lasts. All sizes and widths. New styles and tips.

Invisible Cork Sole Calf Skin

The kind that will keep your feet dry. $3.00 Per Pair. Three styles of lasts.

M. APP,
106 Calhoun Street.

ROBISON - PARK.

Last Week of the Regular Season.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, SEPT. 27th,
Every Afternoon and Evening.

ARION

The King of the High Wire Walkers and Aerial Bicyclist of the World.

Grand Electrical Display at Night.

Arion rides a bicycle on a live wire 80 feet above the ground. The most sensational act in the world.

Tuesday, Sept. 29th
Annual Excursion of the
HIBERNIAN RIFLES.
Military Drill at Night.
Dancing in the Big Pavilion.

$50 to $50,000 to loan on farm and city property or personal security.

The J. F. SCHELL Loan and Investment Co.,
24-26-26-27 Pixley Block.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Telephone 465.

THE FORT WAYNE MERCANTILE ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

Geo. A. Dugree, Pres. Geo. W. Bixler, V. Pres. W. S. Beck, Sec'y and Treas.

$25.00 Weekly Indemnity.
Cost for the Year, $1.00.

Office No. 3 ARCADE. CALL.

A PARTY DIFFERENCE.

Massachusetts Gold and Silver Democrats Cannot Agree.

They Split and Each Will Put Up a State Ticket of its Own to be Voted For.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Not for eighteen years at least, if ever in the history of the democratic party in Massachusetts, has the day of a state convention dawned with so many sensational preliminaries to the formal organization of the assembly of delegates and so much uncertainty as to the developments of the convention. As a result of the decision of the executive committee, which is controlled by the gold standard men, to admit delegates to the convention hall by credentials alone, and not by ticket, and the sensational speech of Fred Williams, the silver leader and candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, daylight found over five hundred silver delegates in the Music hall, where the convention was to meet at 11 o'clock, determined to remain until the meeting adjourned, in spite of all opposition, while the state committee and the gold men were in conference at the Quincy house, trying to formulate a plan to get the belligerents out of the hall and meet the emergency.

In 1878, when Gen. B. F. Butler was the greenback candidate for governor, his supporters captured the convention hall and adopted similar plans for holding it until the convention organized, but even that contest was not so replete in sensational features as the fight inaugurated last night by Mr. Williams and his followers. When the silver men announced last night that they intended to remain in the hall until the convention was over, a large force of police began to form on one side of the hall and in the streets near by and it was rumored that the delegates would be ejected by the officers. But representatives of the silver men conferred with Gen. Martin, of the police board, and in spite of the attempts of the gold men to secure an order for the ejection of the opposition delegates, the blue coats were instructed to withdraw, and the waiting silver men proceeded to kill time by speech making, card playing and singing. Then the manager of the building requested them to disperse, and when they refused policemen were stationed at the doors under orders to allow anyone who wished to go out to pass, but not to permit them to return. Caterers bearing lunch ordered by the silver cohorts were refused admission, and then the tired and hungry politicians began to exercise their ingenuity in an effort to smuggle refreshments into the building.

The most tragic and serious incident of the night resulted after persistent attempts to secure supplies, James Hughes, a delegate from Somerville, losing his life in an effort to get out of the hall by a fire escape in the rear. Hughes was preparing to jump to the ground, fifteen feet below, when his foot slipped and in trying to save himself, he seized a wire dangling near. The wire was a live one and with an agonizing cry, Hughes fell senseless on the fire escape and then tumbled to the ground, where he died before any one could reach him. The news of the accident reached the delegates within the hall, and they were aroused to the highest pitch of excitement when Hon. A. J. Mellen announced from the platform that it was murder for which the gold members of the state committee were responsible. There were several speeches in criticism of the committee, and resolutions on the death of Mr. Hughes were finally agreed upon to be presented to the convention today.

The gathering soon quieted down again, and while card playing was resumed by many, the majority went to sleep. Soon after a break was made in the lines of the enemy at some point and large baskets of sandwiches and cans of coffee were carried into the hall. Evidently there was a secret entrance by which delegates could turn to the hall also, for the number slowly increased toward 6 o'clock, and an hour later Hon. T. W. Coakley reported that a roll call showed that 560 delegates with credentials were present. At 6:30 a. m. there were apparently not more than 300 in the building.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Secretary Nathaniel Robinson, of the state committee, a gold man, appeared at the hall and asked the managers if they would be ready to deliver the hall, cleared of silver men, to the committee at 11 o'clock, the hour at which the convention was scheduled to open.

Manager Mudgett stated that there were over 500 men in the hall who had credentials to the convention as delegates, and he did not see how he could legally remove them. Secretary Robinson then retired and proceeded to the Quincy house, where the distribution of tickets of admission to the convention hall to delegates holding credentials was begun. Hundreds of delegates were gathered in front of Music hall clamoring for admission when 10 o'clock, the hour announced for the opening of the doors, arrived. They clamored in vain, however. T. W. Coakley, of Boston, one of the silver leaders, appeared at a window of the hall and advised the Williams delegates on the outside to organize and send a committee to meet Mr. Williams and co-operate with him in bringing about the opening of the convention. In the hall, Mr. Coakley said, were about 700 duly accredited delegates holding the fort on the inside, and he advised his friends to hold the fort on the outside.

The outsiders adopted Mr. Coakley's suggestions, and the time before Mr. Williams could be brought to the hall was spent in speech making. At about 11:20 o'clock Mr. Williams reached the scene and said:

"The state committee refuses to open these doors. We have a regular convention organized and in operation on the inside of this hall. We are able to get another hall, where the other delegates can gather, and will have a full report of the convention on the inside. The second convention will endorse the action of that now in session within. We feel confident that we have five-sixths of the delegates from the state on our side. Stand right where you are until you hear from me."

Shortly afterwards a messenger from the gold standard democrats announced from a carriage that the state convention was about to assemble in Faneuil hall. A few hundred left the vicinity of Music hall and followed the messenger to Faneuil.

The trap appeared in which was a man who said he was a committee representing the delegates in Music hall, appointed to call upon the fire commissioners to enforce the ordinance against the closing of doors of any public hall while there was a meeting or performance in progress there. The outsiders adopted a resolution in conformity with this representation and dispatched a committee to the city hall to ask that the doors of Music hall be broken open.

BULLETINS.

2:30 p. m.—Music hall convention has nominated George Fred Williams for governor.

3 p. m.—The democrats in convention at Faneuil hall indorsed Bryan and Sewall and the Chicago platform by a large majority. Seventeen gold standard members of the state committee, together with the gold standard delegates, withdrew in a body.

BURNED TO A CRISP.

Horrible Fatal Accident Happens to Mrs. Whitacre's Son.

While Playing With Fire the Boy's Clothing Catch the Flames—Other Accidents.

A terrible accident occurred at Markle, a village near the southwestern boundary line of this county, Monday. Two little boys, children of Mrs. Frank Whitacre, a widow, were left alone at home while their mother went to the residence of a neighbor on an errand. On her return she was surprised to find the youngest child, a boy aged about four years, lying in bed, and, removing the cover, found his breast and limbs burned to a crisp. During her absence the children had played with fire, and the clothes of the little fellow had caught. The older brother, a mere baby of five years, had removed the burned clothing, hid it under the porch and had put the other in bed. After lingering for twenty-four hours in terrible agony the little fellow died.

OTHER ACCIDENTS.

Frank Bender, of 172 East Washington street, fell and dislocated his wrist yesterday.

A little child of Professor C. T. Lane was jumping over a post yesterday afternoon when he lost his hold and fell, breaking his right arm below the elbow. Dr. M. F. Porter reduced the fracture.

The eighteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Ad Bheinhart, of 150 East Jefferson street, fell from the door step last evening. Its collar bone was broken and its elbow joint dislocated.

WAS WILLIAMS' GUEST.

Mr. Bryan Visits the Massachusetts Statesman.

Leaves Boston This Morning for Manchester, Where He Will Address Thousands Tonight.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Mr. Bryan was up bright and early at Dedham, the home of Hon. George Fred Williams, this morning and was in the city before 8 o'clock. Accompanied by Mr. Williams, he went at once to the train which was scheduled to leave for Manchester, at 8:30 o'clock. At the train the reception committee from Manchester was in waiting, and Mr. Bryan was immediately ushered into a parlor car especially reserved for himself and party. A few moments after this Mr. Sewall, with the Maine contingent arrived. Several hundred people gathered about Mr. Bryan's car, and there were several calls for a speech, but the candidate was saving his voice for the more important work of the day and did not respond. Just before the train started, he went out on the platform, however, and smilingly acknowledge the cheers of the crowd, which continued until the train disappeared.

TWO YEARS EACH

Against Harry Ward and Walter Kelsey.

The circuit court jury, which was engaged in hearing the case against Harry Ward and Walter Kelsey, charged with burglarizing the store of the Pantitorium, returned a verdict of two years against each of the defendants.

Peter Young, on trial for assault and battery, was fined $25 and costs.

James Read is on trial before Justice France for assault and battery.

COMMERCIAL MEN

Make a Pilgrimage to Canton to See the Major.

Several Hundred Men, Dressed in Dusters and Silk Hats, From Peoria, Ill.

CANTON, O., Sept. 26.—Leaving Peoria, Ill., at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a special train bearing several hundred commercial travelers from that section reached Canton at 9 o'clock this morning. The men were uniformed in light linen dusters and black silk hats, and each carried a large bunch of red, white and blue plumes. They went direct to the McKinley residence, where they were presented by Hon. J. V. Graff, congressman of the Fourteenth Illinois district, and were addressed by the republican nominee as follows:

Congressman Graff and My Fellow Citizens:—I am glad to greet at my home the Traveling Men's Republican club of the city of Peoria. I cannot refrain from congratulating you at this time upon the splendid victory which you achieved two years ago in electing your present congressman and turning a strong democratic majority into an overwhelming republican majority. And I am glad to hear from so many voices about me that it is your purpose to do it again. I congratulate you upon the thriving city and glorious state in which you live. Illinois is now, by the census, the third state in population in the American union. It has taken the place of Ohio, but I have always believed that you took your census while Ohio was visiting your great metropolis, getting ready for the World's fair. I congratulate you most heartily upon the rank Illinois has taken in population, and also the rank she has taken in statesmanship. It becomes your state to have furnished to this union the grand men you have furnished—Yates and Oglesby, and that splendid soldier, patriot and statesman, John A. Logan, and that noblest of democrats, Stephen A. Douglas, who loved his country far more than he loved his party, and gave the whole weight of his mighty influence to Mr. Lincoln in the crucial period in the history of the republic. And no man can think of your great state without recalling that you furnished to mankind and the ages Abraham Lincoln, the greatest statesman of this country, or any other in the world's history, and also General Ulysses S. Grant, the first captain of the republic. When Abraham Lincoln issued his immortal proclamation of liberty the whole world knew that what Lincoln had decreed, Grant would execute with the thunder of his artillery. I am glad to know that your prospects are so good for a splendid victory in Illinois this year. What a spectacle, my fellow citizens, to the world is this government of seventy millions of free people, governed by themselves and governing themselves, changing their chief executive every four years and their law making power every two years, if it be their will so to do, and the government going on without halt or interruption, working out what seventy millions of people from time to time believe will subserve their highest destiny. More than 120 years have passed since the government was founded, and in every trial of our history we have demonstrated our capacity for self government, and show to all mankind the use and advantages of the great republic. Now and then in our popular elections we may have been swayed by passion, or moved by the demagogue from our moorings, but the American people are not fooled but once on a subject, for when once deceived they never follow the deceiver the second time. I have known of, and so have you, times in our history when the majority of the people were made to believe that certain policies would serve their best interests, and when it transpired that they did not, they swiftly turned upon the party which deceived them and turned it out of power, and they will do it again. The judgment of the people is swift and terrible against those who mislead and delude them. The people are never led astray by deceit or misrepresentation when they investigate for themselves. This they are doing this year in a marked degree. It is of no avail that party leaders appeal to passion when the people are alive to their own and the public interests. It will not do to say to the men who are poor in this world's goods, you must get off by yourselves, form a class of your own, your interests are opposed to those who employ you. That is not enough this year. The poor man inquires: "What good will that do me? How will that better my condition? How will that bring bread to my family and cheer to my children? Will I be benefitted by despoiling my employer? Will it give me more employment and better wages to strike down those whose money is invested in productive enterprises, which gives me work and wages? Four years ago it was said that the manufacturer was making too much money. You remember it, but that cannot be said now, and that the robber tariff, which was enriching him, must be turned up, root and branch, to the end that he should be deprived of what some people were pleased to call 'ill gotten profits.' The country seemed to share in the suggestion and the trial was entered upon, with what result every manufacturer, commercial man, travelling man, or workingman best knows. It has been discovered to our hurt and sorrow that you cannot injure the manufacturer without injuring the laborer. It has been found, too, that you cannot injure the manufacturer without injuring the whole business of the country. You may close the shops by adverse tariffs, because you imagine the manufacture is making too much, but with that done you close the door of employment in the face of the laborer whose only capital is his labor. You cannot punish the one without punishing the other, and our policy would not inflict the slightest injury upon either. In such a case 'getting off together' does not do either any good. Arraying labor against capital is a public calamity and an irreparable injury to both. Class appeals are dishonest and dishonorable. They calculate to separate those who should be united, for our economic interests are common and undivisable. Rather, my fellow citizens, teach the doctrine that it is the duty and privilege of every man to rise. That with honest industry he can advance himself to the best place in the shop, the store, the counting house or in the learned professions. This is the doctrine of equality and opportunity that is woven in every fibre of our natural being, a doctrine which has enabled the poorest boy with the humblest surroundings to reach the best place in our great industries and on the highest trusts which can be bestowed by a generous people. Gentlemen, and I speak to my countrymen everywhere, if you have not yourselves been among the most fortunate, I pray you think of your boys and girls and place no obstacles in their pathway to the realization of every lofty and honorable ambition which they may have. I pray God that the burdens of class may never be imposed upon American manhood and American womanhood. Now, my fellow citizens, thanking you most heartily for this call and for the gracious message delivered to me, in your behalf, by your spokesman, it will give me pleasure to meet and greet each one of you personally.

BETRAYED THE WIDOW.

Mrs. Sarah Williams Places Her Affections Unwisely.

Falls in Love With a Man Much Younger Than Herself and He Robs Her.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—Robert Snowden, who claims to be a journalist, was arrested last night on a warrant charging him with felonious embezzlement. The complaining witness is Mrs. Sarah B. Williams a middle-aged widow, of Denver. She claims that Snowden, who is twenty-eight years of age, induced her to come to San Francisco on a promise to marry and then cajoled out of her money and jewelry and disappeared. According to the woman's story, she met Snowden in Denver some months ago and, after a brief acquaintance, consented to marry him. He was in a hurry to get back to the coast at the time and she promised to join him at any time he sent for her. In pursuance of this agreement, Mrs. Williams started for San Francisco, arriving her in company with Snowden, who had gone to Sacramento to meet her, on August 10. The man took the widow to the Palace hotel, where she registered and secured a room. For some reason or other her intended husband postponed the marriage from time to time until he had succeeded in borrowing all her money and jewelry on one pretext or another. Then he disappeared. Mrs. Williams waited patiently for him to turn up, but after several days began to realize that she had been defrauded and that she was running into debt at a fashionable hotel with nothing in her purse to warrant her stay. Mrs. Williams waited until her bill had reached ninety dollars, when the hotel management insisted on payment. The woman explained her position and was sent away from the hotel, her baggage being held for her board. The woman was utterly penniless and was compelled to take shelter in a charitable institution. Snowden says he met the woman in Denver through a newspaper personal.

RED ELGIN 2:15 1-2.

F. J. Graham's Horse Wins the First Heat in the 2:15 Pace at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 26.—The fall meeting of the Columbus Driving association closed yesterday. Weather clear, track fast. Rosa L. won the postponed 2:35 trot, taking the fourth heat in 2:17¼. Summaries:

2:28 Trot, Purse $500—Mackey won first, fourth and fifth heats in 2:20, 2:20, 2:21; Autous won second and third heats in 2:20¼, 2:21¼. Kitty Wilkes, Marie, Robert B. and Nellie H. also started.

2:19 Pace, Purse $500—Stella A. won second, third and fourth heats in 2:11¼, 2:13, 2:14¼; Red Elgin won first heat in 2:15¼. Silver Chimes, Willie R., Gerlie, Namo, Imperial Hal, Belle Bruce, Edgar H., Replica, Panford, Ora and Prince also started.

2:35 Pace, Purse $500—Nut Hal won second, third and fourth heats in 2:13¼, 2:21¼, 2:21¼; Red won first heat in 2:17¼. Hal Rowe, Printwood, Bud White and Burr Patch also started.

Insurgents Repulsed.

MADRID, Sept. 26.—An official dispatch from Manilla, capital of the Philipine islands, says that after three days of fighting at Rechazada, the insurgents were repulsed with the loss of fifty killed, including their leader, Cabecillisa. A dispatch to the Imparcial from Manilla says that the insurgents have occupied eight villages near Cavite and that they have considerable supplies of arms and food.

THACHER DECLINES.

Notifies the Committee of His Decision Today.

Assigned Reason: "Cannot Run Upon a Platform Which Favors Unlimited Coinage."

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 26.—John Boyd Thacher has declined the democratic nomination for governor of New York. This was the day set for the visit to Mr. Thacher by the committee of five appointed at the meeting of the state democratic committee on Tuesday to officially notify him of his nomination; but in advance of their coming he gave out a letter announcing his declination. In the beginning of his statement Mr. Thacher made acknowledgement of the honor which the nomination implied, and in the next sentence said that he was constrained to decline it. He said: "I was away from Albany and at my country home during the convention and I did not learn of my nomination until after 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, September 17. It was not until 9 o'clock that night that I had an opportunity to learn the character of the platform adopted by the convention. There had never been submitted to me a press copy, a manuscript copy or any other copy of the proposed platform. If anyone had been entrusted with the duty of presenting such a copy, the trust had not been fulfilled. I had no reason to expect, after the convention at Saratoga and after the attitude of the delegates' work in the national convention that the next state convention would commit the democratic party unreservedly to all parts of the Chicago platform."

Mr. Thacher then recounted the facts of his now famous letter to the state committee, and summarized the contents of that communication. "While," Mr. Thacher continued, "I had not sought the nomination or requested a single delegate to give me his support, I was willing and eager to contend against that system of 'bossism' which is today in control of the public affairs of the state of New York. I was prepared to organize the democratic party from one end of the state to the other on a line of battle against that system and to wage an unremitting and vigorous warfare. I believed that municipal and other reforms in which the people are interested could not be obtained until the administration had been wrenched from the hands of the political boss. I believed that the people would be with us on that issue. It has developed, in the consideration of the resolution by which the state committee appointed your committee, as well as in the public press and other public and private communications, that there is a very decided desire on the part of the democratic party to contest the election on the abstract question of unlimited coinage of silver at the unalterable ratio of 16 to 1 as compared with gold, and to ignore or to subordinate every other state issue. It is apparently the purpose of the party at this time to make the acceptance of an extremely political sentiment the sole test of a candidate of democracy. It does not seem to be enough that men are willing to support the regular candidate of the regular democratic party, but they are required to subscribe to every letter and phrase of the platform. It is impossible for me, with the views I hold, to make a contest on the coinage issue. I believe in the good old democratic doctrine of the free and equal use of gold and silver. This doctrine is as far removed from the single use of gold, which enables speculators to juggle with its value, as it is from that other principle which seeks to establish an impossible ratio for a sister metal. Therefore, entertaining the views I do, and now thoroughly impressed with the belief that the party will consent to make the contest only or primarily upon the silver issue, I feel that, as an honorable man, I should make way for some one who can carry the banner with that device. There seems no place in the democratic party today for conservatism. Men are divided into two classes, each entertaining views exceedingly intolerable of other. The history of legislation is that conservatism in the end prevails. I believe that the democratic party, when it approaches the responsibility of legislation, will be true to itself and to the people. The strength of the democratic party is its weakness when it is the party of the people. It stands with sympathetic arms welcoming the oppressed, the weak, the distressed, and promising them comfort and relief. It is natural that a mischievous and destroying element should clothe themselves in the garments of honest distress and seek to shelter themselves within those arms and to direct from the refuge their predatory raids. What the democratic party needs is a wise, fearless and powerful organization, which will respond to every beat of the popular heart, but which will regulate the entrance of the wicked and perverse. This organization will not come from outside, but from inside the party. I have no sympathy with those who desert the party now in its hour of need. Every democrat who believes that the party can be made an instrument of good should stay within the ranks and by counsel and example endeavor to build it up and make it strong. My party can demand of me no honorable sacrifice I will not make. It can ask of me no duty I will not perform. My best usefulness is to humbly remain within the ranks and give such powers as I possess to strengthening its pillars and establishing its bulwarks."

The probable outcome of Mr. Thacher's declination will be the endorsement by a branch of the regular democrats of Daniel G. Griffin on state issues, and the endorsement of a populistic candidate by the silver men in the state.

It is believed that this is satisfactory to Mr. Hill. Tammany hall, however, may insist upon its own candidate and at the state committee meeting on Monday night they may fight for the promotion of Judge Horton to first place and Elliott Danforth to second. It is absolutely denied that Mr. Bryan wrote any letter to Mr. Thacher asking his withdrawal, nor has he intimated to anybody such a desire. The story was made out of whole cloth.

BEYOND THIS LIFE.

Eternal Rest Comes to Mrs. Margaret Lipes.

Death of Nicholas Hubertus—The Funerals—Mortuary List for the Week.

Last night at 9:30 o'clock, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur T. Sturgeon, 110 West Jefferson street, in this city, occurred the death of Mrs. Margaret N. Lipes, aged eighty-five years, of paralysis. The funeral will take place tomorrow at 1 o'clock from the home of Mrs. Sturgeon and the burial will be at the Eel River cemetery, Rev. L. L. Henson, of this city, officiating at both places. The deceased was born in Botetourt county, Virginia, where she was married to David H. Lipes, whose death occurred seven years ago. With her husband, she came to Williamsport, in this county, in 1850, where Mr. Lipes engaged in farming, and thirty years ago they moved to Heller's Corners. After his death, Mrs. Lipes came to this city and has since resided with her son and daughter here. The children are: J. W. Lipes, of Williamsport; Henry H. Lipes, of Dresden, N. Y.; Charles T. Lipes, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Mary Sturgeon and Dr. E. F. Lipes, of this city. The deceased was a lady who had a large circle of friends and she was loved by all. She was a member of the Baptist denomination and possessed of many Christian virtues.

The funeral of Nicholas Hubertus will take place Monday, at 9 o'clock, from St. Mary's Catholic church. He died early yesterday morning at the residence of his son-in-law, Henry DeWald, 141 Barr street. The deceased was born in Germany, but has been a resident of this city for a long time. Mrs. Joseph Fricke is also a daughter.

The funeral of Charles, the infant son of John Rohrbach, took place from the residence, 400 East Washington street, this afternoon.

The funeral of Herbert Steele, of 44 West Third street, who died Thursday afternoon, was held from the residence at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers for the week ending September 26:

Lavina Renten, 51 years old, typhoid fever.

Myrtle Nickerson, 10 months old, brenchial pneumonia.

Goldie Keller, 4 months old, diphtheria.

Hiram Steele, 21 years old, consumption.

Charles Rohrbach, 2 months old, brain fever.

Edwin Evans, 71 years old, kidney disease.

Frank Null, 35 years old, dropsy.

Dorinda Vaughn, 63 years old, cancer.

Margaret N. Lipes, 85 years old, old age.

Mrs. C. C. Johnson, 57 years old, consumption.

Child of Joseph Jedded, stillborn.

Olive Tickering, 7 weeks old, convulsions.

John Stier, 84 years old, old age.

Nickolas Hubertus, 82 years old, dropsy.

WHEAT FLUCTUATING.

Starts at Sixty-Seven, Then Recedes to Sixty-Six.

Heavy Receipts and a Disposition to Sell Causes the Reaction and Downward Course.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Wheat opened irregular, but higher this morning. December was 67@67⅛c, against yesterday's closing price of 67⅛c. Cables were considerably higher, showing a response to the advance here yesterday. Northwestern receipts were liberal, nearly as large as last year's. As was case yesterday, a disposition to realize and work for a reaction was manifested and December gradually sold down to 66⅝c, reacting later to 66⅞c.

Corn opened firm, helped by wheat and lower eastbound freight rates. May opened ⅛c higher at 25⅜@25⅛c, sold to 25⅝c, and reacted to 25⅛c.

Oats, quiet and easy. May opened unchanged at 19⅛@19⅝c, and held steady at 19⅛c.

Provisions opened unchanged, but soon declined on selling by packers. Local traders were bearish on prospects of large hogs receipts. Outside trading was light. January pork opened at $7.12½, and declined to $7.07½. January lard opened at $4.10 and declined to $4.05. January ribs opened at $3.57½ and declined to $3.52½.

Anna A. Brahm sues Charles Brahm, in the superior court, for divorce. J. H. Aiken is attorney for the plaintiff.

ZELLA NICOLAUS.

Her Days of Sunshine Give Place to Dark Clouds.

Beautiful, and Once With a Purse Full of Money, Her Husband is a Vagrant and She is Penniless.

Zella Nicolaus, she who once possessed a wealth of beauty, whose person was clad in raiment of almost priceless value and indescribable splendor, whose purse was plethoric with bank bills of large denomination, and who was so well known in this city on account of her escapades and her frequent visits here, is now a penniless, friendless outcast in Chicago. Her alleged husband, Al. Ruhmann, is wearing the garb of a workhouse prisoner, with an unpaid fine of $100, imposed upon him for vagrancy, standing opposite his name on the records of the Chicago bridewell. It is the saddest and darkest chapter in the once beautiful Zella's life, and a terrible confirmation of the divine assertion, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Yesterday's Chicago Record gives the following account of Zella's latest trouble:

"Zella Nicolaus, the petite woman with blond hair and dreamy blue eyes who caused George Gould so much trouble, is in Chicago, and claims to be the victim of police persecution. Her husband has been torn from her side by the minions of the law, according to her story, and she has been dogged and troubled until she is weary of life and suspicious of all mankind.

"Zella, with her husband, Albert Ruhmann, has been at the Hotel Granada, Rush and Ohio streets, during the last three weeks. She says that she was trying to arrange a contract for her appearance on the variety stage at a salary of $200 a week, while her husband says that he was to go to work for a clothing house as salesman.

"Tuesday night, according to Zella's story, Detectives Corbus and Ross came to the hotel with the intention of taking Ruhmann from his home on the charge of vagrancy. He and his wife were in their rooms, talking, when the detectives knocked at the door. Ross invited Ruhmann to step down stairs to 'see a man,' while Corbus remained, ostensibly to chat with Stella. According to her story, nothing was said about arresting her husband, and the call appeared to be friendly. Ross and Ruhmann did not return, and after visiting an hour Corbus took his departure, promising to go out and look for the two men and return soon with Ruhmann. That was the last Zella saw of her husband that night. Becoming alarmed, after waiting two hours, she visited detective headquarters in the city hall, but could learn nothing.

"Yesterday, after a long search, she found that Ruhmann had been kept in the Chicago avenue police station all night and then taken before Justice Kersten on a vagrancy charge. According to Ruhmann's story, he was advised by a friendly policeman to sign away his right to a jury trial. He could not understand why he should be taken from his room on a vagrancy charge, but the officers said that he was a race track 'hanger-on,' and this seemed to satisfy the magistrate, who fined him $100, the extreme limit, and ordered his commitment to the house of correction. He will have to stay there for six months unless his fine is paid or he is released by some legal process.

"Last night Zella visited her husband. She found him in the Bridewell, attired in the rough garb of the institution, his long, black hair shorn close to the head and his face the picture of woe. Ruhmann asserts that he is innocent and is being persecuted by some enemy who wishes to force him to leave Chicago.

"Zella's heart is broken because her husband has had his head shaved, and she promises to make trouble for somebody. At a late hour last night she started out to find a lawyer, in order to obtain a writ of habeas corpus. She hopes to have her husband at liberty today, and then proposes to sift the matter to the bottom. She says she is the victim of a conspiracy on the part of the police.

"Ruhman has been employed by Barney Schreiber, the bookmaker, and was at the races in St. Louis and Milwaukee. Zella says she has been evicted from her room and is without money. She asserts because of her notoriety she has been marked for persecution by the police and that her life is being made miserable.

"Justice George Kersten said last night regarding the case: 'Ruhmann was brought before me as a common vagrant and as there was no evidence to the contrary, I gave him the limit, which is $100, and means six months in the Bridewell in default. There was nothing brought out in the trial to show he was the husband of Zella Nicolaus. Detective Sergeants Corbus and Ross brought Ruhmann just as I was ready to adjourn court and said they had picked him up in the street. They gave the usual vagrancy testimony to the effect that he was without visible means of support and was a loiterer around saloons. It is unusual for the south side officers to have cases before me.'"

Manager Robison has secured for this week's attraction at the park the great Arion, the "hero of Niagara," the king of all high wire walkers, who performs on a live trolley wire charged with 500 volts of electricity, ninety feet above the ground. Among the feats performed by Arion is standing on his head, walking blindfolded, walking enveloped in a sack, running across the wire, crossing the wire with a bushel basket on each foot, hanging by one foot from the wire, chair balancing act and many others. At night there will be an entire change of program, the principal feature being his great aerial bicycle act, which consists of riding an ordinary bicycle on a live wire, which is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights.

FOUGHT A BURGLAR.

Frank Reed Discovers a Thief in His Mother's House.

A Scuffle Ensues and the Fellow Escapes, Minus His Hat and Pipe.

A burglar was discovered in the boarding house of Mrs. Jennie Reed, 25 Washington boulevard, last evening, and a fierce struggle took place between the intruder and the landlady's son, Frank, who made the discovery.

About 9 o'clock Frank went to the kitchen to get a drink of water and was startled to find a man there. The fellow made a dash for the door, but the young man pluckily intercepted his progress. A struggle ensued, and the burglar being a heavily built man and much the stronger of the two, broke away and escaped. During the scuffle the thief lost his pipe and hat and these articles were turned over to Officer Sharp, who was summoned to the house immediately after the excitement.

The police are looking for a hatless man today.

IT WAS POLITICS.

Louis Frotheim Charged With Assault on Capt. Hohnholz.

A Drunken Passenger Ejected From a Wabash Train Last Night.

Louis Frotheim was placed under arrest last night, charged with participating in the assault on Captain Hohnholz, at the time the captain was knocked down by Foulks in the court house yard. A political difference of opinion brought on the trouble. This morning Frotheim was taken before the mayor and was represented by Attorney E. V. Harris. Owing to the absence of several witnesses the case was continued until next Monday.

DRUNKEN PASSENGER.

James Johnson, a drunken passenger on a Wabash train, was turned over to Officer Bobby Dickson this morning. The fellow was in a disgusting state of intoxication and was too muddled to give an account of himself when brought before the mayor. He was sent to jail.

WELCOME SERCIVES.

Interesting Program Arranged for Calvary Church Tomorrow.

As a welcome to Rev. A. W. Ballinger, who was returned here by the conference for his fourth year, the congregation of Calvary U. B. church has arranged the following program to be rendered tomorrow, commencing at 10.30 o'clock, Rev. James Trythall presiding:

Song	Choir
Prayer	
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Calvary Sabbath School Allen A. Bowser.
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Ladies' Aid Society Mrs. Philip Titus.
Song	Choir
Welcome	From Y. P. S. C. E. Edw. F. Daily.
Welcome	From Calvary Church William Rough.
Response	Rev. A. W. Ballinger

Every member of the church is urged to be present.

Fruit jars at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26t2

LOCAL LINES

Miss Mary Dick, of 118 Wilt street, has returned from a pleasant visit to Cincinnati.

Miss Pearl Parker is convalescent after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever.

Officer Dickson arrested a drunk at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets this afternoon.

Mrs. Harry F. France will entertain the I. A. O. T. club at her home, 600 South Calhoun street, next Thursday.

Miss Alice Parker has returned to her home at Huntington, after a visit of a few weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Parker, in this city.

A young man named Thomas Conrad was arrested this afternoon on the charge of stealing a suit of clothes. Lieutenant Lapp made the arrest.

Marshall Lowell was arrested by Officer Romy today for peddling a bluing preparation without a license. He was let go on a promise to get out of town.

At his office this morning, Justice Bullerman united in marriage Mr. John Walbold and Orphia Walbold, of Cedar Creek township. The bride is the widow of the groom's deceased brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Starkle entertained at their home on Cass street last evening at a farewell party in honor of their sister, Miss Mollie, who leaves for Brookville, Ind., the home of her parents, next Tuesday. The evening was spent in a very pleasant way. Refreshments were served and games and music were indulged in until a late hour.

The executive committee of the Fort Wayne Choral society held a meeting last night and it was decided to employ Prof. Wm. Miles to act as musical director. All who are interested and desire to become members of the choral society will, not later than Oct. 15th, please call on or write to the secretary of the Fort Wayne Choral society, No. 12 West Wayne street, city.

Fine Ladies' Lace and Button Shoes, very cheap. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2t

BUY THE BEST....

.... It is the Cheapest in the Long Run.

The market has been flooded during the past few years with cheap lines of Enameled Ware. Prices have been reduced, but the quality has steadily depreciated. But a reaction has resulted in favor of good ware at a fair price. This is what we offer in the imported

STRANSKY-STEEL WARE.

With these goods it is a matter, not of price, but of quality. Each piece is made with the utmost care, from the best materials obtainable, and by the most expert workmen.

It is made in four different colors—white inside—and in finish and durability is unequalled by any goods made in this or any other country. We have the exclusive agency of this Ware in Fort Wayne.

PICKARD BROS.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

FURNITURE and STOVES.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

National Ticket.

President—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska.

Vice President—Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

State Ticket.

Governor—B. F. Shively, of St. Joseph county.

Lieutenant Governor—John C. Lawler, of Washington county.

Appellate Judges—First district, Edwin Taylor, of Vanderburgh county; Second district, W. E. Gavin; Third district, Theodore Davis; Fourth district, Orlando Lotz; Fifth district, G. E. Ross.

Secretary of State—S. M. Ralston, of Boone county.

Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion county.

Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler, of Hancock county.

Attorney General—J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute.

Reporter of the Supreme Court—Henry Warrum, of Marion county.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—Prof. W. B. Sinclair, of Putnam county.

State Statistician—C. H. Downey, of Noble county.

Congressional.

For Congress—James M. Robinson.

Joint Senatorial.

For Joint Senator—L. J. Bobilya.

Joint Representative.

For Joint Representative—William C. Ryan, of Allen.

County Ticket.

For Representatives—George V. Kell and E. J. Smith.

For Prosecuting Attorney—M. D. [illegible]

For Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.

For Sheriff—Albert Melching.

For Surveyor—[illegible]

For Coroner—Dr. J. H. Kessel.

For Assessor—Thomas Greer, jr.

For Commissioners—Second District—M. A. Patterson; Third District—John Orr.

Good Times Coming.

For the first time in many months R. G. Dun & Co., the leading commercial reporters of the world, announced that good times are approaching. This information will be received with much joy all over the country. They say 'very moderate and yet distinct improvement is seen, no longer only in the buying of materials, which continues and stiffens prices, but also in orders for the product of some industries in the money markets and in the exports of staples. As yet it is little more than a step toward better things, but it already has started some important works and prompted a few considerable contracts. The continual arrival of gold has raised the treasury reserve above the $115,000,000 mark, strengthened banks and relaxed stringency in commercial loans. Hoarding is no longer reported. The movement of crops continues large, and purchases for exports have advanced prices or prevented depression. While the gain in the working force is not great, it seems clear that for the first time in many months there is some net gain."

Strangers Within the Gates.

By its open door, its ringing bell, its appointment of ushers, its invitations to Sunday worship appearing in each issue of Saturday's SENTINEL, every church in the city professes hospitality. No sanctuary is built on the selfish plan. It is not for the membership only. Its mission is wider. It desires to reach others, and for this reason it extends a welcome to the stranger and invites him to attend its Sunday services.

But does a church's duty towards providing for strangers and those whom in a general way we call "outsiders," include nothing more than giving them seat room? Is there nothing more due them than escorting them to a pew? There surely is. If the contribution box is passed to them, can they not also be offered a hymn book? In the slow and orderly passing out of the pews after the benediction has been pronounced, why should not the hands of some of the members be extended to the strangers and gratification expressed at their presence and assure them of a welcome on any future occasion they may attend? True, they enjoy the sermon and the opportunity of joining in all the blessings of the worship, but can they not expect, ought they not to be given those words of greeting and encouragement which always do so much to make the stranger feel at home and removes the sense of strangeness in a strange church?

A good rule to be guided by in this province of church life is the inspired direction, "Use hospitality one to another without grudging." Church members should consider themselves as hosts and hostesses in their own sanctuaries. The strangers are invited guests. As church members know how to welcome guests in their own homes, even making advances to them, relieving their embarrassments, so in their own church homes a similar duty is due the strangers who attend Sunday worship. Such civilities cost nothing and they are powerful agencies for good. Christian fellowship carries with it a certain degree of sociability and it should be extended freely to the strangers within the church gates.

Ups and Downs of Politics.

The history of American politics discloses cumulative evidence that the fame, as well as the favor, acquired by party service is both transient and unsatisfactory. Men become famous in a day and disappear from view rapidly, and whether the service to the public be long or short, valuable or without merit, it has scarcely ceased before the man who performed it is practically forgotten. There are some men who live in history, like Clay, Webster and Blaine, without having achieved the zenith of their ambition or reached the point in public affairs in which enduring history is made. But their lives were disappointing to themselves as well as to their friends. Henry Clay was unquestionably the popular idol of his day, as Blaine was during the period in which he occupied conspicuous stations. But they were both unhappy men. Blaine had the solace in his disappointments of a charming domestic environment, which no doubt in a considerable measure tempered his chagrin and dulled the edge of regret. But Clay had no such comfort, for most of the time during his service in Washington he was separated from his family. Webster lacked the geniality of disposition that attracted friends to Clay, and, as his disappointments were quite as keen, he no doubt suffered to a greater extent in consequence.

But these men are remembered by posterity, however much they may have been disappointed in their ambitions, while others almost equally conspicuous in their time are forgotten. For example, take Lewis Cass, of Michigan. Only half a century ago he was practically the autocrat of his party, the leader in its councils and the heir presumptive as successor to several presidents. But in a day's inquiry among the ordinarily well informed business men of today less than a dozen will be found who remember anything about him. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was made conspicuous by his controversy with Jackson over the question of nullification, yet there are few who remember that he was once vice president of the United States and considered one of the most capable statesmen of his time.

But, coming down to a later date, there is Roscoe Conkling, who, conspicuous as he was in his day, is rapidly disappearing from public memory, and the chances are that not one in ten men even in professional life today would be able to tell, without examination of the record, what year he died, though the event was almost tragic. Then take the case of William H. English, who was the nominee of his party for vice president on the ticket with Hancock. He died not long ago and is already forgotten. Thomas A. Hendricks, who was elected vice president and was as conspicuous a man as any of his time, died before the expiration of his term, and is now recalled only by a few of the closest observers of politics. Even Allen G. Thurman, the "old Roman" of democracy, who died less than a year ago, during the two or three years preceding that event had withdrawn from public life and notice so completely that on one occasion twenty men were asked whether he was dead or alive before one could be found to answer the question confidently. James G. Birney may be remembered by some of the old line abolitionists, but there are few who have ever heard that it was he who defeated Clay for president in 1844. Yet that is the fact. He was nominated for the office by the Free Soilers and polled just enough votes in New York to give the electors of that state and the election to James K. Polk.

There have been silver tongued orators in all eras of American history, and for a time each of these has enjoyed transient popularity and conspicuity. But they soon disappear from public notice. There were Sergeant S. Prentiss, William L. Yancy and Robert L. Toombs in the south before the war, but few people can now recall much of their history or even the manner of their disappearing. The north was less prolific in this class of public men, but there were orators besides Webster, though it is difficult to recall their names, other than Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett and Charles Sumner. But how many men you meet on the street now can tell what became of them? Very few. Tom Corwin is remembered because of his famous phrase, "We will greet you with bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves," but the phrase is better remembered than the author of it, and even that unique man of his time is gone and forgotten. Thus it goes through all the pages of the history of politics. Men come forward to enjoy for a brief period the popular favor and receive the plaudits of the populace. But when the period comes they disappear into the same channel that opens for the less prominent, and in a brief season they are forgotten. Maybe they find compensation for their labor in the transient glory of success, but it is doubtful. The chances are that eight out of every ten men who give their time and talents to the public service live unhappily and die unsatisfied.

How to Find Heaven.

It is related that a minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is."

"Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill top yonder. In that cottage is a member of our church. She is in bed with fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she hasn't a bit of coal or a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, 'My sister, I have sent you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Savior,' then ask for a Bible and read the twenty third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray; if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill."

Make the Most of It.

There was once an old woman whose greatest consolation in her dying moments was that she had always made the most of all her trials and afflictions. She was not unlike the learned medical scientists of the present day.

If there is one thing that can make them blissfully happy, it is the discovery of a new disease. They sit up nights hunting for it. They search under the microscope day by day, year by year, for some deadly new microbe that is hostile to the human race. And when the microbe or the disease is found, they hire a hall and read papers about it, and celebrate it in victorious banquetings and feastings. If we are to judge from appearances, a learned medical expert would rather discover a new disease than eat a good dinner any day. Only second to the joy of its discovery is the pleasure he takes in giving it a long and hard Greek or Latin name.

The patient takes his cue from the doctor and also makes the most of his symptoms. Was it not a disastrous day for the human race when it found out it had a liver or that its health was gauged by the thermometer of its pulse. Almost as bad was it when people began to find out they had such an organ as the vermiform appendix. Now we go through the world with our hand upon our pulse, in mortal dread of the antics of liver and in daily terror lest we run up with appendicitis.

If we thought as much about the good things that belong to us and the advantages we really possess as we do about our diseases, we would be healthier, handsomer and happier.

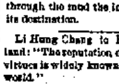
A Unique Enterprise.

A striking illustration of the great undertakings of this age is to be found in the work a lumber company is quietly carrying on in the southern part of Georgia. The ultimate idea of the company is nothing less than the drainage and redemption for farming purposes of the whole bed of the great Okefenokee swamp. It covers many thousand square miles. Its soil is a vegetable mold of great depth. When drained and brought under cultivation, it will give homes and farms to more than 100,000 people.

At present Okefenokee swamp is the most wonderful gaming ground in North America. A correspondent of The Globe-Democrat says you can bag anything you want in it, from an alligator to a humming bird. The drainage will be easy, as the great swamp is 102 feet above St. Mary's river, into which it empties.

Before the draining can be accomplished, however, the timber must be cut away, and that is the part of the task now engaging the company's attention. No horse or ox power could drag the huge cypress logs across this swamp to the sawmills. Floating engines are affixed firmly upon tugboats that steam along canals. From the engine chains are stretched a mile away and hooked around the log that is to be brought in. Then the engine is set to work turning the steam windlass, and through the mud the log is dragged to its destination.

Li Hung Chang to President Cleveland: "The reputation of your esteemed virtues is widely known throughout the world."


If the headsman's block of mediaeval times were in use to-day many a woman would go and lay her head upon it, willingly giving up her life for the sake of having relief from the torturing pains of weakness and disease peculiar to her sex. If women could only be made to understand that there is a positive, safe and speedy cure for all these ills the world would be infinitely brighter than it is to-day. For thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has made a specialty of the diseases of women. He is a regularly graduated, experienced and successful physician and his "Favorite Prescription" has cured more women than all the doctors. The story of the "Favorite Prescription" is told in thousands of testimonials similar to the one of J. F. Beverly, Esq., of Goliad, Goliad Co., Texas, who writes:

"My wife suffered from cold feet and fainting spells, heaviness and soreness in the lower part of the stomach, also heart trouble, loss of appetite, tired feelings, restless—could not sleep. I tried five doctors in one county and two in another. None of them gave her relief. She suffered five years. She was helpless—could not walk from the bed to the fire-place. The last doctor pronounced the complaint inflammation of the uterus; and after five visits claimed that it was a peculiar case, and said that if I desired, I could consult some other physician. So I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, and after receiving an answer from Dr. Pierce I did as he directed. My wife used two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and used the local home-treatment he advised. Before my wife had used the first bottle of the medicine she felt the good effect and said one bottle would be enough. I insisted on her using two bottles, and she did so. Now she is sound and well, and I can praise your medicine to the extreme."

Biliousness is a sign of a serious condition of the digestive organs. It is caused by constipation, from which springs nine-tenths of all human illnesses. Constipation can be permanently and positively cured by only one thing, and that is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They assist Nature. They are easy and pleasant in their action. They cause no unpleasantness, no griping. You do not become a slave to their use. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. If the druggist tries to sell you something else, leave his store and don't go there again—he is not a safe man to trade with.

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

LEHMAN'S.

QUALITY the HIGHEST.

PRICES the LOWEST.

School Suits + +

Have been our special effort for the present season.

An excellent quality all wool, guaranteed "wear well" Boys' School Suits,

AT $2.50

A splendid Pocket Knife with all Boys' Suits at $3.00 or over.

An exceptional line of Men's Suits for business or dress. Prices lower than ever before in the history of the Clothing Trade.

LEHMAN'S.

IN PRAISE OF HIM

Who Created Heaven and Earth and All That in Them Is,

And Who Cometh in Life, in Sickness, and in Death, for Those Who Love Him.

St. Andrews Mission on South Wayne avenue—Sunday school at 3 p. m.

Miss Flora Shank, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., will lead the meeting at the Y. W. C. A. rooms Sunday at 4 p. m.

Railroad Department Y. M. C. A.—Bible study at 3 p. m. John Woods will address the men's meeting at 3:30. All men will find a cordial welcome.

A praise meeting led by Dr. Ferguson at the north side reading room, 96 Wells street, Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. You are invited to meet with us.

Services at the A. M. E. church, East Wayne street, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m; Sunday school, 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m. All are welcome. G. W. Brown, pastor.

Christ's Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets. Sunday school at 9:30; morning service, 10:45; evening service, 7:30; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30. A. A. Hundley, pastor.

Calvary U. B. church, corner Lewis and Harmer streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Evening devotion, at 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., at 6:30 p. m. All are invited.

Free Methodist church, 288 East Creighton avenue. Preaching Sunday by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to come. N. L. Stambaugh, pastor.

"David" will be the topic of the sermon at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow evening. Morning service at 10:30; Sabbath school at 9 30 a. m.; Young People's meeting at 6.45 p. m. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Bethany Church, Nebraska, Rev. Geo. E Davies, pastor—Morning service at 10:30, subject, 'Our Rich Relation." Sunday school at 3 p. m. and Y. P. S. C. E. immediately following. Evening service at 7:30, subject, "Bridemen."

At Westminster church Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach (at 10:30 a. m. Theme: "Christ, as a Factor in Human Character and Destiny." Sunday school at 12 m.; Sr. C. E at 6:30 p. m. Illustrated stereopticon service at 7:30 p. m.

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ tomorrow morning the pastor will speak on "The Secret of Christian Living." In the evening the subject will be, "The True Foundation of the Church." A cordial invitation is extended to all. P. J. Rice.

In Plymouth church at 10:45 a. m. Rev. Jas. B. Ainslie will preach upon "Living Epistles," and at 7:30 p. m. upon "Heredity, Environment and the Human Will." Sunday school at 9.30 a. m. and Christian Endeavorers at 6:45 in the evening. Welcome.

The members of the Covenant Bible school are anticipating a very large attendance and interesting session tomorrow afternoon, at 2:30 p. m. It is reported that the officers have made a special program for the observance of 'Rally day." Corner Calhoun and Butler streets.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets—Sunday school at 9 a. m.; regular morning service at 10:30 a. m.; meeting of voting members at 2:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30, third sermon in the series on "Joseph's Life." Strangers welcome.

Third Presbyterian Church—Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30. This is Sunday school "Rally day"—orchestra, special music, recitations, etc. Everyone in the Sunday school and congregation desired to be present. C. E., 6.45; Junior C. E., 3:45. J. W. Beegs, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner Cass and Fourth streets; Edmund F. Albertson, pastor.—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m.; Epworth league, 7 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will deliver a lecture; subject, "The Grand Old Man." Courteous ushers. Seats free. All cordially invited.

Heidelberg Reformed church, Harrison street, near Wayne; Rev. S U. Snyder, pastor.—Sabbath school 9:30 a. m.; public worship with sermon, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Windows of Heaven, Now Opened;" evening subject, "Moses Under the Glamor of Regal Splendor—His Decision." A cordial welcome to friends and strangers.

Preaching by the pastor at Simpson M. E. church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m.; topic, "Gold and Silver, and My Account;" Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; class, 11:30 a. m.; Junior league, 2:30 p. m.; Epworth league devotional service, 6:30 p. m., led by Miss Mattie Perrin. At 7:30 the league will have charge of the service. You are invited. Strangers welcome. Rev. J. W. Paschall is the pastor.

Wayne street M. E. church Rev Dr. Henry W. Bennett, pastor. All the services as usual. At 10:45 a. m. the Rev. F. T. Simpson, the presiding elder, will preach and conduct the communion service. In the evening the pastor will lecture on the Third commandment. Everybody is cordially invited and will be welcome. All services in the Sunday school room. Entrance on Broadway.

Baptist Tabernacle, Rev. Llewellyn L. Henson, pastor. The pastor will preach as usual in the morning. In the evening the Sunday school will celebrate Franklin college day and Rev. Norman Carr, of Franklin, will speak. Baptism. Sunday school, at 12:15 p. m.; Juniors, at 3 p. m.; B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.; South Wayne mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; Hanna street mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; East Side mission Sunday school 2:30 p. m.; Bethel mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; German mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; North Side mission Sunday school, 3 p. m. You are cordially invited to all these services.

German Reformed Emanuel's church, W. H. Lahr, pastor. Sunday school, 9 a. m. Services at 10:30 a. m. Song services at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner West Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Holy communion at 8 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon at 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:45 p. m. Next Sunday is rally Sunday for the Sunday school.

South Congregational church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; "Prevailing Prayer" at 10:45 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. Good music. All welcome. Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor.

City Y. M. C. A. Rev. B. Hillman, colored evangelist of Denver, Col., will address men at 3:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The Magnolia Colored Quartette will give a musical program consisting of solos, duets, &c. Men are cordially invited. Boys' meeting at 2:15 will be in charge of E. C. Crampton. Every boy in the city welcome.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Class meeting at 9:30; preaching by the pastor at 10:30; Sunday school at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; Epworth league devotional meeting at 6.30 and preaching by Rev. D. Mackey at 7:30. Subject, "The Importance of a Careful Study of the Scriptures." Baptism and reception of members at close of morning sermon.

Berry Street M. E. church, corner of Harrison street—Love feast at 9:30 conducted by the pastor; sermon at 10:30, subject, "An Abundant Entrance," followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper; Sunday school at 2:15, Junior League at 3:30; Epworth League devotional service at 6:30; sermon at 7:30 by Rev. F. T. Simpson, presiding elder, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Prof. Geo. Abram Smith, who has recently located in our city, will furnish special singing at morning and evening service. Professor Smith is a grand singer and we invite the public most cordially to hear him. The membership earnestly requested to be present. C. C. Cissell, pastor.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

St. Paul's, on Barr Street—Sunday services, 10 a. m., Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Trinity, Corner Hoffman and Oakland, Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:10 p. m.

Zion Lutheran—Corner Creighton avenue and Hanna, Rev. Henry Jungel, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson Street, Rev. Charles Gross, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m. (in German), 7:30 p. m. (in English)

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

St. Paul's (German), Rev. Edward Koenig, Pastor, Corner Griffith and West Washington Streets—Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital)—Rev. Bleming, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 6 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 6 a. m.

St. Peter's (German), Corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. A. Messman, Pastor—Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's—Corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. E. P. Barrett, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass 8 and 10 a. m.; Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German) — Corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets, the Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Rudolph Denk. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—Cathedral square, Calhoun street, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, V. G., bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, Rev. J. R. Quinlan and Rev. Charles B. Guendling. Sunday services, 6, 8, 9:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

1 000 or more pairs ladies' Slippers must be sold at some price. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26:2

The Ames Tree Co.

Are prepared to furnish shade trees from 4 to 18 inches in diameter and guarantee them to live. Why waste a life time to grow shade trees when you can have them within ten days. $100 invested in trees will enhance the value of your property $1,000.

Home office No. 29 Pixley-Long block. I. M. VANSLYKE, Manager. 15-f

Wabash Excursions West.

September 28, 29, October 5, 6. If you want to visit friends in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, etc., take advantage of the low rates offered by the Wabash on all trains of above dates. Four through fast trains daily. For further particulars call at Wabash ticket office. Telephone No 6. 23t4

Vinegar, cheap, at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale 26t2

Republican Silver Club.

Rooms 7 and 8, 12 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne. Reading rooms open every day and evening, where you can find all the books and papers bearing on the money question. Good speaking every Wednesday evening. Every one welcome.

A. E. WHITE, President.
J. C. CAIN, Vice President.
J. H. YOUNG, Cor. Sec'y.

MEET IN DEBATE.

May Have a Joint Discussion on Labor Questions.

Challenge Issued by "Anti-Government by Injunction Club" to the Republican Legislative Candidate.

If H. A. Rogers, the republican candidate for representative in this county, can be induced to accept the challenge, the voters of Fort Wayne will have the opportunity of hearing an interesting debate on a question which is now interesting labor circles in this city.

The challenge is offered by Edward Miller, who is one of the well known labor leaders in this city and who is well posted, not only on all subjects relating to labor, but political questions generally. "Peg," as he is familiarly known, is a ready talker as also Mr. Rogers, and should the debate be arranged, it will be one that will be listened to by a large audience. The challenge issued is as follows:

Hon. H. A. Rogers, Republican Candidate for Representative of Allen County:

Noting your candidacy for representative and understanding that you are on the ticket as the representative of labor, and desiring to know your position upon the questions at issue and particularly to ascertain whether or no you stand squarely upon the St. Louis platform, we would respectfully request to know your position as regards that plank in the Chicago platform which opposes government by injunction, this club challenges you to meet a member of your own union, and who is also a member of this club, Mr. Edward Miller, in joint debate on this question of "Government by Injunction," the time, date and place to be arranged by yourself and the executive committee of this club.

Respectfully,
F. S. MULLANY,
President.
JAS CONEY,
Secretary Anti-Government by Injunction club.

The above challenge was issued Thursday, but no response to it has yet been received from Mr. Rogers.

Scherer's New Pepsin Bread is palatable, it is easy to digest. It has a sweet nutty flavor and keeps fresh and moist for a long time. 23tf

Mens' and Boys' Stiff and Soft Hats at almost any price. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 26:2

A MONSTER DIAMOND.

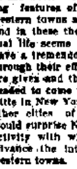
South America Produces the Largest Specimen in Existence.

The largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made ready for use. Being purely useful and in nowise beautiful, this immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genus that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy, a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America, and vouches for its size. He offered its owner $17,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than $50,000. Broken into available pieces and polished it will probably sell for $65,000. Were it of the crystalline kind its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victoria diamond, which sold for $1,500,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind the wealth of a Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other uses of this sort. These uncrystallized black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallized diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the noncrystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many branches of manufacture.

LARGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND.

Influence of Women's Clubs.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musician and composer, of New York, says of the women's clubs of the west: "The especially interesting features of the artistic life in western towns are the women's clubs, and in these the culture and intellectual life seems to be centered. They have a tremendous influence, and it is through their efforts that fine concerts are given and that the artists are persuaded to come there. We know very little in New York of what happens in other cities of the country, but it would surprise New Yorkers to see the activity with which the club women advance the interests of culture in western towns.


RHEUMATISM

Results from a Bad Liver and can be Cured by Using

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

A Certain Remedy for Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

At Druggists. Price, $1.00 Per Bottle

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

CONGRESSMAN MORSE

Tells the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, Member of Congress from Mass., Used Dr. Greene's Nervura In His Family with Astonishing Benefit.

HON. ELIJAH A. MORSE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Mass., Member of Congress from Massachusetts, forwards his endorsement of the remarkable curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, together with a letter from his sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, who writes to the people concerning her wonderful cure by this grand restorer of health and strength.

Congressman Morse is a statesman of power and influence in Congress and his own state holds him in highest honor having elected him Representative in the Legislature, Member of the State Senate, and one of the Governor's Council. A business man of high order, he is known throughout the world as the manufacturer of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, which is sold in every nation of the earth.

Congressman Morse says:

"My brother's wife received great benefit from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. She has been a long time ill and other medicines failed. She is greatly improved by the use of Nervura. She had insomnia and nervousness and can now sleep well. There is no question that Dr. Greene's Nervura is a valuable remedy and it is a down right benefit to nervous affections."

Mr. Morse's sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, of Canton, Mass., says:

"I had been in feeble health for 13 years and had employed all the usual means for cure without much benefit. I have had many hemorrhages of the lungs with severe neuralgia and insomnia.

"My friends had used and knew of the good results from Dr. Greene's Nervura and recommended its use to me. I have now used three bottles and received help from the very first. I have now become so much benefited that I can say that I am in the best health that I have enjoyed for three years. I sleep well and soundly and my food does not distress me at all.

"I can heartily recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura to any person on account of its good effects on myself and friends."

Surely no one who reads this positive proof of the marvelous powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura to make the sick well, the powerful endorsement of this grandest of medicines by one of Massachusetts' foremost statesmen, will hesitate another instant in seeking the sure road to health by using Dr. Greene's Nervura.

It is what the whole of sufferers needs. It is the sure cure for weakness, nervousness, tired-out bodies, shaky, unsteady and weakened nerves. It gives power and strength to nerves and body, with restored vigor and renewed vitality; makes rich, red blood, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaints. It banishes headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia and rheumatism. In fact it makes the sick well. Use it and prove for yourself its wonderful power to cure.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is not like the preparations put up by irresponsible and unprofessional people, but is the prescription and discovery of a widely known physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. It is plainly evident therefore why it always cures—because it is perfectly adapted for just these complaints. Another thing which can be said of no other medicine, and which practically assures a cure by Dr. Greene's Nervura, Dr. Greene, its discoverer, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

Beautiful Dolls FREE.

The French Doll.

Five beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard, eight inches high. Can be cut out and put together by the children—no pasting. Each doll has two complete suits. American, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Swiss, Turkish and Indian costumes. All parts being interchangeable, many combinations can be made, affording endless amusement and instruction. A high-class series of dolls, patented and manufactured for us exclusively and not to be compared with the numerous cheap paper dolls on the market.

How To Get Them.

Cut from five outside wrappers of Home Soap (?) the head of the girl holding [illegible]. Send these with ten cents in silver—wrapped in paper—and your full name and address, and we will send the dolls postpaid. Or we will send them free for twenty heads of the girl. Send only the heads to avoid extra postage.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PRETTY HOMES

Need pretty Carpets. They add finish and grace, Art and manufacturers have produced perfection in this line. Harmony in coloring, care in design and the best qualities of material make our Carpets and Rugs attractive evidence of utility—made to wear, hard to kick to pieces; prices run up from 50c per yard for standard makes. Mattings, Oil Cloths and Linoliums to suit all fancies.

Indiana Furniture Co

166 Calhoun Street.

SIGN STATE OF INDIANA.

PART SECOND.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRESH WATER SAILORS.

Brave Men Who Navigate the Inland Seas.

LITTLE ROMANCE IN THE LIFE.

The Sure Enough Jack Tars of the Great Lakes Are Fast Disappearing, Forced Out by the Rapidly Multiplying Steam Craft.

If you want to witness a fine portrayal of scorn, deep seated contempt and utter disgust just mention to an old salt something in praise of a lake sailor.

"Humph! Fresh water sailors," he will grunt, "are worse nor landlubbers."

And that does not half express the extent of his antipathy. He will fraternize, on occasion, with a landsman because, as he will explain, the latter represents himself for just what he is, but for the sailors who navigate the great lakes he has not the least possible use. He puts them all in the same class with longshoremen and roustabouts, treating them with the same withering scorn which he knows so well how to assume when far enough away from the fo'castle and the attendant supervision of the mate or captain.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Yet the fresh water sailor is by no means deserving of such treatment from his salt incrusted brother. It is merely Jack's arrogant prejudice, built up for no good reason, but carefully fostered for generations and shared by many who have never been out of sight of land either on salt or fresh water.

As a matter of fact, fully as much skill, if not a little more, is required of the men who man a big lake schooner as of those old sea dogs who inhabit the forward hold of an ocean going square rigger. True, the lake sailor does not have to go aloft as often as the salt water tar, for his sails are largely handled from the deck, but his calling is every bit as hazardous and the work is just as hard. He does not sail away into strange seas where he is liable to encounter the roaring typhoon or the much lied about waterspout, but at all times he is likely to have to deal with one of those terrific storms which sweep out of the west with tornadolike fury and lash the waters of the great inland oceans into foamy, boiling caldrons. Out on the ocean Jack Tar can laugh at a big blow, for he knows that his ship has plenty of sea room and can scud for days, if necessary, under bare poles in one direction. The lake sailor knows no such security, for the wind cannot howl along his craft for many hours before he is sure to hear the breakers roar and then comes the struggle which every salt water seaman dreads—that of wearing ship off a lee shore.

But the lake sailorman of the good old type is fast disappearing. There are probably not more than 5,000 of them afloat on the entire chain of great lakes. It is not because they were not appreciated, but because steam has rapidly been taking the place of canvas in lake commerce. There is no berth on the modern whaleback for a sailorman. Stokers and deckhands a-plenty, with a captain and mate, are all that these leviathans of our fresh water seas require. For ten years the number of sailing vessels on the lakes has been steadily on the decrease. In 1886 there were something like 3,000 of them. The number is less than half that today.

The mountains of grain and timber which were formerly loaded into trim schooners and sailed east and south are now moved along in the same direction by monster whaleback steamers or in huge, ungainly barges towed by heron-lean tugs. Where once the bright blue lake waters were dotted with white bellying sails now you see more frequently the long, low lying plume of black smoke that hangs above the wake of the passing freighter.

AN OLD LAKER UNDER FULL SAIL.

While but little of the romantic was ever attached to the life of a fresh water sailor, much that is picturesque and interesting will be lost when the last of his type passes away. Of course it is inevitable. For fully a third of the year the lakes are impassable to sailing craft. They do not freeze entirely over, as some people imagine, but all the harbors and bays are tightly icebound, and the open water is filled with floating fields of ice, which, as they are often 20 and 25 feet thick, are extremely dangerous to any craft. Steamers built for the purpose can encounter this ice with fairly good success and are often able to get through the season with but little idle time. Steam has been found to be cheaper, too, and so the men who control the lake shipping, having no soul for sentiment, are building tugs and barges instead of schooners.

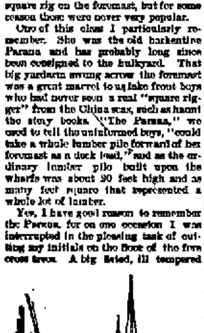
There are no handsomer or more graceful craft afloat, however, than the lake schooners. Built on the lines of the old clipper ships, with long, swooping curves in their hulls, masts that would tower higher than the loftiest of those of ocean going ships, carrying a spread of snowy white canvas that would make an old salt catch his breath, they bowl along over the lake courses like things of life and beauty. The man at the wheel of one of these well appointed schooners can afford to forget the sneers cast upon him as he lets his eye glance aloft over the acres of swelling sails which strain every rope to ironlike tautness and send the boat along at a good ten knot gait.

It was on the lakes that the three masted schooners first made their appearance. They were found to be a necessity, for it would be impossible to send men aloft to manage big sails in some of the wintry storms which the lakers have to encounter. And then there are the sudden gales which come off the land with hardly a moment's notice. At sea there is always some warning which a watchful captain may heed and have time to prepare for the coming blow. But on the lakes there is often occasion for taking in sail in a big hurry. Then it is very handy to be able to loosen a few halyards on deck and have everything "come down on the run," as the sailors put it.

From three masted schooners to four masters was an easy step and there are several of these nautical monstrosities, some of more than 2,000 tons burden, on the lakes. There are also a few big three masted schooners carrying a square rig on the foremast, but for some reason these were never very popular.

One of this class I particularly remember. She was the old barkentine Parana and has probably long since been consigned to the bulkyard. That big yardarm swung across the foremast was a great marvel to us lake front boys who had never seen a real "square rigger" from the China seas, such as haunt the story books. "The Parana," we used to tell the uninformed boys, "could take a whole lumber pile forward of her foremast as a deck load," and as the ordinary lumber pile built upon the wharfs was about 30 feet high and as many feet square that represented a whole lot of lumber.

Yes, I have good reason to remember the Parana, for on one occasion I was interrupted in the pleasing task of cutting my initials on the floor of the fore cross trees. A big fisted, ill tempered mate who climbed up the ratlines was the interrupter. He first threatened to throw me into the river from where we stood, but changed his mind and cuffed my ears instead. I have never carved my initials anywhere since then.



LAID UP FOR THE WINTER.

In summer the lake sailor has a comparatively easy time of it, for the trips are short and much of the time is spent in loading and unloading. In the fall, though, it is different. Of course the vessels are kept in commission as long as possible and are not laid up for the winter until the great fresh water seas begin to resemble the Arctic ocean. This means that they are almost certain to be caught out in some of the furious fall storms.

Seldom placid for any length of time, even in summer, the great lakes, when swept down upon by the equinoctial gales, are terrific in their tempestuousness. Huge waves, fully as big as those of old ocean itself, tear along their surface and the wind howls with cyclonic power. Then the lot of a lake sailor is not one to be envied.

But the fury of the storms could be borne if it were not for the cold and ice. The fresh water spray, unlike that of the ocean, freezes where it strikes. The luckless schooner caught out in a late October storm quickly becomes a frozen wreck. The hull, decks, spars and rigging are thickly coated with ice, the scuppers and pumps freeze up solid and the masses of water which pour over the ship find few outlets for escape. The clothes of the sailors become icy coats of mail and the helmsman is often frozen fast to the wheel. The sails cannot be handled and the schooner becomes unmanageable. Then she drifts on the ever present ice shore and pounds to pieces.

These are hazards which the salt water sailor seldom meets, but there are many old lake sailors who have faced death in this shape a hundred times, and the bones of thousands of them strew the bottoms of Michigan, Huron and Ontario.

SEWELL FORD.

A Chicago Chansonette.

It was an ev'ning in August—a sensuous, somberous ev'ning.
Drenched in a deluge of heat lay the sweltering city, Chicago.
Over the city the stars, from a dome that was hopelessly cloudless,
Shone through the temple of night and besprinkled the waters with silver—
Shone through the sensuous night and awakened the heart of the lover.

Out on the doorstep there sate, in the midst of the night and the starshine—
Out in the sensuous night, with its heat and its husky mosquitoes—
Two. They were woman and man, but of years that were tender and slender.
She was a summer night dream, in a gown that was filmy and airy;
He was a delicate thing, in a neglige shirt and duck trousers.

Close to each other they sate, in the midst of the night and the starshine;
Close to each other they sate, on the hard, stony edge of the doorstep,
He with his slender right arm obscuring an eighty cent girdle,
She with her tender brown optics devouring his soul with her glances,
Close to each other they sate, and e'en thus ran the thread of their discourse:

"Darling," he cooed, with a sigh, with a sigh that was limpingly plaintive,
"Tell me, oh, tell me, my dearest, dost love thine own ownest tonightsy?"
Swift from her eyes shot reproach in a beautiful tear born of passion.
"Well, I should think that I did! Do you think I've been sitting here wearing
You on my waist as a belt? Not with the weather at ninety.
Not on your tintype, Claude Casey!" And the stars went on raining their silver.
—Chicago News.

There are many actors in private life.

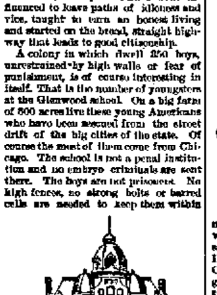
FOR STREET GAMINS.

A COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOME AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Where the Street Arabs of Chicago Are Converted Into Intelligent Agriculturists and Artisans—Not a Penal Institution, but a School For Honest Boys.

A country home for street gamins where they may be turned into intelligent and industrious young men is an institution of which the state of Illinois has reason to be proud. It is known as the Illinois School of Agriculture and Manual Training. It is located at Glenwood, Cook county, and during the nine years of its establishment it has turned out over 2,000 boys who have been influenced to leave paths of idleness and vice, taught to earn an honest living and started on the broad, straight highway that leads to good citizenship.

A colony in which dwell 250 boys, unrestrained by high walls or fear of punishment, is of course interesting in itself. That is the number of youngsters at the Glenwood school. On a big farm of 800 acres live these young Americans who have been rescued from the street drift of the big cities of the state. Of course the most of them come from Chicago. The school is not a penal institution and no embryo criminals are sent there. The boys are not prisoners. No high fences, no strong bolts or barred cells are needed to keep them within bounds. They stay because Glenwood is to them a home in the full sense of the word.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, GLENWOOD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

In eight pleasant, roomy cottages the Glenwood boys live. They are erected in the midst of a wide expanse of green lawn, and in the center of the group arises a handsome brick building which is known as the administration building. In that the teachers and other heads of the institution live. The cottages are all alike and a description of one will answer for all.

Take the Beecher cottage, for instance. As you enter the big, light, roomy basement with its clean, smooth, concreted floor you cannot help thinking of what an ideal playroom this would make for a stormy day. And that is exactly what it is used for. Around the sides of the room is a row of lockers, one for each boy. In these are kept all sorts of treasures, from marbles and kites to apples and nuts.

Then go up to the main floor. Here you find a big, airy reading and sitting room with cheerful south windows. A bookcase, filled with carefully selected volumes, occupies a considerable portion of one wall. There are half a dozen small tables and a lot of comfortable high backed chairs. Around these tables the boys gather in the evening to peruse the delights of "Robinson Crusoe" and Oliver Optic's tales. There are on this floor also a dressing room with lockers, a lavatory, a reception room, a sewing room and quarters for the caretaker.

At the head of the stairs leading to the next floor is the room of the resident teacher who is the official head of this large and happy family. On each side of this room is a row of sleeping rooms. In each room are five single iron cots, for each boy has a bed all to himself. You are surprised when the matron tells you that the boys take care of their own beds, for the white spreads and pillows are as immaculate and as neatly arranged as if they had been touched by the hands of an expert chambermaid.

Separate buildings are provided for the boys to work and study in. There is a shoeshop and a woodworking shop, and in these the boys learn trades that will enable them to earn a good living when the time comes for them to leave the shelter of the Glenwood home. Then there is the machine shop and the schoolrooms. The big kitchen of the institution is also a sort of manual training schoolroom, for the boys prepare and serve their own meals under the direction of competent instructors.

There is a lot of work about it, too, for just imagine the amount of food that 350 healthy youngsters require. At an average dinner 60 gallons of soup, 90 pounds of meat, 8 bushels of potatoes, 750 ears of green corn and 150 loaves of bread disappear. The teacher sits at the head of the table and instills the principles of table etiquette in their minds by no more forcible method than that of setting a good example.

The boys rise regularly at 5:45 o'clock in the morning and go to bed at 8 p. m. Their day is divided between the schoolroom, the workshops and the playgrounds. The boys have their animal pets and live about the same as do other boys who have parents and homes of their own. The farm work is largely done by them and to be detailed on the farm squad is one of the rewards most highly coveted. It costs a good deal of money to run such an institution as Glenwood, more than the state of Illinois is willing to pay, but the annual deficiency is made up by private subscriptions from charitable and philanthropic people who realize what a boon such a home must be to a street gamin.

C. J. BOWDEN.

Palestine Oranges.

Jerusalem is now competing with Spain, Mexico and California for the orange trade of the world. The fruit is grown in the district between Jerusalem and Yafa.

Placing the Family.

"What's gone with all the boys, old man?"

"Well, Dick's a-studyin of law."

"And Jim?"

"Jim's a-preachin or the gos-pell."

"And Ben?"

"Ben's politicianin."

"And Bob, where's he?"

"Well, Bob ain't nowhar's—not yit. I can't beat no l'arnin inter his head, so ef he don't go ter teachin school or editin of a newspaper I reckon I'll run him fer congress."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Mind Reader Puzzled.

Crimsonbeak—You know Fakely, the mind reader?

Yeast—Yes.

"Well, yesterday he had to go back to the house three times to ascertain why his wife tied a little piece of cord around his finger."—Yonkers Statesman.

A PACIFIC COAST ORATOR.

John P. Irish Is Famed For His Eloquence.

Mr. John P. Irish, who made such a stirring speech at the Indianapolis convention, has for several years been recognized as one of the most eloquent orators on the Pacific coast. He is a resident of San Francisco and is best known in the west through his connection with the Southern Pacific railroad.

JOHN P. IRISH.

The day after he made his speech Mr. Irish was a good deal of a hero and was much sought after by delegates who wished to congratulate him. At the same hotel where he was staying the Hon. Patrick J. Gleason, the renowned Celtic mayor of Long Island City, was a guest. As the big fisted mayor was sitting in the lobby a bellboy approached him and asked:

"Are you Irish?"

"I am that," replied Gleason. "But what makes you ask, sonny?"

"That man over there told me to," responded the boy, pointing out a stranger.

Gleason was half inclined to be wrathy. He was puzzled also, but he waited. Soon after the stranger came up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and remarked, "That was a fine speech you made yesterday, Irish."

"Look here!" said Gleason, turning fiercely on the stranger. "I'm Irish and I ain't ashamed of it, but I'll be d——d if I'll have any whiskered jay call me so to me face."

"Why—er—ah," gasped the stranger. "I thought you were Mr. Irish of San Francisco. I—er—was told so."

"Oh!" said Gleason. Then there were drinks.

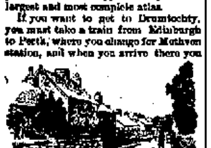
Colonel Irish was born about 55 years ago in Iowa City, Ia., where he lived until 1880. In that year he removed to San Francisco and founded The Alta California, which was for a long time the leading newspaper on the Pacific coast. He has had a varied political career, but never met with much success, having been successively defeated as candidate for the state legislature, congress and governor. In 1889 he was appointed naval officer of San Francisco by President Cleveland.

FAR FAMED DRUMTOCHTY.

The Scene of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" Tales.

The scenes of Ian Maclaren's delightful tales of Scottish life which he has given us in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and other works from his pen are laid within a day's journey of Edinburgh and in the narrowest part of Scotland. The real Drumtochty is a most inaccessible place. Of course you will look in vain for any such name on the map. Even the village of Harrietfield, in which Sandy Stewart, Dr. Maclure and other characters now familiar to us lived, is of so little importance that it appears only in the largest and most complete atlas.

If you want to get to Drumtochty, you must take a train from Edinburgh to Perth, where you change for Methven station, and when you arrive there you may make the acquaintance of the real Peter Bruce, the interesting train guard who figures in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," only you must inquire for Sandy Walker. At Methven you may hire a post carriage which will take you to Harrietfield, known locally as "The Fens." It is a very pretty ride, fir plantations lining the road almost all the way. The name of the estate in which the village is situated is Logiealmond.



A SCENE IN DRUMTOCHTY.

Here on the Logiealmond estate is Glen Urlach, as wild a spot as you will find in all the lowlands, which figures in the stories as the "Sma' Glen." It is filled with interesting spots, as is the entire neighborhood. In the glen is the grave of the mysterious Ossian, marked by a stone eight feet in height. Many important events in the history of Scotland have taken place near here, notably the capture of Montrose. A mile or two to the east of the village and on the banks of the river Almond is the famous Logie house, the lodge of the Drumtochty stories. Perhaps Dr. Watson, who is now in this country on a lecturing tour, will confide to the American interviewer some more interesting facts about the real persons whom he has put into his stories.

The Corbett Folding Bed.

Furniture Salesman—The best folding bed we have is the Corbett. We always recommend it to our customers.

Prospective Purchaser—Why do you call it the Corbett?

F. S.—Because it is guaranteed not to shut up.—New York Sunday World.

Wouldn't Change It.

"I'm not pleased with your school report, Bobby," said his father, with solemn look.

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but she was too stubborn to change it, the old pelican!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wear and Tear.

"The essential difference between man and woman," said the cheerful idiot, "is one of wear and tear."

"Eh?" said the new boarder.

"Yes. Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and woman on wear."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PRACTICAL GENIUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET, PRINTER AND BIBLIOPHILE.

Always a Poet and Sometime an Artist, He Learned the Printer's Trade at the Age of Fifty-four—His Revival of Old Style Typography—Socialistic Theories.

A many sided man is William Morris. Probably no man in England has such a diverse acquaintance as he. To the wealthy aristocrats he is known as the queer looking shopkeeper at whose establishment in Oxford street, London, may be found wonderfully beautiful and vastly expensive tapestries, wall papers and other luxuries of house decoration.

An extensive literary world recognizes him as a poet of rare originality, and the one who was most worthy to occupy the place left vacant by Tennyson.

A local and somewhat limited community of London socialists recognizes him as a powerful and enthusiastic ally ever ready to do his share of the work along with the rank and file.

A still more limited class of bibliophiles, representatives of which are to be found in all the odd corners of the earth, know William Morris as the maker of elegant books, the publisher of editions de luxe of fabulous price and the reviver of the "art preservative."

And, while all these varying classes know Morris so well, they have nothing in common with each other. The socialists, for instance, hardly realize the existence of the bibliophiles, and the latter studiously ignore the poets and litterateurs of today.

Yet, although the character of William Morris has so many faces, to the outward appearance he is always the same. Whether he is being entertained at dinner by some wealthy customer, being lionized at some swell literary gathering or addressing a crowd of workingmen of a Sunday morning in the streets of the east end, his stout, sturdy frame is always clad in the selfsame suit of blue serge, the vest opening, showing a picturesque blue shirt with a black silk sailor tie knotted at the throat under his grizzled beard. His tanned, ruddy face and his dress give him the look of a sea captain ashore.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

It is said by some of Morris' intimate friends that, far from being annoyed at occasionally being mistaken for a sailor, he dearly likes it and tries to encourage the delusion. Once, while rolling through a waterside street in London, Morris was overhauled by a seafaring man, who bellowed:

"Avast, there! Don't I know you! Weren't you once mate of the brig Sea Swallow?"

"I was," said Morris heartily if untruthfully, and, taking the sailor's arm, he led him to the nearest tavern, where he filled him with good cheer, both liquid and solid.

It was by the merest chance that Morris became a printer. Half an artist and a thorough wood engraver, he happened to hear, in 1888, a lecture on typography. He at once became interested, and it was not long before he was learning the typesetter's trade with all the enthusiasm of a boy of 16 instead of that of a man of 54. He went into the trade, as he did into everything, with all his great mind, and he soon found that it was not a trade at all, but an art. He decided that the old ways were best and that the beautiful letters which are seen on old vellum manuscripts should be used now instead of being discarded for the prosaic and unpicturesque print against which his artistic soul had long rebelled. So, after he had learned how to set type, he also learned how to make it, and then with great patience and wonderful skill he set about cutting a font of type to suit himself.

His first production he called "golden type" because it was first used in printing his book, "The Golden Legend." Since then he has produced his "Troye" type and his "Chaucer" type, which got their names in a similar manner.

But it was not only type that Morris made. He could not find ink that suited him, and so he made that too. It was the same with paper and with the binding. At first he hired his printing done, but this was not satisfactory, and so he set up presses of his own at his country place, Kelmscott Manor, in Oxfordshire. Now all the books from his hands bear the imprint of the Kelmscott Press.

And such books as they are! His type is the black letter type of the fifteenth century. His paper is handmade, with the rough, uncut edges. His bindings are sometimes oak and vellum tied with silk ribbons, but always beautiful. For the ornaments he draws his own designs or has Burne-Jones draw them. The editions are always limited to a few hundred at most. Some of his volumes, issued to bring $10, now command as high as $45 each, and he has rarely issued a book which has not doubled in value as soon as the booksellers got hold of it.

As a printer he has revolutionized the art. As a house decorator he has made himself a millionaire. As a poet he has earned a lasting fame, and as a socialist he has shown us how versatile is his great mind.

CLARENCE P. SKINNER.

A BLIND MATHEMATICIAN.

The Professor of Algebra at California University Is Sightless.

A blind man is the professor of algebra in the Berkeley school of the University of California. Newell Perry is the sightless instructor in the mysteries of x's and z's. He is a graduate of the class of '96 and has stepped at once from being a pupil into a professor's position. He began the school season recently by taking charge of a class of 50 sophomores and conducts his class lessons with the same facility as if he had perfect sight.

Mr. Perry is a native of Shasta county, Cal., and is 22 years old. He has been blind from birth and was educated at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute in San Francisco. From there he went to the Berkeley High school and then entered the university. He was a hard student, devoting most of his time to mathematics and philosophy. In the former study he excelled all his classmates and astonished the professors by the readiness with which he could carry in his mind two or three pages of algebraic figures.

PROFESSOR NEWELL PERRY.

Having but limited means, he made some money by coaching other students. Part of his expenses were met by the college authorities, but this debt he has almost paid off with money which he earned by establishing a private preparatory school in Berkeley. Professor Perry is absolutely blind, yet his mental training has been so thorough and his power of application is so great that he can follow the course of a long and intricate algebraic equation merely by having it read to him, and at the close he can point out an error which many men with two good eyes would have overlooked. He was not engaged as professor by the university as a curiosity or out of charity, but because the governors of the Berkeley school considered him a valuable addition to the faculty.

A MORTUARY POETESS.

Miss Graham Writes Obituary Acrostics to Order.

By weaving the names of dead babies into acrostics Miss Margaret Graham of New York makes a good deal of money. It is certainly a unique business. Miss Graham admits that herself and says she has found no competitors. She also says that it pays much better than writing verses for magazines. It was not Miss Graham's intention to become a mortuary poetess when she began. She got her first start two years ago, when, at the request of a Philadelphia friend, she wrote some verses the initial letters of which, when read downward, formed the name of the dead baby.

MISS GRAHAM AT WORK.

From that time on she continued to write acrostics on the names of deceased babies and soon found that there was so much demand for them that she could make money by charging the bereaved parents for the exercise of her talents. Miss Graham declines to state the exact value which she places on her poetic efforts, but intimates that the price per acrostic depends upon the number of letters in the name. Thus she would charge much less for a poem concerning a departed Eva than she would for one relating the woe and anguish connected with the decease, for instance, of a Marguerite.

About the quality of Miss Graham's poems there can be no discussion. Here is a sample which shows her brilliant genius. It was written for a family in New York:

B aby, like sunshine's brightest ray,
A long our pathway came one day.
B lest gift, but soon went out the light.
Y ea, blest the gift and sweet the offering bright.

Like other poets, Miss Graham cannot always do work to order, but must wait until her fancy is stirred by her fickle muse. She does not advertise to turn out poems "while you wait," although she occasionally does so. Just why any one should want an acrostic written on the name of a dead baby not even Miss Graham can explain, but she knows that people do want them, that they are willing to pay for them, and so she writes them.

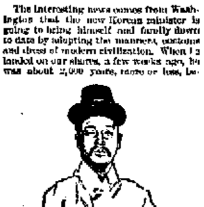
In a paper on the power of the British press Henry W. Lucy says: "A device to enlarge the circle of readers, familiar in France and not absolutely unknown, I believe, in the United States, is the publication, in the form of reputable news, of the account of an earthquake, a thrilling murder, a rattling tornado or a romantic suicide, the scene judiciously located. The fact that the story is wholly fabulous has the recommendation that it gives to the journal purveying it exclusive possession of the news." Mr. Lucy then proceeds to say that this kind of journalism has been attempted only once in London, and afterward the able journalist who engaged in the performance disappeared from the prominent places of English journalism. Naturally he would disappear from the ranks of decent men in any profession. It is unfortunately true that to a slight extent this sort of "news" has been manufactured among American journals. But it is also absolutely true that the newspaper proprietor who will allow such lies to be published in his journal has no standing and is not associated with by the reputable members of the honorable profession of journalism. For it is an honorable profession and the majority of American newspaper editors are high minded, truthful men—men who will not knowingly permit fakes in their papers.

HE LIKES OUR STYLE.

THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER FASCINATED BY AMERICAN WAYS.

Will Discard the Picturesque Costume of the Orient and Adopt the Plain Apparel of American Civilization—Very Fond of Beer and Ice Cream.

The interesting news comes from Washington that the new Korean minister is going to bring himself and family down to date by adopting the manners, customs and dress of modern civilization. When he landed on our shores, a few weeks ago, he was about 2,000 years, more or less, behind the times. That the society people of the national capital will watch this forced evolution with great interest goes without saying. The process will doubtless furnish a whole lot of amusement for diplomatic and official circles.



CHIN BE YI PUM, THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER.

When Chin Be Yi Pum, for that is his name, accompanied by his wife and young son, arrived in America, they were attired in silks of vivid color made into garments the like of which has been seldom seen in the new world. They had come by the way of Vancouver and Montreal to New York. All the way across the continent Chin, which is Korean for "his excellency," kept growing more and more enthusiastic. Even in Canada he would wander off when the train stopped at a station, and he caused more profanity among railroad men than he can ever atone for. American beef and ice cream especially appealed to him, and he consumed great quantities of each. The Korean members of his suit imitate him, but whether out of compliment or from inclination is not known. It was only by strategy that his American couriers got him away from New York, for he got one glimpse of the high buildings and was completely fascinated.

In Washington Mr. Pum is established in a modern house located within the fashionable precincts of the famous Iowa circle. All of the furnishings are of the latest approved style, and there is now nothing oriental in appearance about the Korean legation except the Koreans themselves, and this will be changed as soon as Mr. Pum's tailor and Mrs. Pum's dressmaker finish their work and the two Pums find out how to wear their new clothes. In order to be thoroughly civilized Mrs. Pum has announced that she is going to learn to ride a bicycle, and she may even give Washington a shock by appearing in bloomers on Pennsylvania avenue.

Mrs. Pum, by the way, is a plump, petite young woman with brilliant eyes, a delicate olive skin and coy, coquettish manners. She acts as if she thoroughly enjoyed being in such new and strange surroundings and having so many novel experiences.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Pum enjoys everything hugely, especially the beer and ice cream. This is his first experience as a diplomat, and he evidently does not intend to withdraw into a shell and fulfill his duties in a merely perfunctory manner. He is going to find out all about this great country of ours, our new civilization, our business methods and how any or all of these things can be applied to his own country, which is just waking up after a century long sleep.

In order to do his work thoroughly Mr. Pum finds that he has much to learn and that he must get right at it. He had even begun to master the English language before he reached Washington and had progressed so far that he could say "Good morning" with great facility and frequency. Doubtless by this time he has acquired several more phrases. There is nothing exclusive about Pum. Although he is a noble of the first rank in Korea, he seems to realize that he is in a democratic country now and to be determined to act accordingly. He hobnobs with carriage drivers, elevator boys and porters and looks with undisguised admiration at the imperious looking head waiters in the big hotels.

It will be almost too bad, though, if his progressive spirit leads him to discard entirely his native dress, for it would lend a picturesqueness to the diplomatic receptions that even the Chinese could not supply. Ordinarily he wears a suit of white silk with flowing sleeves and bloomerlike trousers. Over this he puts a green or purple jacket of silk and caps his swarthy head with a quaint black hat with a sugar loaf crown. Mrs. Pum's costume is of softer colored silk, but its construction would puzzle even a dressmaker to describe. Master Pum, who is about 6 years old, is also dressed in colored silk and bloomers, but he will soon discard them for knickerbockers. His jet black hair, which is now coiled up into two little horns on top of his head, is to be clipped off short, so that he may wear a bicycle cap, for he has been promised a wheel as soon as he can learn to ride one. This transformation of the Pums will be an event which all Washington will watch with eager curiosity and will furnish something to talk about before the regular winter season begins.

WIFE OF THE NEW KOREAN MINISTER.

CHARLES WARNER.

MAN OF MYSTERY, IS TYNAN

Has Long Posed as No. 1 of the Phoenix Park Murders.

The Patrick Tynan who is said to have been arrested in France in connection with the alleged plot to blow up Queen Victoria and the czar has of late years succeeded in surrounding himself and his actions with a good deal of mystery. Ever since the Phoenix park assassination he has figured as the No. 1 who alone knew the names and plots of the real murderers.

There are those who doubt, however, that Tynan ever figured prominently in that conspiracy, as his claims to being No. 1 are founded chiefly on his own assertions. Percy Patrick Joseph Tynan is his full name. He was born in the town of Wexford, Ireland, in 1842. His father was a blacksmith who finally moved to Kingston, where he opened a shooting gallery and tried hard to support his family. On the death of the elder Tynan his widow contrived to place young Percy Patrick in the college of a religious order near Dublin. She fondly hoped that he would become a priest; but, although he developed a fondness for books, he decided when about 15 that he had no liking for the priesthood and left school to go into business. At that time he could speak French, German and Italian and was an accomplished student of history.

P. P. J. TYNAN.

Young Tynan was apprenticed to a dry goods house in Dublin, and after remaining there a few years obtained a position with a large wholesale stationery firm in London. For this house he became a traveling salesman in Russia, the language of which country he learned to speak.

Tynan finally married the daughter of a wealthy London tradesman and went back to Kingston, Ireland, where he opened a stationery shop on his own account. He took a great interest in Irish politics and at last identified himself with the Fenians. It was not until after the Phoenix park affairs and the confession of the informer Carey that Tynan, whose name had not been mentioned by Carey at all, let it be understood that he was the No. 1 referred to. He fled to France, was arrested, discharged because he could not be extradited for a political offense, and in 1882, with his family, came to this country, where he has lived ever since.

In America Tynan has lived in New York city, where he has made a living by working for various newspapers. Under President Harrison he was appointed to a place in the appraiser's stores, but was removed by President Cleveland. In 1894 he published a book entitled "The History of the Irish National Invincibles." His family, consisting of several grown sons and daughters, live in New York city at present.

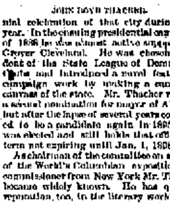
JOHN BOYD THACHER.

Interesting Career of the Democratic Candidate For Governor of New York.

John Boyd Thacher, the Democratic nominee for governor of New York, comes of old New England stock, his first American ancestor having been the Rev. Thomas Thacher, who was the first pastor of the famous Old South church of Boston. His father removed from Rhode Island to Albany in 1848 and established a manufactory of car wheels, which business is now conducted by his two sons.

Mr. Thacher was born in Ballston Center, N. Y., in 1847 and was graduated from Williams college in 1869. After thoroughly learning the business he was taken into the manufacturing firm by his father. He did not take an active interest in politics until 1883, when he was elected a member of the state senate. Since then he has been an active and aggressive figure in the political arena. He is credited with introducing many measures favored by workingmen, among them being the abolishment of prison labor contracts and the tenement house reform bills.

In 1886 Mr. Thacher was elected mayor of Albany and took charge of the bicentennial celebration of that city during that year. In the ensuing presidential campaign of 1888 he was a most active supporter of Grover Cleveland. He was chosen president of the State League of Democratic Clubs and introduced a novel feature of campaign work by making an omnibus canvass of the state. Mr. Thacher refused a second nomination for mayor of Albany, but after the lapse of several years consented to be a candidate again in 1895. He was elected and still holds that office, his term not expiring until Jan. 1, 1898.



JOHN BOYD THACHER.

As chairman of the committee on awards of the World's Columbian exposition and commissioner from New York Mr. Thacher became widely known. He has quite a reputation, too, in the literary world, having been a frequent contributor to magazines of articles, mostly on economic subjects. With his brother he has published several books, one of these being "The Continent of America, Its Discovery and Baptism; an Essay on the Nomenclature of the Old Continents." In 1872 he married Miss Emma Treadwell of Albany.

A Life Saver.

Puffy—Just saved a man's life.

Guffy—How was that?

Puffy—Met a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave' him the watch.—Detroit Free Press.

He Wouldn't Bet.

First Politician (sarcastically)—Would you bet on a horse for a place if but two horses were running?

Second Ditto—Not unless both their lives were insured.—Truth.

Couldn't.

"Do you think these campaign speakers believe half what they say?"

"Oh, no. They're not so different from other folks."—Detroit News.

The Abolition of Slavery In Brazil.

Slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1889, when there were fully 600,000 males and 700,000 females, the owners being compensated at the rate of £80 to £100 for each slave.

Having too good a credit is sometimes the worst situation for a business man to be in.

ON HISTORIC GROUND

MEMORIAL TO THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS OF THE WAR.

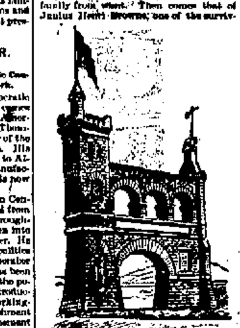
A Monument to the Heroes of the Pen and Pencil Soon to Be Unveiled on South Mountain, Near Antietam's Field—Notable Names Inscribed on It.

The men who told the story of our civil war with pen and pencil are to have their memory honored by a monument located in the midst of the scenes of their labor. On Oct. 16, at Gapland, Md., will be dedicated the War Correspondents' memorial, a monument which has been erected by private subscription, the funds coming largely from newspaper men themselves.

Probably few people know where Gapland is or have ever heard of it. The place has received its name since the war, but every inch of the ground around it is historic. It is a gap in the South mountain range, near the tiny village of Burkittsville, which is about 12 miles from Frederick, the capital of the county. In this gap was fought the battle of South Mountain, where the armies of McClellan and Lee first met after dodging each other for a year. Just over on the other side of the mountain is the bloody battlefield of Antietam, where Lee learned that his soldiers were no better, man to man, than those of McClellan. Four miles from Gapland is the place where, in 1859, John Brown hid to pounce upon the armory at Harper's Ferry.

The structure that is to commemorate the deeds of the army reporters and war artists is located on South mountain itself. It is a monument 40 feet square supporting a tower 50 feet in height. Owing to lack of funds, it is built mainly of rough, undressed stone. There is some attempt at sculpture, however, for there are two shields bearing the words "Listen!" and "Hasten!" the watchwords of the war correspondents. Across the big panel in the middle of the main archway is carved the words "War Correspondents" in big, bold letters. In a niche appears a 6 foot statue of Orpheus, and three busts of correspondents are to be placed on the upper arches. At the rear of the two gateways are two tablets of gray stone, on one of which are carved the names of 100 northern correspondents, with room for other names which may have been omitted. On the other tablet appears the names of a few Confederate correspondents and the artists.

"Most of the names are of men who are now unknown. More than half of them, in fact, are dead, and only about 40 survive, although they were young men when they were sent to follow the army. At the head of the list of northern correspondents, arranged in alphabetical order, comes the name of Adam Badeau, who became an intimate friend of General Grant and helped him write the book that saved his family from want. Then comes that of Junius Henri Browne, one of the survivors, who still uses his facile pen with all the old time vigor which he once displayed when writing from the battlefield. Then there is that of Albert D. Richardson, who was one of Browne's close companions in the field, and who escaped with him from Andersonville prison. There are also the names of the late John A. Cockerill, who was sent as war correspondent to the Chinese-Japanese war, and who died in Cairo, where he had gone to tell the story of the advance on the Sudan; Joseph B. McCullagh, now editor of one of the greatest papers in the west; Whitelaw Reid, who is now the proprietor of the paper to which he sent his war news 35 years ago; George W. Smalley, who now represents the London Times in New York; Henry M. Stanley, who was in the navy during the war, but who afterward became a war correspondent; John Russell Young, who accompanied General Grant on his trip around the world, and others not so well known.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS' MEMORIAL.

There is engraved there, too, the name of that veteran journalist George Alfred Townsend, who earned a national reputation by his letters which are signed Gath. Townsend has virtually taken the whole work of raising the monument upon his own shoulders. He has collected most of the money and, in a large measure, superintended the work of its construction.

Time has amended the opinion of the public with regard to war correspondents, and it is generally recognized that they were, as a class, honest, patriotic and often heroic men, who played an important and honorable part in the stirring events which they recorded.

An able defense of his comrades is made by Junius Henri Browne, who writes:

"War correspondence is at most a thankless office. The correspondent may do and dare and suffer, but who yields him credit? If he die in the service, by disease or casualty, it is thought and declared by many that he had no business there. The officers frequently dislike him because they have not received what they conceive to be their meed of praise, and the people did not appreciate him. No disposition have I to laud my profession, but I do think its members are unkindly and ungratefully treated."

This monument will at least be some atonement for the ingratitude of the republic, although it is but a modest one. The cost will hardly exceed $5,000, and even this sum has been raised only after long and continued effort. It is a small and tardy acknowledgment of the occasional deeds of heroism and the constant and untiring vigilance which enabled them to tell the story of that dark, four years' struggle to a nation hungry for every scrap of news from the front.

S. H. MACDONALD.

An Undoubted Genius.

"What a superb touch that pianist has!" she gushed.

"I should say he had," replied her matter of fact escort. "I understand old Skinflint had to give up $500 to have him here this evening."—New York Press.

A Come Down.

"I never thought I'd come down to this," said the young lady to herself as she came down to the parlor and was surprised to find Willie Saphead waiting, with the handle of his cane in his mouth.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896.

PRINCE OF WALES' WINK

Its Baleful Effect on the Fortunes of His Friends.

IS POSSESSED OF THE EVIL EYE.

Financial Disaster Overtakes His Intimate Friends and Misfortunes Follow In His Train—The Superstitious See Something Uncanny In His Right Optic.

Inasmuch as the principal ambition of a good many Americans who cross the Atlantic for the first time is to make the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales, an honor which they fondly imagine will establish their social status in Europe and give them the entree into the charmed circles of the old world, it is only right and proper to warn them that his friendship is by no means an unmixed blessing.

THE PRINCE AND HIS WINK.

The fact is that Queen Victoria's eldest son has the reputation of being a "jettatore," or possessed of the evil eye. It must be confessed that there is much to lend color to the assertion, ridiculous as the belief in the "jettatura" may appear to strong minded persons. Misfortune has overtaken all those who have been most conspicuous in the entourage of the prince, until matters have reached such a point that intimate association with England's future king is regarded as the inevitable precursor of ruin and unhappiness. This being true, the people in London are speculating as to what particular form the ill luck will take in the case of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the vastness of whose fortune seems to preclude him from any danger of financial disaster.

It is bankruptcy that has overtaken the Countess of Warwick, better known perhaps to the general public by the name of Lady Brooke, and so celebrated not only for her beauty, but also for her close friendship with the Prince of Wales. The ruin of the Warwicks is so complete that the countess has been compelled to part with Easton Lodge and with all the Essex estates which she inherited from her father and which have been in the possession of his family, the Maynards, for three centuries.

The Warwicks are about the latest addition to the long list of those who have paid the penalty of the prince's friendship with ruin and misfortune. Thus the Murietas, who are as well known in New York as they are in London, and who figure in English society under their Spanish title of Marquis and Marquise de Santurce, have lost almost every penny that they possessed, graduating through the bankruptcy court and not only being forced to sell their hospitable mansion in Carlton House terrace to Mr. William Waldorf Astor, but also dragging down in their fall another one of the prince's cronies, Lord Sudeley, who at the request of his future king had come to their financial assistance and had endeavored to stay their ruin.

Mr. Reuben Sassoon, too, who ever since the death of the late Sir James Mackenzie, surnamed "the benefactor," has been the principal purveyor of the prince's pleasures, is known to have been hard hit by financial reverses during the last year—reverses sufficiently serious to compel him to place upon the market that house in town which has been the scene of so many entertainments given to the prince. There are few Americans who have visited Homburg who do not know Mr. Reuben Sassoon, the Anglo-Indian who presented to the prince those wonderful baccarat counters that figured so conspicuously in the trial of Sir William Gordon Cumming a few years ago, for at the popular German watering place Reuben constitutes the shadow of his future king and spends his time in organizing picnics and parties de plaisir for his royal highness.

The Earl of Sefton, a great crony of the prince, the ground landlord of a considerable portion of Liverpool and the peer who "executed" the late Viscount Dupplin, brother-in-law of the Duke of Fife, for playing cards for high stakes when he had not money to pay his differences, has recently been forced to place his eldest son, Lord Molyneux, in an asylum for the insane, and it is doubtful whether the unfortunate young nobleman will ever recover his reason.

The Duke of Fife himself is afflicted with spinal trouble to such a degree as to convert him into a confirmed hypochondriac and as to seriously alarm his royal relatives. The sun has likewise ceased to shine upon the harmless, inoffensive and hospitable Christopher Sykes, formerly the fidus Achates of the prince and the "tame cat" par excellence of Marlborough House.

Long, indeed, is the list of those of the prince's associates who have fallen by the wayside—Sir William Gordon Cumming, George Russell and the Hon. Walter Harford were all overtaken by fate worse than death in being branded as card cheats; the late Earl "Joey" Aylesford, who, after losing his wife by elopement and his fortune by extravagance, was forced to expatriate himself and died mysteriously in Texas; Sir George Chetwynd, compromised in what is known as the Gimcrack club scandal; the late Duke of Sutherland, who died practically disgraced and ostracized after having been one of the most intimate friends of the prince; Count Jaraczewski, who committed suicide on the revelation to London society of his queer antecedents; Colonel Oliver Montagu, who, after having had an eye shot out while staying at Sandringham, died so suddenly at Cairo, and others too numerous to mention here.

The Prince of Wales' eye that is regarded as evil is his right optic, and it cannot be denied that it presents a peculiar and somewhat uncanny appearance, one, indeed, calculated to strengthen the superstition with which it is regarded. The eye seems to bulge more than its mate. About once in every minute and a half or so the lid drops completely over the eyeball. The eye remains closed for about the space of a second and then suddenly opens again to its fullest extent, no other feature of the face having moved meanwhile.

People who see the prince for the first time are tempted to believe that he is deliberately winking at them, and this is an impression which is strengthened by his reputation for geniality. Of course, however, there is no such intention on the prince's part, and the wink is altogether involuntary, the result of nervousness. It, however, sometimes has the effect of causing the persons who are either talking to him or listening to his conversation to start off blinking in response, especially when they happen to be persons of nervous temperament, and the spectacle of two gravely winking at each other every minute or two is irresistibly humorous.

The only other royal personage in history who is credited with having possessed the evil eye is King Charles II of England, whose character and record present so many analogies with those of England's heir apparent, both of them being distinguished by the strangest mixture of levity and common sense, of generosity and selfishness.

COULD NOT BE A THIEF.

Annie Knupp's Face Too Sweet For Guile, Hypnotized the Jury.

A jaunty, good looking young woman in bicycle attire, who was arrested in a New York store the other day on the charge of picking a customer's pocket, and who said she was Annie Knupf of South Brooklyn, is the same young beauty who in October, 1891, after being convicted and sentenced to Trenton prison as a professional pickpocket, got a new trial and so powerfully impressed the second jury with the sweetness of her face and artlessness of manner that it unanimously agreed that she couldn't possibly be a thief and promptly acquitted her. The judge described it as hypnotizing a jury. The girl at that time looked younger than 17 years, which she said was her age. She had large dark eyes, which she had a knack of opening wide with a look of astonishment. Her hair was dark and luxuriant.

She was arrested in April, 1891, on the Hamburg-American steamer Furst Bismarck, which she had boarded with a crowd of women who went to welcome passengers who had arrived. Detectives saw her wedge herself in a throng of women who had gathered about a wealthy passenger and saw her put her hand deftly into several pockets and then arrested her. They had seen her, neatly dressed, bright eyed and rosy cheeked, board other vessels at the pier in the same way and had become suspicious, so they set a watch on her. No stolen property was found in her possession. She gave her name as Smith when locked up in Hoboken. After she had been convicted and taken to Trenton prison to serve her sentence of 2½ years her lawyer got a writ of certiorari, and it was served on the sheriff before the prison authorities got a chance to incarcerate her in a cell. She was convicted at the trial by

ANNIE KNUPP.

two judges of the court of special sessions. She had been committed previous to this trial by Recorder McDonough to await the action of the grand jury, which she tried to forestall by electing a trial in the special sessions.

The grand jury indicted her in due order, and at the second trial that ensued she displayed a deal of the art of the actress and so much cleverness that she was able to upset the effect of all the contradictions she was forced into while explaining how she came to be so often in the crowds around the Hamburg-American pier. The girl said that she was anxious to meet her aunt, whom she expected to arrive from Germany.

Detectives employed by District Attorney Winfield testified that the accused was a well known frequenter of the department stores in Brooklyn, who, although long suspected of being a shoplifter, was too smart for the detectives. A detective watched her in a Brooklyn store one day. She noticed that the Hawkshaw had his eye on her and walked right up to him.

"You're a detective, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the special man.

"Well," said Annie, "I've lost my watch, and I wish you would try to find it for me."

This was altogether too much for the Hawkshaw, who was clearly flustrated, but testimony was also given that empty pocketbooks were often found in the retiring rooms of the stores after she was seen to enter and leave the rooms.

But it was of no avail. Annie denied it all with a sweet and winsome smile, shook her luxuriant dark hair and won the hearts of the jurymen. An effort was made to convict her of perjury after her acquittal, but it fell through.

It was a month after she got out of this scrape that she fell into the hands of Chief O'Brien and Detective McCauley, then of Inspector McLaughlin's staff. She was caught at the old trick of picking a pocket on Sixth avenue, New York, and she went to Auburn for a year for the crime. After her release she resumed her profession in Brooklyn and got caught again and spent ten months in the Kings county penitentiary.

Her good looks at the sensational second trial in New Jersey won for her in police circles the sobriquet of Annie the Venus.

Suicide In Russia.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide as well as homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who take their own lives. Most of these are between 25 and 35 years.

The Stomach Drill.

A French colonel at Faniers is teaching his officers and men to crawl on their stomachs and has invented a leather glove to help the process. The regiment can now travel 100 yards in this manner without fatigue.

Chinese Doctors.

A Chinese doctor is employed by families by the year at a rate, according to their means and his reputation, of from 1 cent to 5 cents a day as long as every member of the family is well. When one falls ill, the doctor's pay stops until health is fully restored.

Red Tape Comes High.

It cost Oxford university $1,000 to go to the high court of justice and have the title "Ford's professor of English literature" changed to "Ford's lecturer."

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. C. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters have proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In case of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

A TROOPER'S DILEMMA

A Confederate Soldier Captured In Union Uniform.

TRIED AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Made a Mistake In Impersonating Eli Grubb, Who Was Accused of Murder and Bounty Jumping—Reprieved by Lincoln—An Incident of Morgan's Raid.

It is safe to say that of the hundreds of thousands of survivors of the war who wore the blue and the gray not one has a more thrilling story to narrate than that of George Helm, a distinguished member of General John Morgan's famous Kentucky brigade.

At the time Morgan made his raid into Indiana and Ohio, George Helm was about 23 years of age, and because of his knowledge of the topography of the proposed line of march he was given command of a small body of scouts whose duty it was to keep well to the front and report the movements of the hastily assembled home guards, who were determined that the raiders should not again return south of the Ohio.

One hot, stormy night George Helm, who had sent back all his men with reports to his commanding officer, telling of the danger in front, found himself alone. His horse was exhausted, and he was himself so weak for the want of sleep that he reeled in the saddle. Feeling that he could get along better on foot, Helm took off the bridle and saddle and turned his horse loose on the banks of the Miami.

The scout blundered on through the darkness and at daylight learned from a wounded soldier of his own command that Morgan had hurried on to the east, with a brigade of Federal cavalry in hot pursuit. To overtake the command on foot was out of the question. But two courses were open to Helm. One was to make his way back to Kentucky as best he could, and the other was to surrender to the home guards, who were literally swarming throughout the country.

George Helm slept in the woods all that day, and when darkness came, guided by the stars, he turned his face to the south. Hungry and weary, he came upon a log hut about midnight, and judging that the place was vacant he crawled in to rest. Inside the door, which hung by one hinge, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a man. That he was not dead was shown by the torrent of oaths fired at the intruder, while the odor of the atmosphere indicated that the man was decidedly drunk.

George Helm struck a match and saw a man in blue lying on the floor, but without arms. Beside him were a canteen and a well filled haversack. As soon as the match was extinguished Helm dropped on his knees, seized the haversack and began eating like a hungry wolf. In the meantime the soldier had again dropped off into a drunken sleep.

After appeasing his appetite and renewing his strength with a draft from the canteen George Helm determined to change uniforms with the man in blue. He found no difficulty in this undertaking. Beside the drunken soldier he dropped his own dilapidated gray uniform, and then, transformed into a Yankee, he left the hut with the canteen and haversack prudently flung over his shoulder.

When the drunken soldier woke on the following morning, he was astonished to find his own clothes gone and those of a Confederate on the floor beside him. As it would not do to go into the world naked, the man made a virtue of a necessity and put on the Confederate uniform. He had hardly completed this task when he heard the rattle of bridle chains and the clatter of sabers, and looking out he found the hut surrounded by a body of Union cavalry. The man, who was still tipsy, swore that his name was Eli Grubb and that he belonged to the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, then in pursuit of Morgan. Of course his story was laughed at. His person was searched, and the papers found in the pockets went to show that he was George Helm, an aid on the staff of General John Morgan. Despite his protests, the man was sent to Camp Chase, where the prisoners from Morgan's command were then being assembled.

George Helm, disguised as a Federal soldier, made his way to a point opposite Maysville, Ky., and was waiting for night to cross the river to a state where he would be sure to find friends when he ran into a provost guard and was arrested. From papers found in the pocket of the blue blouse Helm surmised that the original owner of the uniform had been one Eli Grubb of the Sixth Kentucky Federal cavalry. Putting on a bold front, the Confederate scout gave the fictitious name and command and explained that he had been separated from his regiment, which he was then trying to find.

There was that about the young man's manner that excited the suspicion of the provost marshal, Captain McKee. McKee decided to send him on to Cincinnati, where General King was then in command. The fact that the prisoner tried to escape three times on the way to Cincinnati confirmed the suspicions of the guard. From Cincinnati, Helm was sent across to Newport barracks, where General King then had his headquarters. George Helm's story was investigated, and it was discovered that Eli Grubb, the man whom he represented, was not only a deserter from his regiment, but that the night before his flight he had robbed and murdered one of his comrades.

Eli Grubb, it seemed, was a professional bounty jumper and before the war had followed a criminal career along the Ohio river under many aliases. While the description of the deserter and criminal, who was recorded as being about 30 years of age, did not tally with that of the stalwart young Kentuckian, it was decided that the circumstantial evidence was so strong against him that he should be at once court martialed and, if found guilty, suffer the penalty of his crime, which was death.

It is doubtful if during the war a man had ever been in a worse plight than that in which George Helm now found himself. Charged with desertion, robbery and murder, he was taken to the jail at Covington and placed in a cell.

It seemed from the record that Grubb had been but a few days with the regiment when he committed the offenses indicated and deserted. As a consequence there were no witnesses who had any distinct recollection of the man. All the evidence was circumstantial; but, as we know, circumstantial evidence, when well sustained, is the very strongest. The fact that the prisoner gave his name as Eli Grubb, as well as his company and regiment, and the additional fact that the papers on his person and a considerable amount of money confirmed his identity, left him hardly a peg on which to hang his defense.

The result of the finding of the court was that the prisoner was Eli Grubb of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, and that the charges of desertion, robbery and murder were proved against him. The decision was that Eli Grubb be hanged at daylight the following morning, nor did the presiding officer, who announced the sentence, add the mocking legal formula, "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

The afternoon papers of Cincinnati gave a full report of the trial, as well as the young man's defense, and his announcement that he was not Eli Grubb, but Lieutenant George Helm of General John Morgan's staff.

It so chanced that General Landrum, one of the most distinguished Union generals that Kentucky gave to the war, was in Cincinnati on business the day of the trial. General Landrum knew the Helms and had been acquainted with the condemned man since his childhood. Not at all doubting that the sentence was a just one and that the George Helm in Covington was the criminal Eli Grubb, yet General Landrum could not rest until he had satisfied himself by a personal investigation.

Accompanied by a number of gentlemen whose loyalty was as undisputed as his own, and all of whom were Kentuckians and old friends of the Helm family, General Landrum hastened to the jail, which he reached about 10 o'clock that night. Every old soldier will remember the great changes wrought by war in their own physiognomy and that of friends. A year of hard service transformed smooth faced boys into bronzed and bearded men, whose own mothers might not have known them after 12 months of separation.

George Helm had so greatly changed that the instant General Landrum set eyes on him he shook his head and said to his friends:

"This man is not the son of my old friend, Judge Helm, as he claims to be."

The general and his friends were about to turn away when the young man called after him:

"Surely, General Landrum, you have not forgotten me!"

Faces may change and hair turn gray; but, as a rule, the voice remains ever the

"THIS MAN IS NOT THE SON OF MY OLD FRIEND, JUDGE HELM."

same, and now General Landrum recognized the voice of the prisoner. Coming back, the general put a number of questions to the young man, intended to test his veracity, and the answers were so clear, direct and satisfactory that soon all doubt vanished, and the Union general and his friends became satisfied that the court martial had condemned the wrong man.

General Landrum at once telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln, to Attorney General Speed and to Judge Holt in Washington stating George Helm's case and asking that a reprieve be granted until an examination could be had.

With his usual kindness of heart, Mr. Lincoln yielded to the solicitations of the two distinguished Kentuckians, Judges Holt and Speed, and as a consequence before daylight the following morning General Landrum was back at the prison with a reprieve.

The investigation that followed discovered the actual culprit, Eli Grubb, among the Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase.

George Helm's case excited a great deal of interest. The genuine Eli Grubb was subsequently tried, convicted and executed, while, through the intercession of General Landrum and other friends, who believed that the scout George Helm had suffered enough, he was released on parole and given a safe conduct inside the Confederate lines.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Hireling's Position.

"How are the farmers hereabout—on the fence?" asked the man who was gathering political statistics.

"It ain't so much the farmers that is on the fence as the hired hands, goldarn 'em," answered Mr. Halcede with vigor. "Ef they is one thing a hired man loves more'n to eat two dinners in the time allowed for one, it is to set hisself on the fence."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Melancholy Days.

She—Why do they call these the melancholy days?

He—Because they are the days when just as you have finished paying up your debts for your summer vacation you remember that you have got to begin saving up for the holidays.—Truth.

Horse Nonsense.

"I don't think I am really any cheaper than I used to be," argued the horse. "I am worth just as much as I ever was. The bicycle has appreciated. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

She Would Not Please Him.

Mr. Brown (sick of arguing)—Now, my dear Maria, please yourself, and you'll please me.

Mrs. Brown—I shall do nothing of the kind.—Moonshine.

Agreed With Him.

He—You know I always think that it's people who make a place.

She—Yes, isn't this an awful hole?—Pick Me Up.

A Queer Feller.

Queerest ole feller you ever did see—
Good han' at givin advice;
"Purty good worl' that we live in," says he,
"But take keer to ask it its price!"

When the new preacher come an went talkin 'roun'
'Bout fixin his sermonts up nice,
"I reckon," he'd tell him, "they'll kiver the groun',
And now what's yer price—what's yer price?"

When he run for the office an talked to the folks,
He gave 'em good solid advice,
But after he'd done with his stories an jokes
He asked 'em, "Now, what is yer price?"

And when the folks tol' him his time was at han'
An was writin his epitaph nice,
He sent for the coffin an funeral man,
An his last words was, "What is yer price?"

—F. L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

All Complete.

He—It takes three generations to make a gentleman.

She—And six figures.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 27.

A Comprehensive Review of the Quarter's Lessons—Golden Text, Prov. xviii, 10. Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—David, King of Judah (II Sam. ii, 1-11). Golden Text, Ps. xcvii, 1, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." The Golden Text points onward to the time when the kingdom shall come and the Lord shall reign, as stated more fully in Dan. vii, 13, 14, 27; Rev. xi, 15. The death of Saul and David's being anointed king over Judah were a foreshadowing of the beginning of the reign of Christ. The reign of Ish-bosheth, David's enemy, over Israel for a time is suggestive of the one-ruler who shall continue even after the beast, or antichrist, shall have gone to the lake of fire.

LESSON II.—David, King Over All Israel (II Sam. v, 1-12). Golden Text, II Sam. v, 10, "David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him." The Son of David, the Lord Jesus Christ, will surely, in due time, reign over all Israel (Ezek. xxxvii, 21-24), and they will be a righteous nation (Isa. lx, 21). He will also be King of Kings and Lord of Lords (Rev. xix, 16) on the whole earth. He is patiently waiting His time. Let us meekly and cheerfully wait with Him and daily keep "Going and Growing" (verse 10, margin).

LESSON III.—The Ark Brought to Jerusalem (II Sam. vi, 1-12). Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv, 12, "O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee!" It was David's way to inquire of the Lord in all matters, but he, like us, sometimes failed to do so and leaned upon his own understanding, or did as others. In this case he imitated the Philistines and got into serious trouble.

LESSON IV.—God's Promises to David (II Sam. vii, 4-16). Golden Text, Ps. lxxi, 1, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust!" When David was quiet in his kingdom and dwelling peacefully in his own house of cedar, it troubled him that the ark of God should be in a tent, and he thought to build a house for the ark. God, however, had other thoughts, for He says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. lv, 8). His are as far above ours as heaven above earth, and He surprised David by the plans He had for him.

LESSON V.—David's Kindness (II Sam. ix, 1-13). Golden Text, Rom. xii, 10. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." David continued to prosper, reigning over all Israel, executing judgment and justice, and he was preserved whithersoever he went (chapter viii, 14, 15). He has nothing but forgiveness in his heart for his enemies, and, for Jonathan's sake, seeks to find any of the house of Saul that he may show them the kindness of God. May we, like Mephibosheth, dwell in Jerusalem (city of peace) and eat continually at the King's table.

LESSON VI.—David's Victories (II Sam. x, 8-19). Golden Text, Ps. xxvii, 1, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear." This is the record of one of the Lord's victories for David, in which 40,700 Syrians were slain. When Israel walked with God, there was no king or people who could stand against them, for the Lord fought for them, but when they failed to walk with Him He allowed their enemies to prosper and overcome them. We would have more victories over our enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil, if we relied upon the Lord to fight for us, remembering "Thine is the power."

LESSON VII.—David's Confession and Forgiveness (Ps. xxxii, 1-11). Golden Text, Ps. li, 10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" There is nothing more dangerous than ease and idleness, for then the devil is very busy. David in time of war was at home at ease when he was led into this great sin, and there was no peace to him till it was confessed and forgiven. One has said that confession is the lance which relieves the festering wound. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, but whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper (I John i, 8-10; Prov. xxviii, 13).

LESSON VIII.—Absalom's Rebellion (II Sam. xv, 1-12). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 12, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." It does not seem possible that a son could treat his father as Absalom treated David, and yet it is but a sample of our treatment of God. He says, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me" (Isa. i, 2). And long afterward he had to say, "If, then, I be a father, where is mine honor?" (Mal. i, 6). As to our Lord Jesus, we know that His own to whom He came, instead of receiving Him, they killed Him.

LESSON IX.—Absalom's Defeat and Death (II Sam. xviii, 9-17, 32, 33). Golden Text, Ps. i, 6, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Who can tell what it means to perish? It is not the death of the body, for we are told not to fear that, but it is the destruction of body and soul in hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Math. x, 28; Mat. ix, 44. David would gladly have died for his son, for he was ready to meet God, but Absalom was not. See how in due time the transgressor is sure to come to his end.

LESSON X.—David's Love For God's House (I Chron. xxii, 6-16). Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv, 4: "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. They will be still praising Thee." The Lord Jesus is the true Solomon, Prince of Peace, and Jedidiah, beloved of the Lord (verse 9 and II Sam. xii, 25), for where He reigns there shall be peace and quietness unto Israel. The prosperity of Solomon's reign is very suggestive of the glorious millennial days that are coming, while the time of David is rather suggestive of the beginning of those days.

LESSON XI.—David's Gratitude to God (II Sam. xxii, 40-51). Golden Text, II Sam. xxii, 2, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer." Whether it was the words that David wrote as the sweet psalmist of Israel (chapter xxiii, 1-2) or the victories he gained over his enemies (verse 41), he acknowledged that it was all of God, who girded him with strength.

LESSON XII.—Destructive Vices (Prov. xvi, 22-33). Golden Text, Prov. xvi, 25, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Man's way is to live unto himself (verse 26), and then he is of course in strife with all who come in his way or interfere with him. The godly man is humble, unselfish, seeks not his own and lives unto God if only he may honor Him. With him the work of righteousness is peace and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever (Isa. xxxii, 17). "He that hath the Son of God hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Her Escape.

"I refused him time and again, yet now he has saved me from drowning."

"I suppose you succumbed at once."

"No. I had presence of mind enough to pretend it was attempted suicide."—Truth.

Blissville Literary Notes.

"Will there be a meeting of the literary club tonight?"

"I hardly think so. The janitor stole the possum, and they're out yonder lynching him."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Useful Wheel.

He—The widow has not given up her wheel, has she?

She—Oh, dear, no! Her bicycle face answers admirably as an expression of concern for the late lamented.—Truth.

Not Really His.

"So you got those scars in the war. You have a right to be proud of them, sir."

"Not strictly. You see I was a substitute."—Detroit Tribune.

"Don't you think there should be music in every home?"

"By all means. What I object to is music next door."—Chicago Record.

BOWSER ON A BIKE.

HE TAKES TO CYCLING TO STRENGTHEN HIS CHEST.

A Double Wabble Becomes His Portion and He Imagines That Something Hit Him With a House—The Fine Italian Hand of Mrs. Bowser Plainly Visible Again.

"Mrs. Bowser," said he the other day with great dignity, "do you know that I must do something for myself or die within a year? Plowing and mowing are all right, but they don't seem to give me strength."

"Nonsense! You are a strong and healthy man."

"I may seem to be; but, alas, I am not. I have no more muscle than a baby, and I can't walk a little without feeling faint."

"And you want some more Indian clubs or another punching bag?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. The doctor has recommended a different sort of exercise. Mr. Kane, our neighbor, will bring his bicycle here this evening, and I intend to take it out on the road and learn to ride."

"You—on—a—bicycle!" she gasped.

"Why not? Why shouldn't I ride a bicycle as well as any one else? You are opposed to it, of course, but I'm going to follow the doctor's advice. If I can lengthen my life by 20 years, it's my duty to do so. There comes Kane. It will not be necessary for you to come and help us."

Mrs. Bowser realized that arguments were useless, and she had nothing more to say. The two men led the bike down the road, and Mr. Bowser rubbed his hands and smiled and said:

"By George, but I know it's going to make a new man of me! I'll buy one before noon tomorrow, and we'll take a ten mile spin, eh?"

"You can hardly expect to learn to ride this evening," said the neighbor.

"Why not? Say, Kane, I'll be circling around this house inside of ten minutes. When I know that it's life or death with me, I'm bound not to lose a second. I s'pose I want to peel right down to shirt and trousers? All right. Fetch 'er up here. Makes me hungry just hurling the bike about the place. Now, then, the first thing is to mount, isn't it?"

"I'LL PUT A LITTLE MORE SPRING INTO MY LEGS THIS TIME."

"Yes. You take hold of the handles—so—and you make a spring into the saddle—so—and away you go. Think you can do it?"

"Of course I can. The old gal is opposed to my learning how to ride, but"—

Mr. Bowser seized the handles and sprang for the saddle. When he recovered consciousness, he was on the broad of his back in the dust, and Mr. Kane was fanning him with an old washboard which he had found in the grass.

"Has anything happened?" asked Mr. Bowser as he looked around.

"Nothing in particular. You were tired and lay down to rest."

"Yes—I know—I see. I suppose you used to do that way. Seen anything of Mrs. Bowser?"

"No."

"Then trot up the health restorer again. I'll put a little more spring into my legs this time."

Mr. Kane held the bike this time and helped Mr. Bowser to mount. He also suggested that he walk alongside the machine until the novice had got his nerve, but Mr. Bowser replied:

"When we get around in that window, you give me a shove down the slope and let go. I see how she works, and I'll surprise you. After I've made about three circuits you can call Mrs. Bowser up and I'll show her a scorch. They call it 'scorching' when you beat greased lightning, don't they?"

"Yes, I believe they do. Now, then, I'm going to let go."

"Let 'er go!—rah—whoop"—

When Mr. Bowser woke up this time he was in his bed, while Mrs. Bowser sat holding his hand and trying to look very sympathetic.

"This—this isn't heaven, is it?" he whispered, as he looked around.

"Oh, no, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser, as she smoothed back his hair. "You are still on earth. How do you feel?"

"Who hit me with a house?"

"No one. You were learning to ride a bike to lengthen out your days, you know."

"And what—what"—

"You got what I believe they call a double wabble, followed by a header. Mr. Kane got a neighbor to help bring you down here. The doctor has been here and gone. He said your neck wasn't broken, but it would probably be four weeks before you got outdoors again. Do you feel that your appetite has improved?"

Mr. Bowser closed his eyes and groaned.

"The doctor said if you would only stick to it you would surely live to be 100 years old."

Mr. Bowser opened his eyes and sat up, and, after glaring around him for half a minute, he shouted:

"Woman, I understand! It is another attempt to assassinate me! Let the lawyers come the first thing in the morning and draw up the necessary papers, and by evening all can be settled."

"There—there, dear, don't talk too much," she said as she forced him back on the pillow. "I will hold your hand and hum to you, and do try and go to sleep. Close your eyes, now, and forget all about the double wabble, which has done so much to strengthen your chest. S-s-s-h! S-s-s-h! S-s-s-h!"

M. QUAD.

Why She Remained.

"I notice your wife didn't go to the lakes this summer."

"No, I couldn't afford it."

"That is what I told my wife, but you may remember that she went just the same."

"I didn't tell my wife. I got a hotel typewriter girl to address an envelope to me in a nice feminine hand and then dropped it out of my pocket at home."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

William Waxes Wroth.

Dere mister editur how old mus' you be to jine the younited states armery i wan' to le've home every darn cigarel I usen to git my sister steles an now she has took the hull shootin match pockets cigarets an all an i have only one other pare she rides a wheel i am desperit an can not stan it no longer, respeckferly,

william Thomas Murphy.

i think id ruther be a pirate.—New York Sunday World.

SOME NEW IRISH STORIES.

Witty Tales Culled From a Recent Book on the Emerald Isle.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent In Ireland." At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke, in whose parish one of the sanguinary tithe affrays occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people. The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a government circular inquiring the number of his flock, for the purpose of making up a census. He answered that as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the poor law was first introduced, a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the poorhouse, said:

"This poor law's a grand thing for the sowls of the gintlemen."

"Why so?"

"Bekaise now when we axes for alms they only say go to the poorhouse, but before there was a poorhouse they used to say, 'Go to the divil!'"

At a contested election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters together. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

"Boys," he exclaimed to his expectant serfs, "I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you. Go and sell your vote, every man of you, to the best advantage you can."

When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cashel, he found that a party of electors known as "commoners," numbering some 13 or 14, were notoriously corrupt and always sold their votes to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt trafficking in votes as a mortal sin. The next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day.

"I was, your honor."

"Was not the sermon on bribery excellent?"

"It was an elegant sermon, your honor."

"Will it do good, do you think?"

"I think it will make the election run very close, your honor."

"How so?"

"Why, we always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin, but as his reverence says we'll be damned for selling our votes we can't for the future take less than £40."

When Lord Muskerry was dying, the parson in attendance remarked that life and its vanities would soon pass away and exhorted him to repent.

"Repent! For what should I repent?" demanded the old lord. "Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything."

Correctly Stated.

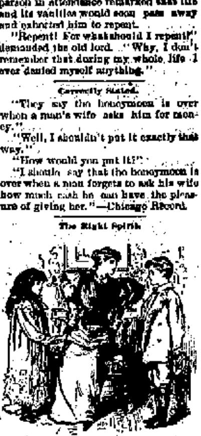
"They say the honeymoon is over when a man's wife asks him for money."

"Well, I shouldn't put it exactly that way."

"How would you put it?"

"I should say that the honeymoon is over when a man forgets to ask his wife how much cash he can have the pleasure of giving her."—Chicago Record.

The Right Spirit.



Mamma (to George, who is escorting his sister to a party)—Now, mind you keep an eye on Minnie.

George—Oh—er—well—you know, mother, it doesn't do for a fellow to be always watching his sister. Other chaps don't like it, you know.—Punch.

London's Soot.

One thousand tons of soot settle monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

LINCOLN'S OLD CABIN.

TO BE REMOVED FROM CHICAGO TO WASHINGTON.

The M'Lean House at Appomattox—This Is Where Grant and Lee Met and Signed the Terms of Surrender—Will Also Be Preserved.

(Special Letter.)

WASHINGTON, which possesses so many historic treasures, is to be further enriched by two relics of national importance about which are entwined most closely memories of the two great Union and Confederate leaders, as well as of the president who fell just as his dreams of a re-united land were being realized. These relics are the log cabin, which was built by Lincoln and his father, and the McLean home at Appomattox, Virginia, the place in which Lee and Grant met and signed the terms of surrender.

The Lincoln log cabin is now in Chicago, but it is but the question of a short while before it will be brought on and erected in Washington. The McLean house will stand in the same lot and both will comprise part of a museum which will be the property of patriotic Washington gentlemen, prominent among them being Colonel M. E. Dunlap, to whose energies is due the preservation of these souvenirs of the most memorable epoch of American history. Colonel Dunlap, who fought under General Banks, is the owner of the McLean house, the title of the cabin being with the rest of the gentlemen, who are organized under the name of the National War and Museum Company.

The Lincoln cabin, when it stands in the shadow of the capitol, will be just the same rough frontier abode as it was when built of unhewn logs in 1836. Every bit of timber, every nail, every shingle has been religiously preserved, so that there will be the rude hut with its fireplace of broken bricks, its pegs running up the walls, which had no ladder to mount to the garret, its tumbling door and ill-shapen window just as they stood when Lincoln paid his farewell visit to his home before leaving for Washington and his inauguration.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but moved with his father to Indiana at an early age and it was in Spencer county that his mother, who was a Miss Nancy Hanks before marriage, died. Young Abe was then a lad of about eight. The father subsequently returned to Kentucky, where he married a second time, his last wife being a sweetheart of his early youth. As Miss Bush she had won the elder Lincoln's heart, but she discarded him for a Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson died, and Mr. Lincoln being a widower, the affair of old times was renewed and in a short time the second Mrs. Lincoln was ensconced in her new home in Coles county, Illinois. Here it was that Mr. Lincoln, with the help of young Abe, erected the cabin. In this hut the future president slept for the first time in his life in a bed, for as a small boy his only couch was a pile of leaves in a corner. The second wife, who proved to be a most devoted stepmother, brought with her from her old Kentucky home a common bedstead on which the boy was put to sleep and on which his father and stepmother afterwards died.

When Lincoln was studying law he spent part of his time at his father's cabin, employing himself by mastering the books of Euclid. With a bit of paper held on the back of a shovel he worked out all of the problems till the whole book was clear as day to his mind; then he set out from the humble abode to begin his career as a lawyer in Springfield.

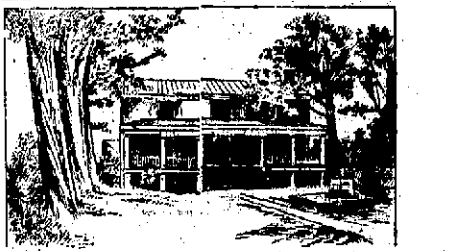
Lincoln's father was dead, and the president-elect picked up from the ground a bit of old scantling, broke it in two, sharpened one end, and, walking over to his father's grave, drove the piece of wood on which the father's initials were cut, at the head of the grave, remarking that when he could afford it he would get something better. When the money was afterwards sent so that a tombstone could be erected, the recipient of the fund pocketed it, and had it not been for the generosity of Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, the grave would have long ago sunken out of sight.

After the death of the elder Lincoln, the stepmother, who was much loved by Lincoln, lived in the cabin with a near relative, John Hall, who remained with her till her death in 1869. The cabin then passed through several hands, but was at last bought by an association in Chicago, and from this it was obtained by its present owners. Among the relics of the family which will be placed in the hut will be the bed on which Lincoln first slept, the wheel on which the yarn for his clothing was spun and the axe which he used in cutting fence rails.

The McLean house is yet at Appomattox, but is not standing, as some years ago it was carefully taken down with the view of moving it to Washington. But just at that time the financial panic came on and the project was postponed, but it is certain that it will now be successfully carried out. Prior to the dismantling of the place, Colonel Dunlap had a series of photographs taken as well as a great many blue prints showing the exact appearance of the rooms, and each bit of boarding is numbered so that the house will be just as it was before it was torn down. Even the plastering has been preserved and stored in barrels, so that it can be again mixed and used in mortaring the bricks. These bricks now lie in a heap, but are closely guarded, so as to prevent the depredations of relic hunters.

THE LINCOLN LOG CABIN.

When brought to Washington, the house will be rebuilt exactly as it was on the day on which the articles of surrender were signed. Much of the old furniture has been secured, and as far as possible the rooms will look just as they did thirty years ago. Negotiations have been opened with Mr. Gunther looking to the bringing on of his famous collection of war relics and the storing of them in the house, so as to make a most interesting museum. If this is accomplished, most of the furniture will be restored to its old chambers, and the table on which the terms of agreement were drawn up, which is owned by Mr. Gunther, will be placed on the very spot it occupied in April, 1865.



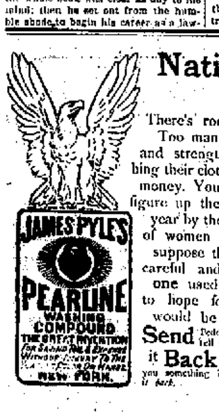
THE M'LEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX.

The house was owned at the time of the surrender by Mr. Wilmer McLean, who used to boast that the war opened and closed on his premises. While living at Manassas the battle of Bull Run was fought almost on his farm, and it was to get out of the theatre of active hostilities that he moved his family down to Appomattox, thinking that the tide of conflict would not flow so far south. But, by a strange coincidence, the very last act in the drama was in his parlor.

The Confederate army, about ten thousand strong, reached Appomattox at dawn on the morning of the 9th of April, and after an ineffectual attempt to break through the slowly contracting lines of the enemy, gave up in despair. Lee decided that it would be a useless waste of life to prolong the struggle, so arrangements were made that the two commanding generals should meet in the village and agree upon the terms of capitulation.

It was near 11 in the morning when Grant and Lee met in the road, and, as there was no convenient place where writing could be done, the party went to the house of Mr. McLean and occupied his parlor.

Here the terms were discussed and the final disposition of the Southern troops agreed upon.



National economy.

There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearline. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearline! It's too much to hope for—but the whole country would be the richer for it.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Strong Hope for a Day of Universal Arbitration.

When Standing Armies May Disappear and the World be Governed Upon Principles of Peace and Christianity.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation, basing it on the text:

The day is at hand.—Romans xiii., 12.

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farm house, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I can not tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next 12 months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel," and "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and and the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the 4th of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on November 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a sunburst of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by their evil prophecies are blaspheming the God who hath blest this nation as He hath blest no other.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or 20 or 50 rail tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how 50 worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, can not the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about 6 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last 25 years there have been international differences which would have brought a clash of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the narrows, or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace! Peace! England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through the peccadillo of an ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthropy said to the north: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the south: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The north replied: "I won't pay a cent." The south replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder. Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war $4,700,000,000, and the south pay $4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war-paint, and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as to vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red men and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments.

A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my corn fields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after awhile I say: "Stand back; don't crowd me any more or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Washington home is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevadas. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity! Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunities this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in 20 minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in 24 hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5,852 years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5,800 years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the prorogueing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in 24 hours a Divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God, from a hovering cloud, should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in 24 hours? Suppose He should present His Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrows; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck.

I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the famines and plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think the world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your courthouses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Law-giver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at two, if it is nearer morning at four o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after awhile, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist, but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after awhile, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some other term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old Scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—Him of the Red sea, Him of the valley of Ajalon, Him of Mars' Hill! English history says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war, thought of all the old cavalry horses lest they should be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Knavesmire heath and turned out these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle—and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line, ready for the fray. And, I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old Scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon." The old war horses mingling in the fight.

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under His feet, and all the armies of Heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. O Christ, how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow and scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to the contest! Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow. I uncover my heart. Strike! I can not see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we can not be glorified with Him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened. See! the hour is about to come. Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

GRAPES that purple in the sun,
Spilling your fragrance on the air,
I touch you soft with reverent hand—
God's thought is there!

O fields so like an amber sea,
Whose tides move as the soft winds blow,
You bear the impress of God's hand,
His touch you know!

But, soft-cheeked children of the sun—
His loving gift—you do not know
That each new added beauty means
But added woe!

And you, O yellow sea, you hide
Sirens as did seas long ago,
Luring the fair white barks we love
On rocks below!

O purple grapes upon the wall,
O amber fields, by soft winds blown,
God called you good, but you have turned
His bread to stone!
—Florence A. Jones, in Union Signal.

INEBRIETY IN FRANCE.

How the French Are Degenerating Through the Consumption of Alcohol.

The arguments of the opponents of total abstinence that the use of beer and light wines on the continent is conducive to temperance and that the people are not led thereby into intemperance and debauchery are being thoroughly refuted. This is the work of scientific medical men in both Germany and France. The Paris, France, correspondent of the Chicago Sunday Chronicle, writes:

A good deal of superficial claptrap is repeated year after year by writers about the remarkable sobriety of the Latin races generally and of the French people in particular. The Italians certainly seem to be as abstemious as they are hard working, but as for the French they are declared by their own most eminent medical authorities to be undergoing a rapid process of degeneration, brought on by the reckless consumption of brain-paralyzing, blood-poisoning liquors. Dr. Brunon, the well-known director of the medical school at Rouen, and a student of his, M. Tourdot, have just published the results of their studies on the subject, and these are eminently calculated to alarm French patriots. The latter gentleman dressed himself up as a waiter and obtained a place in a tavern in Rouen frequented by the lowest class of workmen, many of whom sleep there for a penny a night. M. Tourdot first studied his own colleagues. He declared that, on the whole, they are a sober class, but adds that the perpetual strain on their nerves, the lack of fresh air and the emanations from the alcohol generally bring on anaemia and tuberculosis, which means death in about 18 months. But the guests of this and similar places were the principal objects of M. Tourdot's investigations, and he says that these pitiable people, who earn about fourpence an hour, came regularly, drank their hour's wages in a few minutes, went back to earn more by the most laborious work, and then took to drinking the proceeds of it in like manner till day wore on into night and consciousness was drowned in intoxication. Sometimes he saw 160 glasses of the most pernicious alcohol served out in the short space of ten minutes. Dr. Brunon bitterly complains of the enormous number of little taverns of this type, and mentions one street in Rouen containing 150 houses, of which 78 are licensed to sell poisonous beverages.

Turning to the mothers of the coming generation of France, Dr. Brunon remarks that they are seldom brutally drunk, but that they subject themselves to a process of slow but chronic intoxication, productive of horrible results, and this mainly by drinking coffee. Not that coffee is bad in itself, but that it is never partaken of nowadays without alcohol, and in this latter form is drunk at all hours of the day and night, administered to the children—nay, actually brought to their cradles in little bottles by the affectionate mothers. At the tender age of seven years the unfortunate children are no longer given coffee with spirits, but alcohol neat. This sound incredible, but it is too true. A schoolmaster lately inquired of his pupils, all boys under nine years, how many of them abstained from these drinks, and he found that among his 63 pupils 24 were accustomed to partake of "la goutte" every day of their lives. The mystery is that they live as long as they do. He estimates the proportion of boys and girls thus infected with alcoholism in Normandy at from 40 to 75 per cent. At ten or eleven years the boys add the nicotine poison to the alcohol and are decimated like flies, or contract incurable diseases. No foreign foe, no destruction of human life by floods, collisions or explosions could possibly inflict upon the French race anything like the unspeakable evils which this curse of alcoholism has conjured up.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The devil never likes to have a man read a temperance page.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Transvaal Folksraad has enacted a new liquor law embodying total prohibition of the sale of liquor to natives.

The man who pays his whisky bill before he pays his meat bill, will soon want more whisky than meat.—Lever.

Intoxicating drink is the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, disease and insanity.—Prof. F. W. Newman.

Gambling is practiced to such an extent in Sydney, Australia, that the council of the churches is trying to put it down.

There are 324 active branches comprising 200,000 total abstainers in the Anglo-Indian Temperance association of India.

During the past year the National Temperance society circulated, through its missionaries in the south, over 5,000,000 pages.

Of 511 paupers in the Edinburgh poorhouse not one was an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

The juvenile temperance force in Great Britain is authoritatively estimated at 2,813,800 members, nine-tenths of whom are in the Band of Hope unions.

Why Saloons Are Excluded.

Often the title deeds for lots in towns, or in particular parts of towns, contain a clause forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on the premises. Why? Such a deed before us recites a number of nuisances that are prohibited. Such nuisances are injurious to health, and they retard the growth of the community with a good class of people. For the same reason saloons are prohibited. They are injurious to the community. Has anyone seen a deed in a prosperous community forever prohibiting the erection of a church, or the establishment of a Sabbath-school?—United Presbyterian.

BOSTON'S DRINKING HABIT.

Interesting Statistics Gathered by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University.

Prof. Peabody, of Harvard university, publishes in the Forum for July some extremely interesting statistics concerning the dimensions of the drink habit in the city of Boston. He is secretary of the committee of 50, of which Seth Low is president, which is engaged in the study of the liquor problem in various parts of the country, and the figures which he gives were collected under the direction of that organization:

A twofold inquiry was instituted, one to ascertain the average daily patronage of the saloons, and the other the average daily patronage of such resorts as could be fairly described as social substitutes for the saloon. The police patrolmen were asked to give estimates, based upon observation of the average daily attendance at each saloon, and these were in doubtful cases fortified with the evidence of the saloon keepers themselves. The attendance at the substitute places was obtained by an independent but none the less thorough system of inquiry. No effort was made to ascertain the attendance at hotels, private clubs, or licensed grocers, so that all the drinking is not included in the results.

The figures are formidable enough, however, to cause general astonishment. The whole number of saloons is 600, and the average daily patronage of them is 226,752, or about half the entire population of the city. This does not mean that half the population is in the habit of taking a drink daily, for some men enter several times a day, and in this estimate they are counted as different persons each time. The amount spent by each person is put at ten cents, which expert opinion says is the average sum, so that the total daily expenditure is $22,675, and the annual outgo in a year of 300 days $6,802,500. This is a gross income of about $10,000 for each saloon. Prof. Peabody points out that the annual expenditure for the Boston public school system is only a little over $2,000,000, and that the combined public school, fire, police and park departments of Boston do not cost so much as this total saloon income amounts to. "The sum of money paid over the Boston bars, nine-tenths of which, it may be fairly estimated, comes from persons of modest incomes, is sufficient to meet the total living expenses of nearly 11,700 families spending $600 each." Prof. Peabody places the number of males above 20 years of age in Boston at 150,530, and calculates that the "patronage of the saloons is as if every man in the city drank every day, and in addition treated a friend from the country every other day."

The returns from the substitutes for saloons are quite encouraging. There are 612 of these, coffee-rooms, pool-rooms, lunch-rooms, reading-rooms and clubs, of "a reasonable degree of attractiveness," and they have a daily attendance of 48,918, or, excluding the pool-rooms, 79,896. There is a much smaller proportion of non-resident visitors at the substitutes than at the saloons, so that these figures really show a considerable element of the population in regular attendance. Prof. Peabody says the patronage is encouraging to the promoters of this flank attack upon the saloon when one considers the inadequacy of many of these resorts, the meager provision for sociability and comfort as compared with the splendor of the saloons, and the disadvantage under which some of these substitutes are put by regarding sociability as secondary to moral or religious influence.—Evening Post.

A CYCLING TESTIMONY.

Successful Racer Must Let Brandy and Whisky Alone.

Almost every young man now can cycle. Seeing a young man pass, going like the wind, and as straight as an arrow, a friend (writes Rev. J. M. Strachan, B. D., Kinpindie, in Life and Work) said: "That is the champion cyclist in our county." Recently I had the pleasure of meeting him.

He has over 70 prizes gained by cycling, 41 gold medals, three silver ones, and the rest made up of such things as a silver tea set and a marble timepiece. Last year he rode 100 miles in 5 hours 34 minutes 22 seconds, and last year also he won the 50-mile road record in 2 hours 30 minutes 9 seconds, which means that he went on a road for 50 miles at the speed of one mile in every three minutes and much less than half a second.

He began his successful career by finding that the more regularly he pedaled and the straighter he rode he went the quicker. In a long race—he has broken three times the road record for 100 miles—there is no time allowed to take any refreshment. It must be taken on the back of the bicycle. This champion cyclist usually takes fruit or some thin gruel.

"Did you ever take spirits of any kind?" I asked. "I mean whisky or brandy."

"No. They cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. Anyone who tries it is soon broken-winded and puffed. It may help for a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily. But if he had ten miles, or had a long race before him, he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut."

"So you don't believe in brandy?"

"No. It may help for a short spurt, but is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer."

As I thought of the wide meaning of this as applied to life instead of cycling, I said: "Do you know, you are giving a strong testimony for temperance? We ministers often teach that spirits do more harm than good for a long and successful life, and that they are only good in any an accident or illness, when you need strength to pass quickly some danger. Would you kindly allow me to make known your experience and words? People are willing to believe a champion cyclist."

"Yes, I am quite willing."

Tavern Keeper Objects to Red Noses.

At the time of the beginning of the temperance agitation in Maine, 50 years ago, there was a Kennebec tavern keeper who was especially violent against any restraint of his business, and at a town meeting made a stirring speech against prohibition. In the course of the discussion the presiding officer called for a division of the house. All in favor of the traffic went to one side of the room, all opposed to the other. To the surprise of everyone, the old tavern keeper, after a moment's hesitation, deliberately went to the temperance side. "Why are you here?" the astonished people began to question. "You don't belong here. That's your side over there." The old man looked across the hall in disgust and retorted: "You don't suppose I'm going over there in that crowd of red noses, do you?"

Hard times is not the result of a bad monetary system or our tariff laws. The panacea is in the blotting out of the great and monstrous curse that now scrars the land with crime and misery. —True Index.

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS.

AMEN.

I cannot say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these:
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad:
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I do not know
Where fall the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below
Sometime, somewhere.

I do not look
Upon the present nor in nature's book
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's holy book,
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back, but hush that sigh,
It might have been,
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond, Amen.
—F. G. Browning, in Baptist Flag.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

It Is a Grace Suited to All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

The "variegated" grace of God. So the original warrants us in rendering it. It is not one dull, monotonous tone; it is not even sameness of glory or of beauty. It is diversified, it is manifold. It glints and glows here and there and everywhere. The sunlight is sunlight always, but it flashes a ruddy gleam from the ruby and glows as with a heart of fire in the opal and glitters in a thousand iridescent sparkles on the diamond. God's grace is God's grace always, but its development has different characteristics in each case to which it is applied. God's spirit, His agent for coming into immediate contact with the hearts of men, "worketh when and where and how He pleaseth." He trains Abraham for his career by revealing the Divine purpose in visions. He makes Moses a fit leader for his people by seeing to it that he is learned in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians." He fits Joshua for the conquest of Canaan by the discipline of the desert wandering. He gives to David the gift of sacred song as well as the martial prowess that built up the kingdom. He touched the lips of Isaiah "as with a live coal from off the altar." He used the practical Matthew and the impetuous Peter and the loving John and the whole-hearted and full-hearted Paul as apostles of the new dispensation. And so along the track of the advancing generations and in the present time the Holy Spirit is distributing to men of "the manifold grace of God." It is not grace for one line of conduct only nor for simply one situation in life. It is not grace suited to one case of mind alone, but to all sorts and conditions of men. It is not grace simply for living, nor alone for dying, but for each as the occasion demands. It is not alone grace that sorrow may be endured, but that happiness also may be endured with moral safety. It is grace for the downcast and the neglected, and also for those who are in places of large influence and power. It is grace for the merry-hearted young Christian, grace for the sober-minded and mature who bear the burden and heat of the day, grace for those whose hoar heads are crowns of glory and who are looking with calm serenity to the end of this life and the dawn of eternity. It is grace that will be colored by the medium through which it passes, as the sunlight is colored by the rich glass in some cathedral window. Yet it loses no essential quality, no more than does the sunlight through "storied window richly dight." The glass would be dull, unmeaning, were it not for the radiance of the sun poured through it. The human life would be without beauty were there no Divine grace to irradiate it. But it is obvious that this grace does not reduce and was not intended to reduce Christian lives to a tedious monotony. Life means—and grace is life—not mechanical formalism, but fullness and vigor and variety.—Oliver Addison Kingsbury, in N. Y. Observer.

THE BLEMISHED ONYX.

How God Beautifies Even Imperfect Human Character.

During my summer's rest among the mountains last year I heard a sermon in which the preacher introduced the following incident:

A lapidary brought a large and beautiful onyx to a distinguished artist for whom he had obtained many precious stones for carving.

"See how clear, pure, and transparent this stone is," said the lapidary; "what a fine one for you to exercise your skill upon were it not for this one fatal blemish." And he pointed out in one spot an underlying tinge of iron rust, which, as he said, "ruined the stone."

But the artist, with farreaching sight, seized upon the onyx and, having examined it attentively, purchased it. With matchless skill and delicacy he wrought upon the stone, carving the graceful form of a lovely goddess. And by a wonderful exercise of ingenuity, by sharp cuts of his engraving tool, and by light and patient touches, he fashioned the spot which had been thought an irreparable blemish into a leopard skin, upon which rested the foot of the goddess—the contrasting colors enhancing the beauty of the lovely cameo.

As the artist by patient skill and labor changes the unsightly spot on the onyx into a beautiful decoration, so sometimes, does God work upon His children. He sees in them some fault, some evil passion which blemishes the whole character; and He begins to use the discipline to give that molding which, by slow processes it may be, will change the blemish into something lovely. He may use sharp tools and the work may be tedious and trying; but if we submit ourselves to His hand, and especially if—unlike the passive onyx—we ourselves, being conscious of our faulty character, use our own earnest endeavors, latent graces will gleam out where only blemishes were seen. Rashness will be wrought into courage; increase into gentleness; sluggishness into patience; irritability into tender sensitiveness; avarice into thrift; impetuosity into earnestness. While in place of more glaring defects, strange transformations will appear—generosity instead of selfishness; humility instead of pride; love instead of hate. Thus will the whole character, by God's work in us, be beautiful.—Christian Work.

Great Ideas and Small Duties.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies.—James Martineau.

HORIZONS.

The Worst Thing About Human Slavery of Any Sort.

An American author whose most famous novels were based upon the institution of negro slavery and the social conditions which accompanied it, Albion W. Tourgee, says that the most accurate characterization of slavery he ever heard came from the lips of an old negro after the war, who said: "The worst thing about slavery, in my judgment, sah, was that it took away all the termorrers." Took away all the to-morrows—the tragedy of a race is summed up in those words. The phrase passes over all superficial sorrows, all pains of body, all hunger and lashings, and lays bare the heart of the slave. In the extreme of misery, as in the extreme of joy, life is centered in to-day. The slave remembers, but does not hope; yesterday and to-day blot out to-morrow. The rest from toil that comes with the evening twilight is the goal upon which his vision rests. Beyond that, ambition and imagination do not penetrate. "As a servant that earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling that looketh for his wages," his days are passed, in a world infinitely narrowed by the ceaseless bondage of soul and body.

The slave's horizon is not more contracted than the horizon of a servant of sin. The effect of willful defiance of the commands of God and conscience is to blunt the imagination, as well as other higher faculties of the mind, and to lessen the power of gaining pleasure and incentive from the future. That very weakening of hope sets in turn as a new source of temptation; for all sin may be considered as, in one aspect, willful shortsightedness. The man who has nothing to lose by sin does not exist; but the men who have long since become blind to what they have to lose by sin are all around us. Their horizon shuts out all high ideals and possible achievements which they once beheld with the keener vision of innocence. Beyond the pleasure and gain of the present and the near future there is nothing to draw them on; how seldom does a wicked man think willingly of his old age. One cannot imagine a youth deliberately planning 60 years of crime, or even of cold-blooded selfishness within the bounds of human law. His horizon is too limited for that. Gradually, as sin gains mastery over him, the look ahead is shortened until it may be truthfully said that "it takes away all the to-morrows"—except the to-morrows of retribution.

But leave the valley and begin to climb. How the prospect widens and the mists disappear: how far the Christian gazes into the future when he has reached the height. His outlook pierces the years, and is not limited even by the bounds of life. Even the life beyond becomes the subject of his reverent and joyful anticipation. No attainment of character, no perfecting of spiritual perception, is too distant to be a part of his hope and prayer for the future. Life is still a thing of to-day, but it receives its deepest and most sacred joys not from the recollection of yesterday, but from the possibilities of to-morrow. This broad horizon is the privilege of every Christian. It is true that such views do not come every day, nor are they expected when one is strenuously laboring for some immediate result; but in the quiet hours when one considers the general sum of daily trifles, the future becomes as real as the present.

Not only in conduct do we observe the importance of wide horizons. In the apprehension of spiritual truth nothing is more essential than a due respect for "to-morrow." Things which seem inexplicably to-day need not be set aside as impossible, if we remember how often similar difficulties have disappeared beneath the clearer light of other days. The wide horizon shows a world all whose parts are consistent with one another; a future which is the fulfillment of prophecy and the perfecting of present incompleteness. Being free men, let us no longer be content to live, like the slave, without a to-morrow.—Chicago Standard.

FINDING HAPPINESS.

It Is Found at One's Feet if Found at All.

Consider for a moment what comparative trifles will give pleasure—sometimes almost rapture—to certain minds, says Rev. James Thew, in the Young Woman, an English magazine. A bit of commonplace natural scenery, a fearless expression of honest opinion, a small deed of kindness, the merriment of a little child, the rosy light of a humble English home—these things can impart a joy of no mean order to a heart that is capable of receiving it. And when we remember that life is made up of such and similar things, we see what that man or woman misses who has not been, in some sort, schooled to perceive them. It is truly pitiful to think how much the great majority of people miss in this way. It is not that they are deliberately morose. It is not that they affect a contemptuous indifference. They simply do not understand the charm of common things.

The main difference, I believe, between two human beings, in the matter I am speaking of, lies in this: The one finds his happiness where alone it is to be found, if ever it be found, at his feet; while the other seeks it anywhere but there. At his feet—in the common arrangements of life, in the everyday relationships of life, in the patches of sunlight that lie even on the dreariest and most monotonous paths of life, and not in the romantic, the extreme, the superlative. You shall take the wealthiest man you know, and supposing him to be possessed of a truly rational soul; you will find that the extent to which he is happy is the extent to which he is capable of seeing into and enjoying common things—the affections of home, the humanities, the charities, the love of friends, the companionship of good books, the worship of the house of God and the numberless deeds of daily, patient, though unrecorded, heroism, of which only those who are "willingly ignorant" are, or need be, ignorant at all. The question for all who desire to add to their legitimate happiness is this: Can we pick it up on our appointed journey, or is our appointed journey converted into a laborious attempt to produce it elsewhere? The one is the method by which, with a quick eye and a warm heart, the desert can be made to blossom like the rose. The other would change the very garden of the Lord into a dry and thirsty land.

Duty-Doing Needs no Apology.

There is no need for an apology for doing your duty. We have seen persons who would rigidly live up to what they believed to be their duty, and then apologize to their friends for doing so. The person who is not morally brave enough to do his duty without an apology has in his make up the ingredients that are used in making the thief, the liar, the vagabond and the sneak.—Farmer's Union.

Judgment Day.

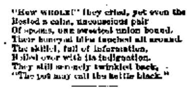
The day of judgment will not be so important as is the present day. That day will only reveal the position with reference to Christ that we choose to occupy now.—United Presbyterian.

No. 234.—A Charade.

All round the earth a whisper ran;
'Twas sputtered by the frying pan;
The great wash boiler standing near,
With mouth wide open, willed an ear;
A saucy saucepan at such scandal,
Two some declare, "went off the handle;"
The flame roared up the chimney stack:
"The pot has called the kettle black."

"How whole!" they cried, yet even there
Rested a calm, unconscious pair
Of spoons, one sweetest union bound,
Their honeyed bliss imparted all around.
The skillet, full of information,
Boiled over with its indignation.
They still serenely twinkled back,
"The pot may call the kettle black."

No. 235.—Geographical Anagrams.



Translate the two pictures into words; then rearrange the letters to form the names of two cities.

No. 236.—Lines Addressed to a Bird.

Mlaidtworo, thugtmywl,
Thairedtht, thairedthwu
ynidakyewhilfwtne,
Bint, eslemnanadalny;
Smurefainnelvrosty,
rfynrbtinghwitbkuw.

No. 237.—Transposition.

The old rat stroked his whiskers, and the young rat rubbed his ear.
He knew that [illegible] will sometimes pinch, but he must surely hear.
"My son," the elder said, "into the wide, wide world you go,
Where dogs and cats and traps abound, all set to work us woe.
But man is worst of all; beware his treacherous devices,
Which offers fair, but [illegible] two each rat it may entice.
He builds small houses that appear the coziest of [illegible],
But, ah, the dungeon and the rack who enters them will see.
A vile contrivance cuts the skull, as we would bite a stick.
Though years I often notice, seems unusually thick.
Another sort he has arranged to catch one by the [illegible].
Rarely rats have gnawed them off, and so got out alive.
But tender hearts their future fate must certainly deplore.
They now must limp on three feet who were born to run on four.
And there are prisons fixed with wheels, forever driven round
By captives weary [illegible] who toil within their narrow bound.
Be wary, Ratcliffe, yet be bold, nor yield to needless fright.
The man brought home some cheese today. We'll sample it tonight."

No. 238.—Geographical Primal Acrostic.

(Cities.)

England and France once strove for me,
A stronghold of great fame.
A patriot martyr, noble maid,
In history made my name.
I sit beside a summer sea
Near by a fateful mount.
The pilgrims run around in me
In numbers hard to count.
My palaces luxurious
Abound in vases most rare.
A commerce vast and rich is mine,
My windmills beat the air.
A quaint old walled city, I.
My wares the children love.
A great apostle born in me
Preached of the life above.
In my old castle, highland lairds
Once danced in tartans gay.
And when my edict was revoked
The Huguenots fled away.
I watch and wait the crescent's fall
Beside the Black sea's wave.
"City of Palms" of old was I;
My queen, Zenobia brave.
By treacherous means English blood
Was shed within my walls.
Near me a fair but fated queen
Held court in castle halls.

A city old these primals spell—
She holds the ocean's key.
Fair, with her domes and minarets,
She sits beside the sea.

No. 239.—A Diamond.

A letter. Vapor. A premium given for a loan. Scolds. To predict. [illegible]. Forming into small channels. Harvest[illegible]. To speak. Part of the human leg. A letter.

No. 240.—Removals.

Remove the head of a bird, and what is left of him will wade in the mire.

Remove the tail of an animal, and he will be worn as a mark of distinction.

Remove the eye of a fish, and he will be a position.

Remove the heart of a tree, and it will be an exclamation.

A Pretty Trick.

The possibility of putting several silver quarters into a wineglass already full of water to the brim may be doubted, yet with a steady hand it can be done. First wipe a wineglass perfectly dry inside and out, especially around the rim; pour the water gently into it from a spouted mug till the glass is full to the brim; then drop the quarters edgeways gently in. As soon as the edge of a quarter touches the water let it fall. Be careful not to wet the edges of the glass. Having completed the task, you will be surprised to see how very much the water now stands above the level of the brim without flowing over. This is due to the cohesive attraction of the water.

Mechanical Proceedings.

The locksmith came out, looking knobby, with a big rose in his buttonhole. His countenance was screwed into a smile, but none knew the key to his happiness. Just then a creditor appeared, and the locksmith, making a spring, bolted down the street, where, after securing shelter, he barred himself in.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 227.—A Charade: Carmen.

No. 228.—A Literary Puzzle: Holmes, Story, Wordsworth, Gray, Lowell, James Hogg, Josephus, Jane Porter, Milton, Miller (Hugh).

No. 229.—Anagram: Goods.

No. 230.—Illustrated Primal Acrostic: Initials: Webster. 1. Wall. 2. Egg. 3. Bowl. 4. Sword. 5. Tree. 6. Easel. 7. Rocker.

No. 231.—Changed Heads: Dark, park, hark, lark, bark, mark.

No. 232.—Decapitation: Rout, out.

No. 233.—Fowling Participles: 1. S-tealing. 2. C-rooking. 3. G-loring. 4. N-umbering. 5. R-egretting. 6. S-cooting. 7. T-easeling. 8. T-railing.

"They say she made a regular show of herself at the summer resorts."

"I noticed that she had three rings."—Detroit News.

A Coming Champion.

Big Un—No back talk, I tell yer, or I'll knock yer head off!

Little Un—You knock my head off? You! Why you'd just be pie for me. If I on'y struck yer wunst, yer back teeth'd bend so you'd have ter wear yer "Santa" round yer neck for the rest of yer miser'ble life!—Truth.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1896.

Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Syrup, Spices, Tobacco, Fresh Fruits, California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Candies and Canned Goods, Fish.
Wool Carpets, Rag Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings and Linoleums.

SUGARS, ALL GRADES.

The Cuban War has had much to do with the Sugar market. The supplies are being cut off, the plantations destroyed, and if continued will undoubtedly advance the prices much more. Anticipating higher markets we have laid in a large lot and will continue to sell at the late quotations. Standard Granulated, per lb 5½c; White Coffee C, 4¾c; Good Yellow Extra C, 4c; Cut Loaf and Powdered, 6c; Standard Coffee A Sugar, 5c.

TEAS: GREEN, OOLONG AND JAPAN.

The market has changed but little since our last report. The fine grades of Teas command full prices—besides they are very cheap in comparison with a few years ago, when no Tea could be bought less than 40 to 50c. We now sell a good Tea at 20c lb, and a fair Tea at 15c lb. Our best, 50c. No better to be had anywhere, no matter if you pay 75c for it.
Young Hyson, good, 25c; extra, 30c; best, 50c.
Gun Powder, good, 30c; very best, 50c.
Oolong Black Tea, 35c; best, 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 30c; extra best, 50c.
English Breakfast, best quality, 50c.
Tea in 1 pound packages, 15c; Imperial best, 50c.

COFFEES REDUCED 1c ALL AROUND.

The best Rio now down to 17c per lb. | Java, Old Government, now 25c per lb.
The best Roasted Rio, loose, 20c per lb. | Government Java, Roasted, 31c per lb.
Coffee in packages, now 20c per lb. | Mocha, Green, 25c; Roasted, 31c per lb.

Lake Fish and Boston Fish.

Kips No. 1 Georgia Cod Fish, 5c lb; good Hake, looks like Cod Fish, 3c lb; Cod Fish in pound bricks, 10c lb; Scotch Herring, $1.10 per keg; Holland Herring, 80c per keg; Labrador Herring, [illegible] per barrel; Mackerel, in kits, $1.25 and $2.25; Mackerel, per lb, 15c; Extra Bloater Mess, 15c per lb; Dried Herring in boxes, 14c per box; No. 1 White Fish, in kits, $1.50; Family White Fish, in kits, 50c; Pickerel, in kits, $1.00; Smoked Yarmouth Bloaters, 15c each; Finnan Haddies, 8c.

RICE DOWN TO 4c LB.—We have a large shipment just to hand. Nice Rice, as good as sold at 8c, for 4c lb; it is from Louisiana. Also New Orleans Molasses, a good quality down to 15c gallon; and the best Yellow New Orleans at 35c gallon; also the Silver Drips, at 30c gallon, and also Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon.

OILS—LINSEED, HARNESS AND MACHINE OILS.

Boiled Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Raw Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Harness Oil, 80 gallon; also in small cans, 10c can; Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Castor Oil, 70c gallon; Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

California and Domestic Dried Fruits and Canned Goods.

California Peaches, best, 15c can; Green Gages, 12½c can; Apricots, 15c can; Egg Plums, 12½c can; White Cherries, 20c can; Baltimore Peaches, 3 lb yellow, 10c can; Baltimore Pie Peaches, 8c can, and one gallon cans Apples, nice goods, 15c can. This is 5c lower than ever sold at. Best Indiana Packed Tomatoes, 7c can; Illinois Nice Packed Corn, 5c can.

THE DRIED FRUITS.—No. 1 Extra California Peaches, 7c lb; California Prunes, 5c lb; Large Extra Prunes, 10c lb; California Raisins, right good, 4c lb; Extra Muscatels, 5c lb; Best London Layers, 6c lb; No. 1 New Zantes Currants, 5c lb; they are nicer than those in packages at 7c; Dried Apples, 5c lb.

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS.

Good Cigars, 50c per box; Extra Choice, 75c per box; Royal Seal, 60c per box; Artistic, 60c box; C. C., $1.25 box.
PLUG TOBACCO.—Battle Ax, 25c lb; Horse Shoe, 35c lb; J. T., 30 lb; Durham Smoking, 45c lb; Mail Pouch, 25c lb; Sweet Conqueror, 18c lb; Fine Cut, 25c and 40c lb.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Wines are now very cheap; all grades are down 20c gallon. We now sell Best Catawba Sweet Wine, 70c gallon; Port and Sherry Wine, 90c gallon, use to sell them at $1.50 and formerly $1.25, now at 90c gallon; No. 1 Best California Muscatel and Angelica Wine, 90c gallon; Blackberry Wine, 90c gallon; Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter, 20c bottle. We have two dozen of Genuine Champagne, ½ pints, usually sold at $1.25 bottle, we offer it at 60c a bottle. It was bought from the Aveline House proprietor when the house changed hands. Brandy, Gin and Knonmel, $1.00, $1.50 and $1.75 gallon; Old 78 Pure Bourbon, $2.50 gallon; other Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 gallon.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings, Window Shades.

The corner room we have devoted exclusively to these goods, and a most interesting line we have. We can suit all parties in prices and patterns. All Wool Carpets down to 50c, and good Ingrain, 28 and 35c yard; Brussels, 45c a yard; Best Brussels, 75c yard; Velvets, 75c yard; Nice Rag Carpet, Philadelphia make, 25c yard; Chinese Matting, 12c, 15c and 20c yard; Rugs, 30c, 45c, 85c, $1.25 and $3.50 each.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

One yard wide, yard, 20c and 30c; one and one-half yards wide, 30c and 45c yard; two yards wide, 40c and 60c yard; two and one-half yards wide, 75c yard; Linoleum, two yards wide, 85c, and $1.25 yard.

WINDOW SHADES.—We have a good shade at 10c each; extra at 25c each; best, 35c each. Also Lace Curtains, a very nice one as low as 45c pair; extra nice, $1.00, $1.25 and $2 pair. We have a fine line of these goods and can save our customers money on these goods as well as on other goods.

Fort Wayne Fruit House.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY SEPT. 26, 1896.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

A DESCENDANT OF LORD BALTIMORE NOW LIVING THERE.

Senator Faulkner the Busiest Man at the Capitol—The Coming Marriage of Miss Boydie Faulkner — General Gossip.

Washington Letter.

HELEN CALVERT

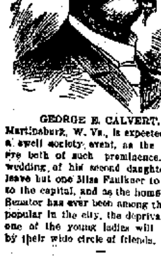
FEW even of those who have passed their lives within the gates of the capital know that there is now living here a gentleman who can rightfully claim that he is the lineal descendant of the last Lord Baltimore and the rightful heir to the title. This gentleman is George E. Calvert, who is in the Court of Claims, but his home is over on the hills of Virginia, a beautiful site from which one can see the winding Potomac, the long, long line of foothills and the glittering domes of the Capitol and new library, while the tall, white shaft of the Washington monument rises like a dagger piercing the sky. The first Lord Baltimore was Sir George Calvert, who was among the English gentlemen who obtained from the Crown the charter for the Virginia Company in 1609, when the colonists were rapidly settling on new lands in America. While holding the position of Secretary of State he became a Roman Catholic, and as the prevailing religion was Protestant he resigned his high office, as he did not think it right to serve an administration with whose sentiments he could not agree. Much pleased by the honorable course the King made Calvert Lord Baltimore, his estates lying in a town of that name in Ireland.

Before the papers by which Maryland was conveyed to Calvert were made out, that gentleman died, and it was to his son, Cecilius, that the charter was granted in June, 1632, by which the new province was named in honor of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, Maryland. The Lords Baltimore remained in England always, being literally the ruling Governor of the colony, but the eldest son of the lord was sent to act as the representative of the nobleman. Thus there were a great many Governors of Maryland in this country bearing the name Calvert, while the lord was still in England. At last the line of descent in England died out; there were no heirs at all in the Old World who could inherit the title, for though the revolution made Maryland an independent State that did not affect the rights of the Lords Baltimore, who possessed the titles and estates in England, and had one of the American heirs returned to the ancestral home they would have taken the title.

The present Mr. Calvert is in a direct line from the eldest son of the last of the English Lords of the Baltimore house. As he has always lived here in America and the estates could not be returned to the family at this date, it is scarcely possible that, even if he wished, he could secure from the Crown any of the old property of the family left in England. Yet such is far from his intention. A quiet, courteous gentleman with most modest and unassuming manners, he is a thorough American, and cares nothing for his titled ancestry, nor wishes to inherit their lands or estates. His daughter, were he to claim his English title, would be Lady Helen, and the child, who is about 8, is a sweet-faced blonde with the retiring manners of her father. Mrs. Calvert was a Miss Swan, a daughter of one of the most distinguished families of Virginia and a lady whose aristocratic descent shows in her patrician bearing.

The most prominent man in town at present is Senator Faulkner, who is absorbed in his campaign work. Should the silver men win it would certainly seem that his services ought to be substantially recognized by a Cabinet position, one for which he is eminently fitted. Senator Marion Butler and family are also in the city, and it would seem that the silver forces are gathering strongly with great numbers at the capital.

The wedding of Miss Boydie Faulkner, which will be celebrated soon at


GEORGE E. CALVERT.

Martinsburg, W. Va., is expected to be a swell society event, as the parties are both of such prominence. The wedding of his second daughter will leave but one Miss Faulkner to return to the capital, and as the home of the Senator has ever been among the most popular in the city, the deprivation of one of the young ladies will be felt by their wide circle of friends.

Washington has been visited recently by a rising young Southern woman, who is making an enviable reputation for herself in Boston. This is Mrs. Caroline Green Noble, whose fame as a writer of negro dialect stories, of which she is the interpreter, has made her well known in Boston. On the site on which now stands the magnificent new Congressional Library, rose many years ago the old mansion owned by General Duff Green. Here it was that Mrs. Noble was born. The death of her father left the mother a widow with several young children, so the family emigrated to California. Mrs. Green was of the distinguished family of Pickens, being a granddaughter of the famous General Pickens, of revolutionary fame. Determining to attain her success in the center of Northern culture, a short while ago Mrs. Noble, who had displayed great talent as a writer of Southern life, went to Boston, and though she knew no one, in a little while had established a reputation, and her readings were given at most of the swell literary clubs in the Hub. Her success has been phenomenal, and it is probable that she may tour the country with her readings, unless she accepts a position on some magazine. Miss Floride Green, a younger sister of Mrs. Noble, has taken up camera work and made such a success of her fine artistic photography that the magazines of New York pay her the highest prices given for pictures.

John Floyd, who is now employed in the Navy Department, in this city, is at work on some remarkable inventions, and as he has turned out such important work as the cigarette making machine, it is not doubted but that his other inventions will be as great successes. Mr. Floyd is a son of the late Governor Floyd, of Virginia, and a nephew of Floyd, who was Secretary of War during Buchanan's administration.

Though Washington is deserted it will be but a few weeks before people will be coming back with a rush. Yet the officials are not expected to open

MISS BOYDIE FAULKNER.

their homes before October or the 1st of November. There will be many vacancies this season and many familiar faces will disappear, for the Brices, who were the most extravagant of hosts will not return, at least not as members of the Senatorial set, for Foraker has taken the seat of the former Ohio Senator.

TINY OXEN.

One of the Great Zoological Curiosities of Far-Off Japan.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domestic animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologist as the "sacred running oxen," says an exchange. They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height. One sent to the marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living and is believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only twenty-two inches high and weighs but 109¼ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a 200-pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk, that a Buddhistic priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used as a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison walls. The stone in question was exactly two and a half feet square. It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and he realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30-inch square opening and miraculously passed through it. The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon which never grows too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first famous dwarfed ox.

Americans Becoming Frog Eaters.

From present indications Americans will soon be outdoing France in the consumption of frog flesh. The city of New York alone consumes 600,000 "hams" of frogs during the year. These delicacies are now sold in tin boxes like other conserved meats.

Shocked His Young Bride.

Marshal Radcliff of Jackson, Ohio, and John Johnson of the Wellston, Ohio, police force drove to Hamden, Ohio, and arrested Harry Sullivan, who was stopping at the Worthington hotel with his young wife of less than a week, for bigamy. Sullivan has a former wife living at Ironton, Ohio, it is said. When Sullivan was placed under arrest he at first protested his innocence, but through the earnest pleadings of his victim to know the truth, he broke down and confessed that he had a wife living at Ironton, Ohio. His second wife, who was a Miss Reeves of Jackson, Ohio, completely gave way under the shock, and is now lying unconscious, and every effort of the attending physicians fail to revive her. Sullivan is an artist by profession, and claims he formerly lived at Cincinnati before going to Ironton, where he was married to his first wife.

Truthfulness.

A man may, from education, training and habit, or even from motives of policy, or other reasons, usually speak the truth, and be esteemed accordingly. Yet he may not by any means be imbued with the spirit of truth which animates his neighbor, who loves and reveres it, not merely for its results, but for its own sake, whose impulses spring toward it, and whose whole life manifests it, not only in word, but in deed and in thought. Truth does not get excited by flinging it at people; it is exalted whenever it is really expressed in a man's life and shines out through him.

Sorry for the Minister.

Many things look queer the first time we see them.

Five-year-old Freddie was showing the young minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face, and then rested with a look of troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the Piccadilly boots.

Finally he blurted out his anxiety in the question: "Ain't you got but one toe?"—Babyland.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

The Old Time Blanket Shawl Returns to Favor.

USEFUL AS WELL AS STYLISH.

The Astrakhan Effects Predominate in Fall Fabrics—Wool That Is Woolly—The New Basques Are Neat and Attractive. Some Elaborate Costumes Described.

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I wonder if there are any of my readers who can remember away back in the sixties and recall the wrinkled but lovely old face of grandma? And if they can remember grandma, can they not remember, too, how, when chill winds blew, they asked her to "let me come under your shawl?" If they can remember that far back, they must even now feel the gentle warmth, like the embrace of loving arms, as the folds of the blessed "blanket shawl" enwrapped them. How big those shawls were, how warm, how ample and how handsome they looked we may recall, but for many and many a day we have seen none of them. They used in winter time to cover warmly half a dozen little girls on the way to school, and they even hinted at the uses of the "highland plaidie" which warmed the simple lovers of the moors and fens of bonny Scotland. "Come under my plaidie," says the Scotch lover, and perhaps—who knows?—grandma herself may have sat while grandpa kept the dear old shawl about her shoulders—round them—with his strong arm. Anyhow, we all have kept a tender place in our hearts for the dear old dead and forgotten blanket shawl.

Well, capricious fashion has suddenly remembered all these things and has said: "Bless me! Here is something that I haven't seen for half a century. What is it? Oh, yes; a dear, comfortable old shawl. Now, then, ladies, look at it and then besiege your money producers, for wear these shawls this winter you shall or I will know the reason why. You may turn up your noses at something made only for use and comfort—you shall wear them for style, all of you." And here they are.

To the thoughtful person the return of the blanket shawl to fashion is but the natural sequence of the rotation of everything, but these shawls strike one "all of a heap." They are made of the finest and softest of lamb's wool and measure a yard and a half wide and three yards long. They are fringed on the two ends, but selvage on the sides. Some are two yards wide by four long. They are all doubled like blankets; hence the name. The fringe is of the threads of the wool. Some of them are very dark blue and green in block and also in clan plaid. Gray and black in large and small plaids are shown. Some have the center of the shawl in gray, with a border of gray and black plaid. Others are all in shepherd checks in light and dark alternating colors. Unbroken centers are shown in some, with indistinct plaids of the two colors at the ends and sometimes all around, and some are regular checkerboard plaid—red and black. The most of them are twilled, with a very light and fleecy face over the surface, but some are heavier and in ordinary warp and woof. Fashion tells us that these shawls may be worn folded diagonally, which brings them into four thicknesses over the shoulders, or they may be folded lengthwise — doubled — and wrapped around the upper part of the body and the long ends thrown over the left shoulder in Spanish style. The fourfold thickness around the upper part of the neck was always a drawback, but now a strong and pretty steel or other metal clasp is furnished which takes in the "pinch," which holds the shawl to the shoulders without undue muffling. This pinch makes a fold, and it can be arranged to give a capuchin effect to it. The shawl when folded lengthwise is a trifle longer than to the waist line, and it can be drawn up in mantilla shape or crossed over the bust roboma style. In this case it is folded across the bust with a few bold plaits, and one end is thrown over the left shoulder and hangs down in the back. The clever wearers will find a dozen graceful and becoming ways to wear them.

There is an adaptability in the blanket shawl that no wrap can afford. It can be doubled into a pillow and may wrap the baby—or the poodle—close to the heart in wet, cold weather, and it can be folded into a neat parcel with a shawl strap.

The woolen stuffs, being so thick and so burry with little knobs, knots and tufts, make almost all cloaking and other stuffs for wraps provided before appear scant and poor. The shawl in some indefinable manner is just the right thing in the right place to wear with these. It is not the poor who will wear them, for they cost quite a penny. No kind of cloak can ever be put to so many uses or be adapted to so many persons.

It seems to me that I have mentioned nearly all the new fabrics—that is, in classes, as the rough homespuns and fleecy surfaces, and also the astrakhan effects on the different other woolens. The astrakhan or curled effect, called boucle by the French, is to be the most pronounced of all the fall and winter stuffs, but the little curls or tufts or knobs, whichever they may be, are more sparsely scattered than ever before on that kind of weave. The cheviots, twills, camel's hairs and plaids all have the astrakhan idea woven into them somehow or somewhere. What two years ago was called horse hair is now given the more pleasing name of zibeline, and this is quite as hairy as the other.

All this rough and woolly textile has not entirely displaced the smooth surfaced wools, for there are fine cashmeres, mohairs and silk and wool mixtures, both black and colored. Some of these, and particularly those in black, where the brocade is small, odd shaped figures on a solid ground, are really more beautiful than silk. Scarcely any lady considers her wardrobe complete without a fine black gown of some kind, and as silks I can unfortunate tendency to grow shiny with a very little wear, one of these wool brocades is far better and more satisfactory, besides being so elegant.

I think I like the new basques, with their simple lines and plain designs, better than I have ever appreciated the variations on all the poor King Louis. They are now made to button to the top with small buttons set closely together and left to be a visible part of the trimming. Some are double breasted, and they always were pretty and dressy, with little effort on the part of the dressmaker. When there are any revers at all to a basque, they are apt to run to extremes and appear more like wings. For home gowns the loose waists, or at least those with gathered blousy fronts, seem to be best liked. These may differ entirely from the skirt or be of the same stuff.

One pretty suit of this kind had the skirt of green and wood brown striped silk overstrewn with a pattern of tiny branches of pink coral. Down each side of the front breadth there was a line of fine white lace insertion, with dark green velvet ribbon interlaced in true Irish fashion. The sleeves and back of the waist were of the silk. The front was of coral pink silk mull and laid in extra full, deep plaits, and these were edged with butter colored lace. Another handsome gown for home or visiting was of printed taffeta in wild morning glory vine design, natural size. On each side the front breadth were two deep folds like a panel, and they were of sage green to match the ground of the silk. The back of the waist was of satin and was covered with malines lace. This extended in front in form of a figaro. The sleeves were of satin and lace in an elbow puff, with a deep frill of doubled satin. The front was very closely gathered at the top and bottom, finished at the neck with a double frill and at the bottom with a linked gilt belt.

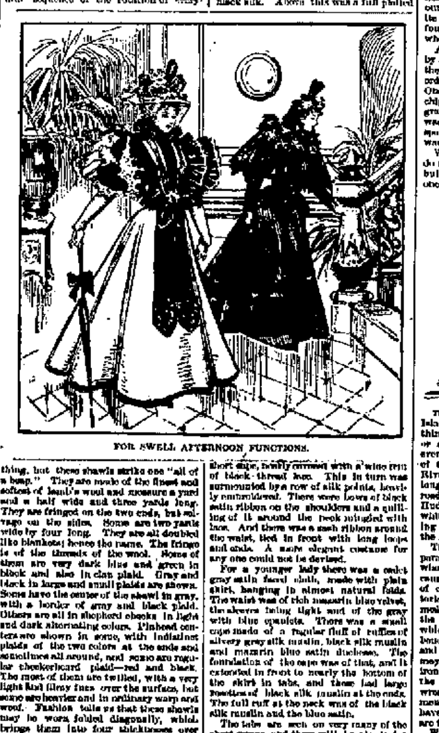
By the way, these narrow belts are about to give place to wide ones, with points somewhat in the swiss girdle shape. Some will only have a downward point, but the most will be pointed both ways. Linked belts or girdles of gold and silver, also fine steel and jeweled ones, will be worn on many gowns. Their use is not confined to gowns with loose waists. They will be considered very elite around basques and pointed waists also.

For a swell tea or any other afternoon function I saw two unusually rich and tasteful costumes, including wraps. One was for a middle aged lady. The gown was of satin duchesse of the most superb quality. The skirt was made with seven gores and was held in loose gathers all around. It was finished off plain at the bottom on the outside, but had four narrow ruffles of taffeta on the inside. The waist was gathered in rich, loose folds at both top and bottom, and had a narrow self belt beaded solidly with fine cut jet. The sleeves were medium sized gigots, with wrinkled forearms. There was a most elegant wrap made sleeveless, but with a waist portion which was gathered in to fall below the waist some eight inches in richly embroidered scallops done in black silk. Above this was a full plaited short skirt, heavily covered with a wide trim of black thread lace. This in turn was surrounded by a row of silk points, heavily embroidered. There were bows of black satin ribbon on the shoulders and a quilling of it around the neck mingled with lace. And there was a sash ribbon around the waist, tied in front with long loops and ends. A more elegant costume for any one could not be devised.

For a younger lady there was a cadet gray satin faced cloth, made with plain skirt, hanging in almost natural folds. The waist was of the cloth made to blouse very slightly in front. The sleeves were tight and of the gray with the blue epaulets. There was a small cape made of a regular fluff of ruffles of silvery gray silk muslin, black silk muslin and mazarin blue satin duchesse. The foundation of the cape was of that, and it extended in front to nearly the bottom of the skirt in tabs, and these had large rosettes of black silk muslin at the ends. The full ruff at the neck was of the black silk muslin and the blue satin.

The tabs are seen on very many of the short wraps, and there will be also in fur goods the tabs and stole effects. These are always stylish, and are particularly well adapted for the stout woman.

MATE LEROY.


FOR SWELL AFTERNOON FUNCTIONS.

The Next President.

The editor of The Jersey Jamjar, with that superior wisdom of which every editor is possessed, stood on the curbstone in front of his palatial office, letting the cool air permeate the aforesaid wisdom, when the local photographer passed by with his camera, going toward the railroad station.

"Ah, there," saluted the editor. "Whence goest?"

"I go," returned the photographer, "to take a picture of the next president of the United States."

"Of course it will be a picture of the man you want elected," said the editor, who was opposed politically to the photographer.

"No, sir. It will be a picture of the next president."

The editor was getting rather wrought up.

"Will you guarantee it?" he asked.

"I'll put up my check for $500 that it will be the correct picture," responded the photographer.

The editor scratched his dome of thought.

"I'm not very flush," he said, "but I'll give you on that guarantee $200 for a cut of the picture to print in my paper."

It looked like a cinch for the editor, and seven men told the photographer he was a plumb idiot, but he drew up a contract for the editor to sign binding him to pay $200 for the cut, the photographer guaranteeing it to be correct. Then he started on for the train.

"Get that cut back here in time for Sunday's paper," called the editor.

"Guess not," responded the photographer. "There's nothing in this contract about when I am to take the picture. I can't take it until after election, of course, under my guarantee, and you ought to know it."

Then the scrap began, and at last accounts all of that end of New Jersey was taking sides.—New York Sun.

Credulous Negroes.

Negroes at Griffin, Ga., have been excited recently over what purported to be a copy of a letter written by Christ and discovered by a 7-year old child under a Mesopotamian rock 65 years after the crucifixion.

The Most Powerful Light.

There is to be a new electric lighthouse placed on Fire Island, off Long Island, that will have the estimated power of 450,000,000 candles, making it the most powerful artificial light in the world.

If it is true that the Russian wheat crop is a dead failure this year, there will be opportunity for American farmers to take in some money.

THE NATION'S HERO.

GRANT'S MONUMENT AT NEW YORK APPROACHING COMPLETION.

A Superb Structure of Granite Overlooking the Lordly Hudson—Present Condition of the Memorial—Many Delays In Construction—Visitors to the Tomb.

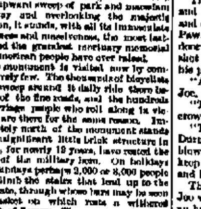
With the exception of a single huge derrick, a sculptor's scaffold or two and a few other marks which indicate that workmen are still busy on it, the Grant Memorial monument in New York city is, as far as the exterior structure goes, about complete. The heroic statues which are to crown the various corners and the equestrian group which is to finish the capstone are yet wanting, and part of the frieze and many of the panels have as yet been untouched by the sculptor's chisel, but the body of the structure, from the base to the very top of the dome, on which a bronze "Victory" is to drive her chariot, is completed.

It has been nearly 4½ years since the ground was broken for the foundation. If the structure is completed by the 26th of next April, the anniversary of the great general's birth, the work will have to be pushed along faster than it has been in the past. The delays have been many. The first time set for the dedication was April 26, 1891. Early in that year it was seen that the structure would not be more than half finished by that time, so the date was changed to 1895, but after another year of slow progress there had to be another postponement. It was stoutly thought that by December, 1895, the work would be done, but the snows that fell last winter covered only the top of the square portion. There had been difficulty in getting the stone from the quarries, the stonecutters had struck, and all sorts of things happened. Early last spring, though, the work began to be pushed merrily along, and the graceful base of the round lantern, or drum, rose steadily. Then came the conical dome, and within the last week or two the unsightly scaffoldings have been torn down, revealing the monument in all its grandeur of solidity, grace and beauty.

No matter how much the detail of statues and sculpture will add to the appearance of the monument at close range, the general effect from a distance will be practically the same, and that, every beholder must confess, is truly inspiring. Such massiveness, such beautiful simplicity of outline, as is conveyed by those solid granite walls, those graceful pillars, is to be found in no other memorial structure anywhere in the new world.

At present the monument is surrounded by a board fence about 10 feet high. This the contractor found necessary to erect in order to keep out relic hunting vandals. One of these—a woman, by the way—chipped a piece off the corner of a huge granite block weighing several tons. It was a piece only as big as her hand, but it spoiled the whole block. Then the fence was built.

While the proportions of the monument do not compare with other monuments or buildings in height, yet its position upon one of the highest points on Manhattan


THE GRANT MONUMENT AS IT IS TODAY.

Island makes it appear to tower over everything in sight. In whatever way the visitor approaches he must look up to view even the base. Located as it is, at the end of that magnificent boulevard known as Riverside drive, and closing the vista of a long upward sweep of park and macadam roadway and overlooking the majestic Hudson, it stands, with all its immaculate whiteness and massiveness, the most lasting and the grandest mortuary memorial the American people have ever raised.

The monument is visited now by comparatively few. The thousands of bicyclists who sweep around it daily ride there because of the fine roads, and the hundreds of carriage people who roll along in victorias are there for the same reason. Immediately north of the monument stands the insignificant little brick structure in which, for nearly 12 years, have rested the bones of the military hero. On holidays and Sundays perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 people may climb the stairs that lead up to the iron gate, through whose bars may be seen the casket on which rests a withered wreath of flowers. The gray coated policemen who have guarded the tomb for years have a restful and somnolent time of it and are fat and satisfied in appearance.

When the interior of the new tomb is completed, the casket will be transferred to its capacious crypt, 160 feet below the white dome. It will be many months before this is done, however, for there is much more to be done to the interior, which is in a still more unfinished state than the exterior. The massive brick arches and concrete backing, which is slowly becoming as hard as the granite coating itself, are yet to be covered with a sheathing of marble slabs.

Many visitors think that the monument itself is built entirely of marble, but all the exterior stonework is granite. It took a long time to find stone that would be suitable, but at last, away up in the interior of Maine, was discovered a quarry where granite of the requisite fineness and whiteness was abundant. The blocks cut there are the largest ever used in a building in this country and an enormous amount of labor and ingenuity it has taken to get them out, carry them to the spot and put them in position. But now that they are there nothing but a terrible earthquake can shake them from their position.

It was at first thought by some critics that the granite would eventually become as gray and dingy as that in the walls of the New York postoffice, which is also Maine granite, but the contractor assured them that the stains which appeared a few months ago came merely from the moisture in the mortar which held the bricks together, and he has since proved it by washing the walls and leaving them in all their pristine purity.

MARK NORRIS.

COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

The Little Old Woman Set Her Price and Got It.

I was at the railroad offices to see the manager, and while I waited for him a little old woman in a poke bonnet and a homespun dress and carrying a long used umbrella in her hand came up stairs, and after looking around she walked up to me and said:

"Waitin to see the boss, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"So'm I. Ever met him before?"

"Never."

"Waal, I hev. He's a bluffer. He'll jest try to outholler yo'. If he can't do that he will sulk like a mewl. If yo' don't seem to keer for that, then he'll order yo' out. Then's the time you want to draw back yo'r umbreller, like this, and pint it at him, like this, and let him see he's got to cum down or yo'll make a hole right through him. Bin run over by the railroad?"

"No."

"Had hogs or cattle run over?"

"No."

"Waal, keep an eye on him in thar, and don't take no bluff."

Half an hour later I met her down stairs. She had several greenbacks in her hand and seemed to be in a pleasant frame of mind.

"Did you succeed?" I queried.

"Yo' jest about that I did!" she replied, shaking the money at me. "I went in thar and crooked my finger at him and sez:

"'Cum down! Yo'r ole railroad has smashed him all to squash and has to pay for it!'

"'How much?' sez he.

"'Twenty dollars,' sez I.

"'I'm gwine $10.'

"'Make it $15, or I punch!'

"'Waal, say $15.'"

"And so you had a hog run over and got $15 for it?" I asked.

"Hawg! Hawg! Who said hawg?" she demanded. "No, sah! The railroad ran over my ole man and scattered him along for seven miles, and I do believe if I'd stuck out for $16 I'd hev got it plump down in my hand!"—New York Sunday World.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Things Were Exciting.

On the broad prairie, eight miles from any other house, I came upon a pioneer smoking his pipe at the door of his dugout. After we had passed the time of day I asked him if he didn't get a bit lonesome now and then, so far from his fellow men.

"Not a bit," he sturdily replied. "Say, thar's more excitement right around here than you kin shake a stick at. Indeed thar's too much of it, and that's the reason I don't do more work."

I couldn't see anything around but a lame horse and a flock of buzzards, with an old woman and a yellow dog peering out of the door at me, but the man read my thoughts and said:

"Take this week, for instance. This is Saturday afternoon. This is the way things hev gone this week:

"Monday.—Had a fight with the old woman and got whopped.

"Tuesday.—Had a fight with the old woman and whopped her.

"Wednesday.—Killed 16 rattlesnakes and a blue racer and had the ager.

"Thursday.—Got a drink from a stranger and had another row with the old woman. Neither got whopped. Old woman had the ager.

"Friday.—Licked Bill Thomas fur callin me a liar and killed 14 rattlesnakes. Put a second mortgage on my claim.

"Saturday.—Had a fight with the old woman and got whopped. Killed more snakes. Traded cornmeal for whisky and had the ager. Fool of a traveler cum along on a white hoss and wanted to know if I didn't git lonesome."

"That fool of a traveler means me?" I asked.

"Waal, it mought and it moughtn't. But you'll find water fur yer hoss half a mile below, and if I was you I'd go around tryin to chirk folks up instead of makin their hearts sad and homesick. Lonesome! Why, durn yer hide, if fellers like you didn't cum along now and then and discourage me it would be like livin in Chicago, with a runaway hoss goin by every five minutes."

Compliments of the Season.

Half a hundred of us saw Wild Jack, as he came riding into Red Gulch on his cayuse, at 9 o'clock one morning.

"Stranger, do you happen to know a critter in this Gulch who calls himself Pawnee Joe?" he said.

"I do," replied the man. "Do you want anything in perticklar of the aforesaid?"

"Jest to fill him up with lead."

"He's purty slick on the shoot himself."

"Yes, I know. Kin you locate his karcuss at the present time?"

"I kin. He's asleep right in this yere place, and if it'll be any favor to you I'll wake him up and remark to him that you ar' yere to put holes in him."

"I'll thank you fur yer trubble."

"What name shall I give?"

"Jest Wild Jack."

The man in the doorway disappeared, and Wild Jack moved off about 30 feet and drew a gun. Two minutes later Pawnee Joe suddenly leaped out of the door and opened fire, and at the third shot Wild Jack tumbled over dead, and his pistol was discharged in the air.

"Any other critter around?" asked Joe, as he looked up and down.

"That's all," answered one of the crowd.

"Then I'll go back and finish my nap. Durn a man who'll cum bluffin and blowin around at this time o' day! I'll keep the cayuse, but you kin plant him and keep the guns fur pay!"

That was all. In five minutes Pawnee Joe was fast asleep again, and in half an hour the body of Wild Jack was under the ground and the story an old one.

Joe Perkins Wasn't Worrying.

A boy told me which street to take to get to the county jail, and I found it to be a dilapidated old frame structure, without any surrounding yard. At the front door, which stood wide open, was a man sitting on a chair and nodding in sleep, but he roused at my footsteps and wanted to know my business.

"I understand there is a prisoner here named Joe Perkins," I replied.

"Going to be hung in about two weeks?"

"Yes, goin to be hung if the wheel don't skip a cog somewhar. You wanted to see him, eh?"

"Yes. I thought I'd have a chat with him."

"Waal, drive ahead. I ain't much on the gab, but I reckon I kin answer most questions."

"But you are not Joe Perkins!" I exclaimed as I stood off and looked at him.

"If I ain't, you'll hev hard work to find him around yere," he quietly replied.

"But you are not in jail."

"It's what they calls in jail and the best they kin do fur me."

"And what's to prevent your running away?"

"Nuthin, except that I hain't got nuthin to run with and no place to run to, and that I'm gitin powerful good board in yere. I never hev run away from a good thing yit, and it's purty late to begin now."

"But you are under sentence of death and are to be hung in 20 days."

"Y-e-s, I've heard of it, but I'm not worryin. Say, stranger, don't write me up as standin in the shadder of death."

"You won't hang?"

"Of course not. That sentence was all bluff to beat the fellers over in Kansas what wanted me fur hoss stealin. Even if it wasn't, the boys would come in yere on hangin day and cut the rope and like enough put the judge up in my place. I'm jest loafin around and livin high, and when I git a good ready I'll steal the sheriff's horse and ride over into Cherokee and resume biznes. Thanks fur the tobacco. And if I ever happen to hold ye up, jest shout yer name, and I'll let you pass on."

M. QUAD.

A Saloon In a Churchyard.

The strangest saloon in the world is a tavern in Hendon, a London suburb. It stands in the center of an old churchyard, and ancient tombstones surround it. It is many hundreds of years old and is the only licensed beer saloon in the neighborhood of the graveyard.

Babies Pledged For Food.

Unborn babies in India are sometimes used as security for debt. When the father of a family is obliged to borrow money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, he will pledge her firstborn son as collateral.

ACCOMMODATING.

First Counterfeiter—I need money very bad.
Second Counterfeiter—Is this bad enough for you?

CONVENIENT.

First Forger—Lend me a dollar note.
Second Forger—I hav'nt a note to my name.
First Forger—That's all right. Give me a note on some body else's name.

Chelly—"Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them."
Miss Ethel—I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated?

HER SWIMMING LESSON.

Laura's laugh hath much of music,
Laura's smile hath much of charm,
When a wave breaks softly o'er us
And she's resting on my arm
With her graceful form reclining
In the surf where shallows skim;
Here's the chance for arms entwining
When I teach her how to swim.

Mingled cries of fright and pleasure,
Gurgling laughter, then a choke,
This of joy my greatest measure
As I guide her stroke by stroke.
Yet, I cannot keep from seeing
Shapely feet and ankles trim
She displays, 'tis bliss, I'm voting,
When I teach her how to swim.

Foam capped waves of wind-swept water
Dash your breakers wild and free!
Neptune's late adopted daughter
Hath so much of trust in me
Fears she not your rage, but sweetly
Seeks to master latest whim,
And I always clasp her neatly
When I teach her how to swim.

Roy Farrell Greene.

A Texas Swing.

Mr. R. B. Zimmerman, of Warren, has what is probably the highest swing in Texas. The frame is made of pine logs seventy-eight feet long, which are set in the ground eight feet, making the swing seventy feet high. The cross piece is six by six inches, heart, and is fastened to the top of the upright pieces in such a way as to be as strong as if the frame was all of one piece. On the north side of the swing is a pole forty-two feet high, at the top of which is a pulley. The person who wishes to swing is strapped in, if he or she desires, and then takes hold of one end of rope, the other end of which is run through the pulley and fastened to a team of horses. The horses are started off and the swinger is pulled to the top of the pole. When the top is reached he drops the rope and is at once launched into space, sometimes going as high as 100 feet on the opposite side from the pole. One turn at the swing is generally enough to satisfy one for that evening. Since the erection of the swing Mr. Zimmerman's house has become a resort every evening for the young people of Warren, and parties frequently come from Hyatt and other neighboring towns to enjoy an evening in "the swing."—Dallas News.

Money in Bicycle Inventions.

Inventions of bicycle sundries are just now apparently the most profitable direction in which mechanical ingenuity can be directed. All the really meritorious devices on the markets for wheels and wheelmen are selling well and return fine dividends to their owners. And the most remarkable feature of the case is the fact that these prove paying investments from the start, and no losing system of introducing them is necessary as in other businesses.

One of the most remarkable instances of this state of affairs is the case of a popular saddle made of aluminum and leather. It was invented less than two years ago and has been on the market but a short time. Yet this year the sales have already reached 80,000, and there are more to come. On this 80,000 the inventor realized 50 cents apiece, or $40,000, a tidy little sum, which would be considered a fortune by some people, and does fairly well for an annual income on a bicycle sundry.—Chicago Tribune.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

FOR RENT.

A very handsome suit of rooms in the new Sentinel building. Apply at Sentinel counting room.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

Physicians' Prescription for Cure of Weakness in Men.

Painful diseases are bad enough but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored his general health but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the prescription of this wonder of remedy free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist nor do I pose as an enthusiast but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send me your name and address today. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage stamps necessary to mail the prescription but send for the remedy and learn that there are a few things on earth that although they cost nothing to get they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 210, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the prescription will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

THE ONLY SIZE OF BOX.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

has been the standard for forty years and is more popular to-day than ever before.

POZZONI'S is the ideal complexion powder—beautifying, refreshing, cleanly, healthful and harmless. A delicate, invisible protection to the face.

With every box of POZZONI'S a magnificent Scovill's GOLD PUFF BOX is given free of charge.

AT DRUGGISTS AND FANCY STORES.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS!
STEAM AND
GAS FITTERS.
48 East Main Street.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

F. J. ZIMMERLY & CO.
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.
Gas and Steam Fitters.
[illegible]

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly oblige [illegible]

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time

[illegible]

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R.R.

In effect Sept. 6, 1896.

[illegible]

WABASH RAILROAD.

Effective May 17, 1896.

GOING EAST.

[illegible]

GOING WEST.

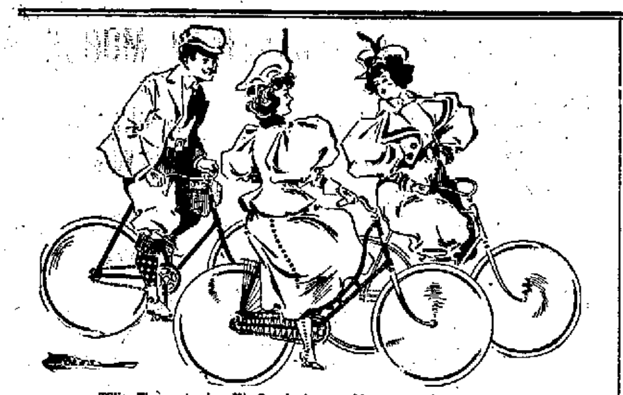
[illegible]

NICKEL PLATE.

[illegible]

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

[illegible]



Tillie—The man to whom Miss Spendyr is engaged has money to burn.
Willie—Yes, so I hear. She'll make a good match.

RAILWAYS AND SHOPS.

Pennsylvania Company Sued for Personal Damages.

Accidents, Incidents and Personal Gossip, Picked Up Around the Railways and Shops.

The Electric Gun club is shooting at Robison park this afternoon.

Engineer Al Beer, of the Nickel Plate, is taking a few days' rest.

C. F. Scott, Nickel Plate brakeman, is off duty on account of sickness.

D. B. Kebler, the bicycle supply man, went east last evening on business.

The Baldwin locomotive works last week completed its fifteen thousandth locomotive.

Charlie Jones, of the electric works, went to Rome City today to remain over Sunday.

Charlie Rice is sick and unable to work. He is employed in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

Machinist O. L. Harris, of the Pittsburg shops, was made a member of Fort Wayne lodge, No. 19, A. O. U. W., last night.

The Grand Rapids' winter time table will go into effect tomorrow. There are no material changes in the passenger service.

Ed. F. Dawson, a Wabash fireman who was injured last May, is again at the railway hospital, his injuries having taken a serious turn recently.

James McCrea, first vice president of the Pennsylvania company, who has been east for ten days, returned to his headquarters, at Pittsburg on Wednesday.

A dynamo, consigned to A. F. Clark, Nevada City, Cal., left the electric works this morning. Some big shipments are due to leave the works next week.

Fred Tegtmeyer, the boilermaker, who is in Falls City, Neb., will be home next Monday or Tuesday and will then resume his place in the Pittsburg shops.

Samuel Dunbar, who had a thumb injured six weeks ago while working in the Pittsburg 'smith shop, has recovered and will resume his duties next Monday.

Peter Berg, the man who was injured in the gravel pit on Labor day, is out again and if nothing happens will be able to resume work in the Pittsburg shops next week.

Frank Manier and William Bunch, of the Pittsburg tank shop, are off duty, the former on account of the death of a relative and the latter on account of sickness.

The Pennsylvania employes who went to Terre Haute to attend a meeting last Thursday missed connections en route home and did not reach this city until yesterday at noon.

A. Bost suffered a sudden and severe attack of stomach trouble yesterday while at work in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, and had to quit work. He is better today, but is still unable to work.

Engine 26 came out of the Stony Island shops today, thoroughly repaired, and in charge of Engineer Ed Wolf and Fireman John Lalander, will go into the freight service on the Third district.

The physicians of George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania lines, on Thursday expressed the opinion that he had passed the critical point in his illness and his recovery is now expected to be rapid.

The Wabash hospital at Peru now has but six patients, the smallest in years. There has been a remarkable exemption from accidents and sickness among the employes of the Wabash lines the past summer.

Andrew J. Poppleton died at Omaha yesterday, aged sixty-six years. He was a leading railroad lawyer and was the first general solicitor of the Union Pacific, with headquarters at Omaha, where he settled in its early days.

A representative of the Chicago wheelmen was here last evening and completed arrangements with Mr. Law for the excursion to Canton. Instead of October 21, as at first suggested, the event will take place on the 3d, one week from today.

Otto Smenner, fireman on the Lake Erie, caught a pickerel in the St. Mary's river, near the Pittsburg railway bridge, yesterday, which measured two feet in length and weighed over eight pounds. It is the largest pickerel caught this year.

Milan Fox, through his attorneys, has filed a suit at Valparaiso against the Pennsylvania company, demanding $1,800 for personal injuries alleged to have been received while engaged as a section hand near Valparaiso last May. The Pennsylvania officials have no record of such an accident.

F. A. Husted, formerly superintendent of the Indianapolis division of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton lines, now superintendent of the Cincinnati division, has resigned and accepted a similar position with the Baltimore and Ohio, with headquarters at Cumberland.

The earnings of the Wagner Palace Car company for the year ending June 30 were $3,560,331, as shown by the annual report, an increase over the preceding year of $307,391. Dividends amounting to $1,520,000 were paid during the year, and a surplus of $47,891 was left.

The headquarters of the division superintendent and train dispatchers on the Kansas City division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul will, on October 1, be removed from Chillicothe, Mo., to Ottumwa, Ia., and C. Romes will be appointed chief train dispatcher.

William Gibson, superintendent of the Cincinnati and Sandusky divisions of the Big Four, who retires on October 1 to go with the Baltimore and Ohio, has within the last few weeks been offered a good position on one of the Northwestern systems and on the Wabash lines.

The home of A. Dorate, of the Pittsburg planing mills, was the scene of a most pleasant gathering of neighbors and friends Thursday evening, the occasion being a surprise on Mr. Dorate. The evening was devoted to cards and social chat and was enjoyed by all present.

Richard J. Schwabe, the pattern-maker who had three fingers taken off by the bits of a planer at the Bass shops a few days ago, is getting along nicely and will not be so badly crippled as feared. He still has the thumb, index finger and a good portion of the second and third fingers.

Receiver Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio, in pursuance of his policy to bring the Baltimore and Ohio up to the standard, has recently contracted for improvements at Locust Point to cost $60,000; at Cumberland, improvements to the yards, to cost $40,000; for improvements in the alignment of the road between Tabb Station and North Mountain, to cost $75,000.

On October 1 the Pennsylvania company will disburse in interest on outstanding bonds and in dividends $1,290,000, and despite the difficulties which have confronted the railroads the last eighteen months in the way of making both ends meet, this company will be able to pay every dollar of the obligation then accruing without borrowing a cent, it is stated officially.

C. M. Jordan has been appointed general agent of the Chicago Great Western, at Kansas City, and will have complete jurisdiction over the company's affairs at that point. This practically is a new position in the railroad service and was first introduced by the Pennsylvania lines. The position carries with it more authority than does that of a division superintendent.

The eighth annual excursion of the farmers to Grand Rapids has been set for Tuesday, October 6. The train will leave this city at 4:10 a. m. and reach Grand Rapids at 8:28 a. m. On the return trip it will leave Grand Rapids in two sections, the first at 7 p. m. and the second at 11:30 p. m. The railway company has gotten out nice posters, announcing the excursion and the same are being liberally distributed.

The call for the Twelfth annual session of the Indiana State Federation of Labor, to be held in Muncie, October 13, 14 and 15 was read at the meeting of the Trades and Labor council last night and the council voted to send five delegates. Those selected were Mrs. M. B. Gerdine, G. H. Heach, John Bessler, I. Friend and John Cook. Delegates from Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, were admitted to the council last evening.

Henry F. Gephard, of the electric light department of the Pittsburg shops, will be married tomorrow to a young lady named Miss Koehlinger. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride near Maples, and will be witnessed by the relatives and most intimate friends of the bridal couple. Miss Koehlinger is the daughter of one of the most prominent farmers at Maples. She has relatives residing in this city, and through her visits to them, has formed a wide acquaintance here. The couple will reside in this city.

IS A HARD WORKER.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN A STEADY PLODDER.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell Has Shown Marked Ability and Splendid Judgment in Her Recent Articles—Life in the Mountains.

If you desire to know how many particular and determined old gentlemen there are in the world you need only begin a life of Lincoln in one of the popular periodicals of the country. Ida M. Tarbell, who has recently attracted so much attention by her remarkable work in McClure's, sits all day long, these scorching days, perusing interminable reminiscences, letters of counsel, of grave caution, of suggestion, and of praise, from every town and mail station in America. It would seem that every man in the country above sixty years of age enjoyed a personal and intimate acquaintance with Lincoln. Now and then Miss Tarbell puts her letters and her manuscript aside to welcome an ancient visitor who has come all the way from everywhere to have a little chat about his old friend. However dispiriting the weather, however long the letter or the call, the patience and pleased attention of this young woman never flags.

Miss Tarbell refers to herself as an old plodder. She looks upon her historical and biographical work as a job to be done thoroughly, and goes to her labor every day very much as a good mechanic to shop, dinner-pail in hand.

IDA M. TARBELL.

Every word of praise from tongue or pen awakens a momentary astonishment. She does not even now realize that she is famous, and she never would, however much the world might talk about her. She would simply think that her circle of acquaintance was growing unaccountably large, and wonder how she would be able to best serve all her friends. She is so thoroughly broad and democratic in her nature that even the most narrow-minded and bigoted person would never suspect it. Life is an everyday matter to her, but the most ordinary incidents of its routine are too real and full of significance ever to become common. She has no pride in her success. She plods persistently through any task before her, meeting every new emergency with a new resource, and when her undertaking is finished she puts it aside as a cooper does his completed cask. She puts down simple realities in simple words, strong and clear. She accepts life as she finds it, without theory or friction. She takes people as they are, without prejudice. She is both sensitive and sensible. Her biographies are vital because they are true. She does not idealize where she admires, nor worship where she loves. It is because she never invests her characters with any thing not theirs, and because she is never tempted by sentiment to conceal or evade, that even Napoleon and Lincoln, heretofore rendered impossible or preserved as mummies, are now before us, alive and well, raised from the dead by the pen of a plodder.

Miss Tarbell was born on a farm near Titusville, Pennsylvania. She spent her girlhood among the mountains, in the oil region, for her father was among the first producers in that field. She retains a vivid memory of those years. They are full of dramatic interest to her, as indeed they must be to all those who passed through those exciting times. Her school life was spent in Meadville. From the seminary she stepped almost directly into editorial work, and it was largely due to her industry and judgment that Chautauquan grew from a pamphlet to a well-edited magazine, possessing an influence outside of the organization on which it rested. She left the Chautauquan to go abroad, and spent several years in Paris. She lived in the Latin Quarter, wrote articles for the American papers, became acquainted with artists, musicians, people of the pen, and people of all sorts. She collected material and observed. She led a contemplative and an active life, and would probably still be a contented student in the Latin Quarter had not McClure whisked her away in one of his whirlwinds back to America.

In the last year Miss Tarbell has completed a "Life of Napoleon," published in McClure's Magazine, a "Life of Madam Roland," just issued by the Scribners, the first half of a "Life of Lincoln," now running in McClure's, and several short stories and syndicate articles.

TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.

A Botanical Specimen of California Cracked a Boulder.

The wonderful force of the roots of growing trees is demonstrated on a hill in Mill Valley, where a laurel tree has split a huge boulder into three pieces. The tree is of the type common in many parts of California, but there are several queer things about it and its surroundings. The place where the tree grows is a most unusual one for its species, which naturally requires considerable moisture. The fact of the tree taking root in a barren rock is also unusual in California, on account of the long, dry summers, during which young sprouts usually perish unless there is considerable moisture in the soil. The exact location of this botanical curiosity is a few hundred feet east of the trail to the top of Tamalpais. The general appearance of the tree is most unusual and undoubtedly it is very old. At first glance it looks like an oak, but a most unusual one. The upper branches are twisted and turned in all directions and a large portion of them are dead. In reality the tree looks like those in the Dore illustrations of Dante's "Inferno." An examination of the tree and its surroundings shows that the boulder is one of the largest stones in the vicinity and cannot weigh less than 800 tons. The location of the tree is almost exactly in the middle of the stone and about five feet from the end of the split. This rift in the rock is about fifteen inches long and at one end is only a few inches wide. At the end where the tree is it is at least three feet. To prove that it was the tree that caused the split there is a crack in one of the halves of the boulder showing that the force of the growing roots was so much that it cracked the rock where it could not move it. Miss Eastwood, a botanist of the Academy of Sciences, gave as her opinion that the strange natural curiosity was the only one of its kind in the state. She says that in all her studies she has never seen its like here, although in localities where there are summer rains the phenomenon is not unusual. And yet even under those conditions she never heard of a laurel growing as the one in Mill Valley does. In Miss Eastwood's opinion there must have been a small rift in the boulder to begin with. Possibly it was tight enough to hold water. In the fall of the year the seed of the laurel blew into it and in the spring of the year came to life. The walls of the rift then acted as sunshades and also kept the water from being evaporated too rapidly, so that the young shoot was able to struggle through the long summer until the winter rains came. Or it may be that there was an unusually rainy summer that gave the tree its start in life. After the tree was a year old it was enabled to take care of itself, and then showed its ingratitude to the rock that had protected it.—San Francisco Call.

ZANZIBAR'S NEW SULTAN.

Mohammed bin Seyyid Seems to Suit the Island Population.

Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Seyyid, the new sultan of Zanzibar, is a puppet that will fall in with any suggestion the English government of the islands has to make. He is better suited to the purpose of the British conquerors of the country than Said Khalid would have been. The latter entertained odd notions of being a real sultan, and the British do not like real sultans. Dispatches from the island say the people are pleased with the new sultan, which is quite easy to imagine, inasmuch as the sultan has nothing to do with the people or the people with the sultan. The inhabitants of Zanzibar were pretty well convinced by the recent bombardment that whatever the English thought good would be best for them,

HAMOUD, THE NEW SULTAN.

and Mohammed bin Seyyid will doubtless rule acceptably to the people and the British war ships in the bay.

Dreffel Hard.

Dreffel hard, such lessons,
For 'ittle mites of dirls,
We rwown oll up our foreheads,
And wuffle up our turls.
Wis' teacher had to study,
An' then prehaps she'd find,
To div such dreffel lessons
It isn't vewy tind.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

PLUCKING A PRODIGAL.

Detective's Story of a Fool and His Money.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S SLY GAME.

He Wanted a Partner and Hired Detectives to Shadow the Young Spendthrift. Some Subsequent Developments That Surprised the Hawkshaw.

This is a story the beginning of which dates back more than five years.

One day the detective was seated in his office, guarded by the double doors and thick walls that deaden the secrets whispered to the sleuths, when the colored boy who guarded the door brought in a card. It bore the name of a man well known in business circles, one who had taken part in various movements for the betterment of the whole population and who had some reputation as a church worker.

The detective was secretly flattered to receive a call from the prominent person, and he wondered what the case would be.

The well known business man seated himself and after glancing around to make sure that he would not be heard said: "I have come to ask your services in a matter which concerns me greatly. I'll be brief about it. As you probably know, the house of which I am the head is one of the old and reliable institutions of the town and enjoys a reputation for honesty and fair dealing. We wish to hold that reputation. I am very much puzzled as to what is my duty regarding an offer recently made to me. You have probably heard of a young man named Delancey Barnet. His father died about six months ago, leaving the young man a large sum of money, as much as $800,000, I have been told."

The detective nodded and said, "I think it is fully that much."

"Now, the friends of this young man are very anxious that he should embark in business. They realize that many temptations surround a young man who has plenty of money and nothing to do. I may tell you, in fact, that I am in receipt of an offer to put $300,000 of this young man's money into my business. He is to become my junior partner if we can agree on terms. You will understand why I am anxious to know all about him. I leave it in your hands to investigate his conduct fully. Of late I have heard unfavorable stories concerning him, but I wish to do him no injustice by accepting mere rumor. What I wish to know particularly is whether he drinks or gambles. I want you to watch him to see if he has any notion of the value of money. Let me know who his associates are. Give me full information as to how he spends his evenings."

The detective had attended to many such cases before, but it was seldom that he saw such a good fee in prospect.

He set his best man on the track of Delancey Barnet. The "operatives" who worked on this case had to be well dressed and showy fellows who could follow the gilded Mr. Barnet to his various resorts without attracting suspicion.

They began to send in startling reports as to the assorted night frolics of the young man.

On Monday young Mr. Barnet would go to the poolroom and lose $300, after which he would go to a swell hotel for dinner, accompanied by several polished blacklegs. In the evening he would attend the theater, and after the theater he would go to a fancy restaurant and purchase many bottles of wine for some obscure stage women and an assorted lot of worthless men. At a late hour he would be taken home in a cab.

For Tuesday he would perhaps vary the programme by losing his money at a poker game, and the night's carousal might be transferred from the fancy restaurant to the private flat occupied by one of his numerous acquaintances, and, after being loaded into the cab, he might go to a Turkish bath house instead of his own apartments.

Taking one day with another, it was a story of reckless expenditure and the criminal waste of money. Young Mr. Barnet loaned large sums to cheap adventurers. He gambled with sharks, and any one with a clear head and half an eye would have known they were sharks and clumsy ones at that. Valuable jewelry was lavished on the coarse women who joined in the nightly orgies. "Delancey, old boy," was the pet of the half criminal set that tries to loiter along with respectables, and all joined merrily in the fleecing of the lamb.

The reports which were forwarded day by day to the staid old business man proved conclusively that Delancey Barnet was an amiable and good hearted young man who had not the slightest trace of business sense.

It was shown that he yielded easily to temptation, drank immoderately, squandered his money with idiotic enthusiasm, and, under the impression that he was to be a man about town, chose for his associates the flashy hangers on of the theater and the race track.

THE BUSINESS MAN VISITS THE DETECTIVE.

He was of so little consequence that the real gamblers would not tolerate his society except when they were systematically getting his money away from him.

As the damning reports accumulated the detective used to read them over and say, "This fellow would make a good business partner for our old friend."

For nearly a month the detective had his men shadowing the spendthrift, and at the end of that time they had submitted sufficient evidence to forever bar young Delancey from the society of civilized beings, white, black or Mongolian.

The pious old gentleman who had employed the agency sent word that he had received all the information he desired.

"Well, I should say so!" remarked the detective when he read the letter, and he sent out an order calling his men off the case.

About a week after that, in picking up his paper one morning, the detective was surprised to see a paragraph announcing that Delancey Barnet had become a partner in the great concern bearing the name of the "well known business man."

That set him to thinking, and after he had thought for awhile he was surprised for his previous stupidity.

He had supposed all along that the staid, elderly bulwark of trade wanted a partner who was sober, industrious, watchful of details, regular in his habits and frugal in the expenditure of money.

He now realized that perhaps, after all, there would be some advantage in having a partner who could put in $300,000 and then go off on a continuous spree without leaving any one behind to watch his interests.

The later experience of the junior partner proved this was a fact.

"Delancey, old boy," found the partnership arrangement most agreeable. He had no duties to perform.

He could have money whenever he wanted it. The story of getting the moneyed man into the game and then "freezing him out" is always long and tortuous, and there is no need of going into details.

Suffice to say that after four years the senior and junior partner had a settlement, as a result of which Delancey retired with a remnant of his original capital, leaving the sturdy old business man with a higher rating in the commercial agencies than he ever had before.

No one says that the senior partner cheated. He simply concluded that if a young man wanted to get rid of his money he had better put at least part of it into some good business enterprise and leave it there.

Delancey is struggling along on the meager income from some property which is so tied up that he can't sell it.

"DELANCEY, OLD BOY."

TREED BY A GRIZZLY.

A Veteran Hunter Tells This Story For a Fact.

"When I came out to California in 1853, there were hundreds of grizzlies in the redwoods along the Russian and American rivers. That reminds me of a funny experience of mine. I was green and fresh then, even if I had been in the war. One morning I was out alone for deer in the Lake county foothills when I saw a whopping big grizzly way up on the side of a mountain. I went right after it without realizing the risk. I crept cautiously up the mountain, keeping out of sight of the bear as much as possible. I got within 100 yards of him, and, taking careful aim just at the back of the shoulder, I let drive. The bear fell at the crack of the gun, but was on his feet again in an instant and came tearing down the mountain in a bee line for where I stood. My rifle was a muzzle loader, and I had no time to reload. I was not half so anxious to kill the bear as I was to save my own bacon. A tree stood below me, and without stopping to measure its size or to consider what sort of a place of refuge it was I sprang to it and went up like a coon chased by a pack of hounds. I had reached the branches, about ten feet from the ground, and had not yet thought of looking down, when I heard the bear scratching at the foot of the tree and imagined he was coming after me.

"Well, he didn't come, and when I had climbed about as high as I could get I straddled a limb to await developments. The grizzly stood on his hind legs, scratched and growled and snarled, while my heart was right between my teeth, I must confess.

"After an hour, when the bear calmed down, I felt easier. I thought the bear would soon get tired of keeping watch and would get up and go away. He did nothing of the kind, however, and hour after hour I sat there in that tree watching the bear. My situation began to grow desperate. Night was coming, and already I was so stiff from my position that I could scarcely move. Something must be done, and it had to be done mighty quick.

"My rifle lay on the upper side, and the bear was below the tree. I climbed down to the lower branches, and, breaking off a few of the smaller limbs, I threw them down on the bear. He did not move. He was asleep, I thought, and now was my time. Carefully and still as death I slid down the tree until I was within six feet of the ground, when I sprang on the upper side, grabbed my gun and ran like a scared coyote to some rocks about 50 yards away.

"When safely behind the rocks, I peeped out. The bear had not moved. Then I loaded my gun, and, drawing a careful bead, with a dead rest over a rock, I shot the brute square between the eyes. Still he did not move. Again I loaded my rifle, cocked it and walked cautiously toward the bear. When close enough, I picked up a stone and struck him with it. He did not seem to mind it. Then I mustered up courage to go near enough to poke him with my gun. He was as stiff as a poker and had been dead for hours. I had been in the tree all day, treed by a dead bear! Oh, I was an awful green tenderfoot then!"

WILD With Eczema

I was a sufferer for eight years from Eczema, but now am entirely cured. The palms of my hands were covered and badly inflamed; little white blisters appeared, then would peel off, leaving a red, smooth surface, which would burn like fire and itch. On the inside of the upper part of my limbs, great red blotches would appear, and as soon as I became warm, the burning and itching would begin. Night after night I would lie awake and scratch, and almost go wild. I got a box of Cuticura, and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and after a few applications I noticed the redness and inflammation disappear; before I had used one box there was not a sign of Eczema left. I can truthfully assert that $2.00 worth of Cuticura Remedies cured me.
JOHN D. PORTE, Pittsburg, Pa.

Speedy Cure Treatment.—Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle applications of Cuticura (ointment), and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, 50c. and $1. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Permanently Cure Eczema," mailed free.

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—DEALERS IN—

HOT AIR FURNACES,
STEAM and HOT WATER HEATERS,
STOVES, TIN and HARDWARE.
Tin, Steel and Galvanized Iron roofing, Plumbing, Spouting, and all kinds of job work promptly attended to.
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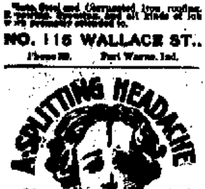

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TRADE MARK
THE DR. ELMER'S SURE HEADACHE CURE.
MFD. at SOUTH BEND, IND.
25 Cents a Box. 25 Doses. Sample Free.
Worth $1.00 a Tablet.
Dr. Elmer's Sure Headache Cure is worth a tablet to me when I have sick headache.
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For sale by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St.

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE Brand
CONDENSED MILK.
Has No Equal
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Strong Again!
New life, new strength, new vigor.
Sexine Pills
will bring back your lost powers and stop forever the dangerous drains on your system. They act quickly, create a healthy digestion, pure rich blood, firm muscles, rugged strength, steady nerves and a clear brain.
$1.00 Per Box, 6 Boxes $5.00.
A legal guarantee to cure or refund the money with every $5.00 order. Address Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.
For sale by A. J. Keller, Druggist, Corner Calhoun and Washington Sts. Jud&eodly

50c
ROME CITY
And Return
Sundays.

For Sunday Trains During Sept. The G. R. & I. will sell tickets to Rome City and return for 50 cents, good going and returning on Sunday trains only, leaving Ft. Wayne 8:15 a. m., returning leaving Rome City 5 p. m.

Removal Sale.
We will sell everything at the very lowest prices, on account of removing to 176 Calhoun street, opposite Cathedral.
Goldstein's New and Second-hand Store.
180 CALHOUN STREET,
New and second-hand Bicycles at your own prices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

MERCURIAL POISON
is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is
RHEUMATISM
for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.
I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of SSS I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.
Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

O. WEISELL DENTIST
84 & 86 Calhoun St.

Special Prices
FALL OF 1896.
Suits to Order.
$45 Suits for $35.
$40 Suits for $30.
$35 Suits for $25.
$30 Suits for $20.
$25 Suits for $18.
Good suits for $17.
Overcoats to Order.
$45 Overcoat, $30.
$35 Overcoat, $20.
Fine Overcoats for $17 and $18.
Good Pantaloons $4.50.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.
A. FOSTER
Merchant Tailor,
15 W. Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

HUMPHREYS'
"77"
used in
SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER,
will keep you free from
COLDS
all Winter long

SPECIFIC NO. 24
For BRAIN FAG; General Debility; all forms of Physical and Nervous Weakness, arising from Mental Strain, Business Anxiety, Care or Worry, Overwork, or Emotional Excitement; or from loss of blood, or of sleep. If there is Indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for
Dyspepsia; Indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite.
The use of No. 24 and 10 will build up the the most depleted system and restore the brain's activity.
DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST.
Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for $1. Humphreys' Medicine Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

GERMAN....
Insurance Company
Of Freeport, Illinois
Insures against Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes, Cyclones and Windstorms.

Capital Stock	$300,000.00
Surplus as regards Policy Holders	673,387.73
Total Assets	3,012,082.15
Book Value Stock	422.00

Office Open Evenings.
—Represented By—
Neireiter & Gumpper,
238 Calhoun Street,
Telephone 186.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

To the Young Face
Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

WANTED.

WANTED—Washing or house cleaning; will take washings home. Address J. T., 169 Wallace street.

WANTED—A girl or middle aged woman to do housework; good wages paid. Call at 88 Hanna street.

WANTED—A woman to cook and do general housework. Apply to Mrs. A. R. Hurst, 216 West Wayne street.

WANTED—Unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping, in good location. Address A. K., care Sentinel office.

WANTED—Room and board with a private family, by a young couple, where there are no other boarders. Address M. P. J., care Sentinel.

WANTED—Man to collect educational insurance; cash to write no lapses; call room 2 Schmitz block, 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m. F. V. Hirst, Supt.

WANTED—A few ladies and gentlemen to canvass; stipulated salary guaranteed. Call or address J. W. Herron, room 8 Arcade, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—Call at the Associated Charities office if you want to hire laboring men or women to do washing or cleaning. Room No. 1 City hall. Telephone 434.

WANTED—By an intelligent middle aged lady a position as housekeeper or would take entire charge of infant, or as nurse for an invalid; salary owing to duties required. Address Mrs. C. T. Jayne, Huntington, Ind.

WANTED—Men and women to work at home. We pay $8.00 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits by our patented method. Anyone who can read and write can do the work at home spare time, day or evening. Write for particulars. Home Art Supply Co., Painesville, O.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished front room, with board, at 95 E. Berry street.

FOR RENT—An excellent store room on Calhoun street; apply Sentinel office.

FOR RENT—Two very desirable furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Inquire 173 Holman.

FOR RENT—Two delightful office rooms, centrally located. Rent reasonable. Apply at Sentinel office.

FOR RENT—The Broadway barber shop in the Nestel block after Oct. 1st. Best location on Broadway. Enquire, D. Nestel.

FOR RENT—A house of seven rooms, 114 Force street, with hard and soft water and natural gas, rent low to right party. Inquire 137 W. Berry street.

FOR RENT—New seven room house on East Creighton avenue, four doors east of Lafayette; hard and soft water in house; gas for light and heat. Inquire, 116 East Creighton ave.

FOR RENT—Good pasture for cows and horses, on Walton avenue, south of Lutheran farm. Inquire of Squire Hawthorn, third house south of Pontiac street, on Walton avenue.

FOR RENT—An eight room flat, corner Calhoun and Allen streets, with bath room, hard and soft water, natural and artificial gas; rent low to right party. Address "C," care Sentinel.

FOR RENT—Two six room houses. All modern improvements, at 223 and 227 Hart street. Also two on Hillside Ave., between Lakeside and Feddemünder. For particulars, call at Dr. Niswonger, 20 Calhoun St., up stairs.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Two 160 acre farms, two 40 acres, one 37 acre, one 32 acre, one 15 acre, one 18 acre, and two 5 acres; three are within two miles of city. To trade: One 280 acre, one 122 acre, one 80 acre, one 65 acre, one 80 acre; also plenty of city property to sell or exchange. For particulars call on E. C. Niswonger & Co., 33 Calhoun St., up stairs.

FOR SALE—A meat market and outfit, centrally located; a cheap lease on building may be secured. Address "Butcher," care of Sentinel, stating whether you will pay cash or want payments; and if on payments how much cash down, and the amount of each monthly payment you can pay.

REAL ESTATE AND MONEY.
Seventy-five choice building lots on Walton Ave., Winter street and Pioneer avenue; brick factory and store and shop rooms, corner Main St. and Maiden Lane, for sale or for rent; also the finest factory site in Fort Wayne on W. Main St. and L. E. & W. R. Ry. MONEY TO LOAN at reasonable rates, in sums of $300 to $5,000. C. W. EDGERTON, 57 W. Main street.

LOST.
LOST—Thursday afternoon, a pocketbook containing $8 and a few little articles. Finder please return to 18 W. Main street, over Karns' butcher shop and receive reward.

PROFESSIONAL.
DOCTOR MARY WHERY.
Office and Residence 26 Madison St.
Specialty—Diseases of Women.
Hours: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 470.

The Nation's Pride
The Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine
BUY A STANDARD.

You will Never Regret it
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER
AGENTS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

INSURANCE.
JAMES E. GRAHAM,
...LAWYER...
ABSTRACTOR OF TITLES, Insurance, Collecting and Loan Agent.
Room 28 & 29 Bank Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

S. C. LUMBARD,
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
Aveline House Block.

BANKS.
HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK
Capital $200,000. Surplus $100,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of [illegible] per cent. [illegible] on certificates of deposit if left [illegible] months.
President—Charles McCulloch,
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

White National Bank
Capital & Surplus, $740,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. WM. D. BURR.
Office and Residence 68 Calhoun St.
Hours 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 97.

D. C. FISHER.
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 31 East Berry street.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex [illegible] my office. 37 W. Wayne St. Telephone [illegible].

G. F. BOWEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours for consultation, from [illegible]
[illegible] West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

DR. E. W. NEISWONGER.
Physician and Surgeon.
Specialist in all Acute or Chronic diseases. Special attention given to all private diseases and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys. Office 20 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Office Hours from [illegible] a. m. to [illegible] p. m.

DRUGGIST.
GROSS & PELLENS,
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Calhoun and Wayne Sts. Phone 185

J. C. Peltier.

Undertaker and Embalmer.
17 West Wayne Street.

Cheap Meals served to women.
Young Women's Christian Association.
NOON REST,
44 West Washington Street
Breakfast, 6:30 to 8. Dinner, 11 to 2.
Supper, 5:30 to 7.

GOLD
Crowns, 22 Karat, $5.00.
$5. FULL SETS, $5.
Gold Crown, 22 K, $5 and upward.
Gold Fillings, $1.
Silver fillings, 50c to 75c.
Good Sets of Teeth, $5.
Best Sets of Teeth, $8.
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES

FULL SET OF TEETH, $5.00.
Teeth extracted free, positively without pain, when teeth are ordered. We are the only dental parlors in the city that has this patent medicine to extract teeth without pain. No gas, no vitalized air, no bad results. Save pain and money by having your dental work done at the Arcade Dental Parlors.
W. G. BURKET, Prop.,
Room — Arcade, ground floor, Ft. Wayne.

HERE'S THE BEAUTIES.

New Fur Jackets,
New Fur Capes,
New Fur Collarettes,
New Fur Boas,
New Fur Muffs,
New Fur Trimmings,
New Tailor Made Suits.

These new lines now ready for selling, embraced a larger variety of single piece styles and novelties ever shown in our city. And it's ONLY THIS STORE that can put before the Women of Northern Indiana such a large and varied collection.

These lines as stated are now ready for inspection and selling—second floor.

Irridescent Velveteens for Waists and Jackets.
Mottled Corduroys.

These are going to be decidedly popular, they are exceedingly handsome—a new departure and not expensive. Prices 65c to 85c.

The first lots were rolled off to our customers in a few hours. More already on hand. Selling place, at Dress Goods Counter.

PRETTY LACE NOVELTIES.

We are exhibiting rare Lace Novelties and dainty evening wear goods, ranging from the low price Laces to those of the finer evening wear Laces. The showing is the handsomest we have ever made. Among the many dainty things are the embroidered Chiffons, 27 inch and 45 inches wide, on black and cream grounds.

Novelties in Lace Collars, $1.00 up to $5.00.
Chiffon Ruching by the yard.
Chiffon Ruching Boas.
Embroidered Chiffon Bands.

Best Tapestry Brussels Carpets

Made, are the Roxbury, and the best low price Carpets made for good wear. Today we will show you a trade incident, some wonderful pretty Tapestry Carpets at a low price. We'll roll them out on the floor for your inspection, and we know you will be satified.

ROOT & COMPANY.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By depositing it with the
Allen County Loan & Savings Association
32 East Berry Street

Try our new plan. Shares $1.00 each per month, matures in seventy-seven months.
No Fines or Membership Fee.

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 6 and 7 Bass Block. 2tf

Scherer's Pepsin Bread costs but little more and it is the finest made. 23tf

GREAT DOINGS

—IN—

Fall Overcoats

At our store this week. Our buyer has just returned from Cleveland, where he purchased 86 Fall Overcoats from Goldsmith, Joseph Feiss & Co., at a low closing out price, and we place them on sale at

$5.00, $6.00 & $7.00

For your pick and choice of the entire lot. There are only two or three of a kind, but in the lot you will find your size, and it will be a saving to you of $4.00 to $8.00.

Some of these coats are silk lined; some have silk facings. Not one in the lot would retail for less than $9 and up to $15.00.

We've Been Busy

In our Boys' and Children's department the past week and there is good reason for it too. Parents wonder at our IMMENSE ASSORTMENT, BEAUTIFUL and EXCLUSIVE STYLES and MODEST PRICES.

Sam, Pete & Max.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At lowest rates, on furniture, pianos, organs, horses, wagons, store and office fixtures, tools and all other personal property without removal or publicity.

You can pay the money back in weekly or monthly installments, any amount, and each payment so made will reduce the cost of the loan.

If you owe a balance on your furniture, we will pay it for you, and advance you more money. No charges taken out in advance. Loans placed same day application is made. Business strictly confidential.

Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2 Seidel Block, Opp. Court House.
32 1-2 Calhoun Street.

W. A. Butler, of Van Wert, is in the city on business.

Mrs. A. M. McCaffery has returned from Butler.

Herman Freiburger, who has been on the sick list for a week, is some better today.

Hugo Lund, of Kansas City, is a guest at the New Aveline. He intends to locate in this city.

Fort Wayne lodge No. 19, A. O. U. W., held an interesting meeting last night, at which six candidates were initiated.

If your grocer does not carry Scherer's Pepsin Bread, call 'phone 388 and we will call and see you. 23tf

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1896.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office..........No. 173.
Editorial Rooms........No. 650.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—For Indiana: Showers this afternoon; fair and cooler tonight; Sunday fair, variable winds.

NEWS NOTES.

The Rathbone Sisters will meet tonight.

Paul Mossman has gone to Ohio on business.

Mrs. John Harris is slowly recovering from an illness.

Stephen W. Chase has returned from a visit at Huntington.

H. A. Latta, of Battle Creek, Mich., is at the New Aveline.

Miss Rebecca Sinclair has accepted a position with Louis Wolf & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wyatt have returned from a visit at Churubusco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore, of Chicago, are visiting his mother in this city.

Joseph Christie, formerly of this city, has moved to a 100 acre farm near Roanoke.

The engagement of Miss Sophie Moellering and Henry Gerberding has been announced.

Senator T. E. Ellison leaves today to attend the meeting of the American Prison society at Milwaukee.

Miss Sophia Pieper has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting relatives for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lane, of West Jefferson street, have returned from a ten days' visit at North Manchester.

Miss Ida Forsythe, of Churubusco, has been in the city several days, taking instructions in millinery trimming.

W. S. Bash has returned from the east and will sing at Westminster church tomorrow morning and evening.

A. C. Aufrantz and Ed Rekers returned last evening from Indianapolis. They made the round trip on their wheels.

Messrs. Robert Meyer, E. H. Moellering and Harry Eberline will go to Cleveland, Ohio, tomorrow, to remain several days.

Phoenix lodge, No. 101, will have a big banquet next Monday evening at its hall, and Pythians from all the lodges in this city will attend.

Eighty-three members of St. John's Lutheran church were entertained at the home of County Commissioner Stallhorn Thursday afternoon.

Capt. F. W. Kell has returned from Middletown, Ohio, where he attended the annual reunion of the 35th Ohio regiment, of which he is a comrade.

The Fort Wayne School of Electricity will open next Monday evening, and the first class will consist of forty students, among them several ladies.

The children of the Third Presbyterian Sunday school will have a rally tomorrow morning. Songs, recitations and other features will constitute the program.

Henry Bahde, formerly of Gutermuth's cloak emporium, will assume the duties of his new position in the cloak department of DeWald & Co. next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Merrill, of Phoenix, Ari., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Noble, have returned home. Mr. Merrill has extensive mine interests in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of Springfield, Ill., arrived today to be the guests of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Cairns, of 432 Broadway. Mrs. Taylor was formerly Miss Anna Young.

Send your items to THE SENTINEL. Many an interesting personal is missed because it is not mentioned by interested parties. If you have a visitor let us know it. If you are going away we want the item.

Mrs. H. E. Spearing and Miss Daisy I. Jones, of 28 Douglas avenue, have gone to Chicago to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Jones, of that city. Mrs. Spearing will remain a week or ten days, while Miss Jones will spend five weeks there before returning.

Dr. Theodore Horton, of Bluffton, a very prominent physician and well known in this city, died at his home in Bluffton yesterday. He was at one time a resident of Fort Wayne, having practiced medicine here in 1845. He is an uncle of Mrs. R. G. Thompson, of this city.

The final announcement will be made at St. Peter's church tomorrow of the nuptials of Miss Mary Neidhofer and Julian F. Franke. Their marriage will take place next Thursday at 9:30 a. m., in the church, Rev. Father Koerdt officiating. The couple will go to Chicago on a wedding trip.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society of Westminster church gave a "Character" social in the church parlors last evening. The singing of Master Georgie Moritz was well received, and the "Chalk Talk" given by Dr. W. C. Collins was greatly appreciated. Quite a number of the sketches were very beautiful.

In attendance, financial results and the excellence of the program rendered, the Riley recital and social given by the ladies at the Wayne street M. E. church last night, was a success. The large audience present thoroughly enjoyed the readings, the recitations, the songs and the tableaux rendered and praised those taking part. The social that followed was an enjoyable affair.

Oysters, Celery and Cranberries.

Fresh Oysters received today direct from Baltimore via express

Large Selects for frying, 28c can.
Standards, best stewing, 22c can.
Choice Michigan Celery, 22c bunch.
Cape Cod Cranberries, 6c quart.

FAIR HOUSE.

A. I. Friend has returned from Chicago.

Fred S. Hartman left for Cleveland last night.

E. C. Rurode has arrived home from New York city.

Mrs. S. L. Morris is at Columbus, Ohio, visiting relatives.

S. C. Lumbard and family will return next Monday from Bear lake.

J. D. Connor, of Toronto, Ohio, is in the city, the guest of J. E. K. France.

Mrs. Frank Boseker, of Shawnee avenue, has been seriously sick for six weeks.

Mrs. L. C. Buck, of West Jefferson street, has recovered after a serious illness.

Mrs. Henry Nehrenz and son have returned from Buffalo, N. Y., after a two months' absence.

Rev. Jacob Miller, the new pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, will deliver his first sermon tomorrow.

The Bicycle club will have a picnic tomorrow, weather permitting. Capt. Henry Taylor has charge of the affair.

Mrs. Tremain, matron of the orphans' home at Huntington, has been the guest of Mrs. J. W. Younge several days.

Dr. J. W. Younge spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience of democrats and republicans in the Sixth ward last night.

The Scottish Rite lodges which have been in a state of quiescence during the summer will resume activity the first Tuesday in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Palmer and Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Robertson, jr., leave for Garrett today to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dunham.

The American Sons of Columbus will on next Wednesday evening give their inaugural social entertainment of the season. It promises to be a brilliant affair.

Mrs. J. W. Younge and sons, Lawrence and Jewell, made the trip to Leo by carriage today. While there they will visit the family of her brother, Dr. Smith.

The Bluffton News comes out today enlarged to a seven column paper. It is one of the widewake papers of Indiana and is always full of interesting local reading matter.

Henry Rake has received the contract for the foundation of John B. Reuss' new residence on Spy Run avenue, and work will begin at once. The house will cost $12,000.

The board of public safety had a brief session last evening. The only business transacted was the passage of a resolution for the purchase of 1,000 feet of hose for the use of the fire department.

Fred Lambert, the artist, returned home yesterday from the west. He accompanied a detachment of United States troops on a three weeks' march across the plains from Fort Meade, South Dakota.

Dr. N. R. Wenger contemplates a tour of Europe on his bicycle next year. The highways of the old country are in fine condition and a large number of Americans travel in this way through England, France and Germany.

Professor George Abram Smith, who has recently located in this city, will sing at Berry street M. E. church tomorrow, at both morning and evening services. Professor Smith is a fine singer, and for several years supported Emma Abbott.

At Columbus, Ohio, yesterday, Frank Bessch drove Frank Gruber's horse, Red Elgin, to second money in the pacing race. Mr. Gruber's horse won the first heat, was second in the two succeeding heats, and fourth in the last. The best time was 2:11½.

The Hibernian Rifles will give their annual excursion at Robison park next Tuesday. One of the novel features will be a prize drill by electric light in front of the big pavilion by the Rifles. The Zollinger Battery will also have a drill. The large pavilion has been secured for dancing.

There will be services at the Odd Fellows' hall, on Berry street, tomorrow morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock and evening at 7:50 o'clock, of the First Spiritual society, Mrs. Julia Steelman Mitchell, the noted medium and lecturer. Children's lyceum at 9 o'clock.

The high school foot ball team met yesterday afternoon and arranged for the season's work. H. W. Lang was elected captain; Lee Hartman manager. Practice meetings will be held Monday and Thursday afternoons after school, and Saturday afternoons. The eleven has already received three challenges—from Huntington, Decatur and Kendallville.

The Fort Wayne dentists attending the Northern Indiana Dental association meeting at Kendallville, have returned home. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Dr. S. B. Brown, Fort Wayne, president; Dr. S. B. Johnston, Auburn, vice president; Dr. J. F. Werner, Elkhart, secretary and treasurer. Executive committee, Dr. J. F. Werner, Elkhart; Dr. H. A. Moyer, Kendallville; Dr. J. M. McCurdy, Fort Wayne; Dr. S. M. Cummins, Elkhart; Dr. E. J. Church, Laporte.

At a meeting of the board of public works last evening the first matter taken up was the consideration of the bids for the construction of a sewer in the alley between Putnam and Archer avenue, and the work went to John Draker at fifty-five cents per lineal foot. George Wilhelm was awarded the contract for building sidewalks on the north side of Putnam street at thirty-two cents per lineal foot. W. H. Oetting received the contract for a sidewalk on the east side of Gay street from Pontiac to Tenth, his bid being twenty-nine cents. George Wilhelm received the contract for building sidewalks on both sides of Green street, from Smith to Thomas, at fifty-eight cents. On grading the alley between Summit and Oak streets, George Wilhelm bid sixteen cents and John Draker thirteen cents, the contract going to the latter.

W. L. Greenhalgh, of Lafayette, is in the city.

R. S. Peterson, of Decatur, is at the Randall.

F. A. Woods, of Indianapolis, is in the city.

John Dreibelbiss, the abstractor, is very seriously ill.

Mrs. Dan McKendry, jr., has returned from Chicago.

Miss Ethel Griswold left today for Chicago to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Win Bash have returned from New York.

Born, to Sam O. Wormann and wife, of 101 Green street—a boy.

Dr. Skilling left today for Garrett, Ind., on professional business.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cadwallader have gone to Cincinnati on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Zent, of Belleville, Ohio, are guests of B. D. Angell.

George Kronemiller and Mr. Lakey have been in camp at Blue lake this week.

Charles H. Shriner, of Beaver, Pa., the political speaker, is registered at the Wayne.

A family picnic was held at the Bash farm today. Several families participated.

John Kelker and Mary Pierre, Harry Gebhard and Mary Koehlinger, have been licensed to wed.

Mrs. W. M. Bentz, of Ashland, Ohio, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Baxter, 33 Elizabeth street.

Miss Madge Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Hamilton, has gone east to resume her studies in college.

The Lady Maccabees of Fort Wayne hive, No. 6, will give a gold and silver social next Tuesday evening, September 29, at Hibernian hall.

The Val Gutermuth business will be known as the Gutermuth Cloak and Fur House when the transfer is legally made by the trustee next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Frank, of Terre Haute, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Weil at the Wayne. Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Weil are sisters.

O. P. Eversole addressed an enthusiastic gathering at South Whitley last evening and he went out to Baldwin to address a crowd this afternoon.

A. B. Youngson, of Cleveland, deputy grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, will visit Division No. 12 at their meeting tomorrow afternoon.

Word was brought to the city last evening that oil had been discovered on the farm of J. W. Guenther, fourteen miles east of Fort Wayne and one mile west of Maysville.

Harry Ryan, formerly of this city, was admitted to the bar at Huntington, and will practice in that city. Harry is a talented young man and has a large circle of friends in this city.

The ladies who took part in the Spinsters' entertainment for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. are requested to meet at the home of Mrs. Meyers, 22 West Wayne street, Monday evening, at 7:30.

Will Peltier and Frank Mohr will start on a canoe trip down the Maumee river tomorrow morning, their destination being Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Peltier owns a fine cruising boat and the boys expect to have a grand trip.

The dental convention, held at Kendallville, which closed last evening, was attended by the following dentists from this city: Drs. S. B. Brown, M. A. Mason, W. Schrock, W. W. Mungen, J. S. McCurdy, G. E. Johnson and Drs. Little and Viberg. A pleasant feature of the convention was the banquet tendered to the dentists, Thursday night, by Drs. Teal and Moyer. During the regular sessions of the convention interesting and able papers were read by Dr. S. B. Hartman, of this city, on "Conservative Use of Gold in Dental Operations" and by Dr. M. A. Mason on "Uses of Electricity as an allayer of Pain in Dental Operations."

DON'T WANT A FIGHT.

Eureka Club Fails to Put Up the Forfeit.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—In spite of the promise to deposit $6,000 today, the managers of the Eureka Athletic club failed to put in an appearance and apparently the Corbett-Sharkey fight, so far as this town is concerned, is off. The capital of most of the clubs seems to consist of promises and permits.

Ladies, see the Fall Hats at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

Wall paper for that room costs but little, if ordered of L. O. Hull, 90 Calhoun street.

$25—Bicycles.—$25.

Seamless tubing, Hunt saddle, Maroon finish. These wheels are sold for less than it cost to make them. Supply limited; therefore call early.

A. C. KATT.

Eyes Examined Free.

Prof. Levitt, our eye specialist, will fit your eyes with glasses after others have failed. Chicago Optical Co., 117 East Main St.

If your eyes burn, feel tired, water or give out, come to us and we will grind special glasses for your case. 117 East Main St.

A lot of Plush Caps and Capes at the "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

A Pertinent Inquiry.

Why build your home on the outskirts, where for years to come you cannot expect to have the comforts of natural gas, waterworks, sewerage, improved streets, street car lines, electric lights and good sidewalks, when by buying a lot and building in Lakeside you can have all these at once? Lakeside is also to have this year its own public school.

Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Caps, all sorts. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

For a first class suit go to Rabus.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

WANTED—Position as assistant stenographer, or general work in an office, by young lady who has had some experience in shorthand work. Address S. K., care Sentinel.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

A Brief Statement of Their Objects.

Subjects and Dates of the Lectures of the Woman's League Course for October.

The subject of sociology—that science which investigates the laws regulating human society—is one which is receiving more and more attention among thinking people. Although the best periodicals publish frequent articles on sociological matters and the newspapers have devoted columns to the subject, yet much general ignorance prevails regarding such social settlements as Hull House and Chicago Commons, both of Chicago. Putting the object of Hull House very briefly and quoting from an extensive and interesting article of the August number of "The Arena," the mission of Hull House is "simply one of neighborliness, assuming at the outset that there is to be an exchange of kindly offices and mutual benefits. To quote once more from the same source, "There is with the general public a misapprehension of motives and uses which does injustice to broad spirit and purpose of the founders and sustainers of this noble, social settlement. It is crudely supposed that a woman or a company of women going voluntarily into an ignorant, impoverished and alien community, must be actuated solely by motives of charity and self-sacrifice, or by a pious longing to give and to be given for righteousness' sake, taking credit and great satisfaction for their praiseworthy effort to save the lost and convict the sinning. Hull House should not be regarded as a philanthropy in the sense of conferring charitable benefits from the high altitude of a superior order of beings whose benevolence is restricted to religious exhortation and eleemosynary services."

The mission of Chicago Commons is as often misunderstood, from the man who inquired if the "inmates were allowed to see visitors," to another who wanted them to keep a couple of dogs, and still another who entered a complaint that his chickens had been stolen. In contrast to these are hundreds who are in trouble and who go there for help, the disabled and helpless, hopeless and incompetent, whom the fearful struggle for existence has crowded to the wall. Hundreds of opportunities for helpful, hopeful ministry open on every side and the number the "Commons" is able to help, very few comparatively.

To all who are giving or who desire to give an earnest thoughtful consideration to the best interests of society at large, the six coming lectures on sociological questions will be listened to with great interest, coming as they will from men and women who are in actual touch with this work.

The lectures for October in the Woman's League course will be the following:

Oct. 8—C. R. Henderson, "Social Democracy, Ideals and Progress."

Oct. 15—Wardner Williams, "Musical Form."

Oct. 19—Graham Taylor, "Some Waymarks of the Labor Movement—Historical and Literary."

Oct. 29—Wardner Williams, "Musical Instruments."

If you have bought no wall paper lately, you will be surprised how little it costs now at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

Voice Culture Studio.

Prof. George Abram Smith, of room 12, Schmitz block, will accept a limited number of students. Excellent references. 26 1m

Notice to Stenographers.

October 1st, Mr. I. S. Sunday will begin his advanced lessons in shorthand, typewriting and composition. This course is arranged for persons holding office positions, and lessons will be given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Fort Wayne Business College, Odd Fellows' Block, corner Wayne and Calhoun streets.

Your

Carpets cleaned, washed, remade and laid by the Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Company. Phone 406. 26eod3t

Ladies' and Gents' Mackintoshes must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale.

PROMPT ACTION

Of the Order Knights and Ladies of Columbia.

I wish to thank the Order Knights and Ladies of Columbia for their promptness in paying the claim of my husband, the late H. T. Waters, of South Bend, who held a benefit certificate in the order, died September 19, 1896, and on September 23, 1896, I received a check for the amount of the certificate in full.

—AMELIA WATERS.

Puncture Proof Tires at A. C. Katt's.

About 7,000 pairs of all sorts Men's Hose must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

Home City and return for 50c Sunday morning at 8:15 a. m.

For a nice fall suit of clothes go to Rabus 9,12,15,17,19,22,24,26,29,1

Subscription lists for the Woman's club league lecture course, at Lehman Book and News Co., Woodworth's, and Masonic Temple. Go to one of these places and sign for tickets if you have not already done so elsewhere.

Send your name to Mrs. G. E. Bursley if you wish to sing in the chorus to be conducted by Dr. Williams, of Chicago university. 24t3

Several thousand books, novels, etc. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

No secret about Pepsin Bread; only that we use the best of material that money can buy. 23tf

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you, at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

Something New in the Bread Line.

A sample was left at your house yesterday of Scherer's Pepsin Bread. Ask your grocer for it. 23tf

Misses' and Childrens' Shoes in endless variety; all must be sold. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2512

TO SHOOTERS.

Reduction in Loaded Shells.

12-gauge nitro powder loaded shells, $2.00 per 100.

12-gauge shells, loaded with 2½ drams Dupont smokeless powder, 1⅛ ounce No. 8 chilled shot just the load for trap shooting, $2.20 a 100, or 60c for 25, at C. H. Miller's gun store, 20 West Main street.

Ask your grocer for Scherer's Pepsin Bread. 23tf

If you want a first class suit or overcoat go to Rabus.

Gent's Underwear, Ties, etc. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2512

Great Reduction.

100 piece decorated dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

10 piece chamber sets, reduced to $2.00.

Haviland decorated china, 113 pieces, reduced to $25.00.

113 piece dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

All articles in our large stock of China, Lamps, Silver Plated Knives and Forks and Spoons reduced 30 per cent.

We make this reduction to enable us to close out our entire stock.

Mason Jars, 60 cents per dozen.

25sat's 9t WARD'S CHINA STORE.

Dr. Jno. J. Ogle has opened an office in ROOMS 10, Arcade. 14tf

To introduce fall styles, the Man Milliner will give 10 per cent. off on all goods sold tonight, from 7 to 10 o'clock.

100 CALHOUN ST.

Do not take something just as good, but insist on having Scherer's Bread.

Knives, Forks, Spoons, Scissors, etc. All's got to go. "Fair" Trustee's Sale.

Rabus is showing a large line of Fancy Vestings and Trouserings for fall and winter wear.

Farmers' Excursion.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway will give their Annual Excursion to

Grand Rapids

on Tuesday, October 6th. Tickets will be sold at Fort Wayne for $1.75 round trip. Special train will leave Fort Wayne at 4:10 a. m. Train returning will leave Grand Rapids at 7 p. m. and 11:30 p. m.; giving excursionists all day in the city, and an opportunity to visit the theatres.

C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. A.,
22sod7t Grand Rapids, Mich.

Men's and Boys' Gloves and Mittens. Go for 'em. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2t

Rabus is showing the largest line of Scotch suitings in the state.

Fish biting, cheap rate, Rome City and Return for 50c Sunday at 8:15 a. m. 24t3

All sheet music half price. Fort Wayne Music Co., 34 E. Berry St. 25t6

If you want Bread that is wholesome and Delicious, do not buy the cheap hardtack being offered, but insist upon having Scherer's Bread. 23tf

Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts cheap. "Fair" Trustee's Sale. 2612

Do You Want To Prosper?

To get ahead in the world? to build or improve your home? to accumulate funds to start in business for yourself? to provide for the education of your children? to prepare for the "rainy day"? to provide for old age? to feel, month after month, that you are growing more and more independent? that your savings, which are costing you but little effort, are growing night and day and earning more money, even while you eat and sleep. Then go at once to the secretary of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,

Corner Berry and Court Streets.

Are You a Sufferer?

HE NEVER FAILS.

Dr. N. B. Smith,

the leading and only expert specialist in the city, treats all private diseases, varicocele, nervous debility, and all wasting diseases in young, middle-aged and old permanently cured. Dr. Smith is a graduate of one of the best medical colleges in the United States. He GUARANTEES a prompt and complete cure in all cases undertaken.

OFFICE.....
No. 107 Calhoun Street.

CUT SALE

—OF—

All Horse Boots & Clothing.

20 per cent. off all other goods in stock. Light, Double Carriage and Surrey Harness, Team, Express and Farm Harness. Hair Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Collars, Etc. Etc.

No. 11 Harrison Street.

Geo. H. Kuntz.

STOP—

At Lydia E. Auger's, No. 15 E. Washington St., for your Carnations and Roses, or at Vesey's Greenhouses, 90 Thompson Ave. Telephone 231.

THE LOWEST PRICES

—AND—

THE BEST VALUES!

In Good, Honest, Reliable Dry Goods are always found at "The People's Store." The items quoted below are samples of the extremely low bargains offered all over the store.

10 cases Best Fancy Prints	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces 60 inch Turkey Red Table Linen, Fast colors, worth 35c	AT 19c YARD.
100 doz Extra Size Marseilles Towels, worth 16c	AT 10c EACH.
50 dozen All Linen Huck Towels, large size, worth 20c	AT 12½c EACH.
200 pieces Heavy All Linen Crash Toweling, worth 7c	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces Unbleached Sheeting 2¼ yards wide, worth 20c	AT 10c YARD.
100 pieces Light and Dark Heavy Outing Flannel, worth 8c	AT 5c YARD.
150 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
50 dozen Ladies All Wool Cashmere Seamless Hose, worth 25c	AT 17c PAIR.
60 dozen Children's Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 16c	AT 10c PAIR.
75 doz. Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves in new Fall shades of Tan, Red, Brown and Black, a glove equal to anything sold in the city up to $1.00; go on sale	AT 59c PAIR.
Not more than 2 pair sold to one customer.	
100 doz. Ladies' Fine Cambric Hdkfs, edged with Valenciennes Lace, worth 10c	AT 5c EACH.
60 doz. Ladies' Fine Swiss Embroidered and Lace Insertion Hdkfs, worth 19c	AT 12½c EACH.
100 doz. Ladies' Fine Ribbed Underwear, Fleece lined, Fine Egyptian Cotton, worth 39c, in White and Natural Grey	AT 25c EACH.
100 doz. Men's Heavy Camelshair Underwear, sold everywhere at 75c; go on sale	AT 50c EACH.
50 doz. Children's Ribbed Union Suits, Fleece lined, worth 75c	AT 50c SUIT.
100 doz. All Wool Flannel Skirts, full size, worth 75c	AT 50c EACH.
100 doz. Ladies' Gingham Aprons, large size and Fast color, worth 15c each; go at	3 FOR 25c.
36 inch All Wool French Serge in new Fall shades, worth 39c	AT 20c YARD.
50 pieces 38 inch Novelty Dress Goods, new and pretty designs, worth 25c	AT 15c YARD.
Best quality Corduroy Velveteen, in new Fall shades	AT 63½c YARD.
100 Ladies' Figured Mohair Skirts, 4 yds. wide, Rustle lining, Velvet bound, a regular $2.50 Skirt	At $1.48 Each.
50 Ladies' Heavy Beaver Double Capes, Beaded and Fur trimmed, worth $6.00	At $3.90 Each.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $3.90, $5.00 and $6.00; go at	98c EACH.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $7.00 to $10; go at	$1.98 EACH.
Cuticura Soap	AT 15c CAKE.
Genuine Buttermilk Soap	AT 20c BOX.

REMEMBER........

These prices are not quoted for one day only, but are our regular every day prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

The People's Store.

BEADELL & CO.

Best Lighted Store in the City.

FRANK'S CHOICE The Finest 5c Cigar Made. Sold by all Dealers.

S. W. HULL, WALL PAPER.

Latest Designs, Most Select Coloring, All Grades. Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting, Wall Tinting, Etc.

Do Not Forget our Initials or Number.

27—Clinton Street—27

TELEPHONE 250.

People Will Buy Goods

In Hard Times, if they are Sold Cheap Enough.

We are selling lots of goods—more than ever before in the history of our great store, but are making mighty little money.

Times are not propitious for money making. The people will only buy when they are offered a $2 article for $1.

We have been filling our immense establishment with car load after car load of just such bargains, bought of receivers of factories that have failed.

The effect upon our business has been magical. In August of 1895 our sales exceeded those of August of 1894 sixty-two per cent. In August of this year we made a gain in sales over last year of twenty-two per cent, making a gain in August of 1896 over the same month of 1894 of eighty-four per cent. We doubt if such a record of increase of sales can be matched by any old established house in the state.

Foster Furniture Co.

Cool Mornings AND Cool Nights

Causes a person to think of an Overcoat.

We have the finest line of Overcoatings and Suitings in the city for Fall and Winter wear, at lower prices than anyone else.

G. SCHMIDT,
Merchant Tailor.
70 East Main Street.

T. H. McQUILLAN.

(Successor to Louis Mohr.)

DEALER IN

Domestic and White Sewing Machines

Supplies for all Machines.
Sales Room 150 1-2 Calhoun St.

Go to Rome City and return for 50c Sunday at 8:15 a. m. and bring home a nice string of fish.

We are today placing on sale a special line of.....

Felt Walking Hats and Sailors.

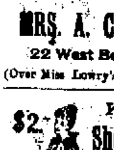
Just the thing for early fall wear.

Our stock of trimmed goods is now complete. All the latest novelties from Eastern and Foreign markets.

We make a specialty of Misses' and Children's Trimmed Hats.

MRS. A. C. KEEL,

22 West Berry St.,
(Over Miss Lowry's China Store)



KELLY Shower Bath RING

AND

Hot Water Proof Hose

$6, Express paid $6.

Prevents Wetting Head Floor and Walls.

Mercurial Water Closets.

Frost Proof Water Closets, Self-acting Water Closets, Kelly Stop and Waste Cock.

Thos. Kelly & Bros.,

192 Madison St., Chicago.
Send for Catalogue.

I pay the Best Price for
CAST-OFF CLOTHING,

Please notify me at No. 76 Barr street, and I will call. I also do the best cleaning and repairing of clothing at the lowest price.

S. FIELDSLEAT,
76 Barr Street.

Mrs. Arthur Campbell and children, of Wabash, are visiting friends here for a few weeks.